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THE BOOK OF GEMS.

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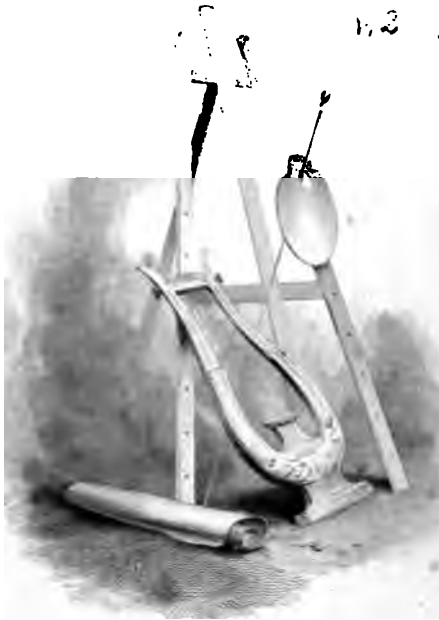
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THE  
BOOK OF GEMS.

THE POETS AND ARTISTS OF  
GREAT BRITAIN.



EDITED BY S. C. HALL.

LONDON  
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET  
1837

THE  
PUBLISHED  
BY

THEORY OF  
THE  
ART

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
LORD FRANCIS EGERTON, M.P.

ETC. ETC.

THIS VOLUME OF SELECTIONS

FROM THE

WORKS

OF THE POETS AND ARTISTS OF GREAT BRITAIN

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.



THE **BOOK OF GEMS**,—completing the proposed **CENTENARY OF BRITISH POETS AND BRITISH ARTISTS**,—the Editor is bound to express his grateful sense of the support by which his labours have been recompensed ;—and trusts he may be again successful in his efforts to obtain that extensive patronage which can alone reward the Publishers for an undertaking costly almost beyond precedent.



His project having been thus completed, he hopes that it accomplishes what was originally had in view,—  
“to collect and arrange, in a popular and attractive form, the most perfect specimens of the Poets, illustrated by the pencils of the Artists, of Great Britain,”—and that he has succeeded in “extending the knowledge and appreciation of British Poetry and British Art.”

It will be perceived that the series terminates with Bloomfield. It is presumed that a volume containing selections from the Poets by whom our Own Times have been more immediately distinguished, will be acceptable to the public;—and that the success of this Collection will be such as to justify the Editor in acting upon his earnest desire to undertake it.

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THE  
POETS AND ARTISTS  
OF  
GREAT BRITAIN.



"Cruelty and Lust," founded on the well-known story of the infamous Kirke; and "An Essay on the Divine Attributes." There is not, as we have intimated, one of them at all to be compared with "The Choice;" they barely merit the compliment they have extorted from Dr. Johnson,— "the pleasure of smooth metre is afforded to the ear, and the mind is not oppressed with ponderous or entangled with intricate sentiments."

Such is the sum of our knowledge of the personal and poetical career of John Pomfret. Even the few facts we have recorded are known only in consequence of "a slight and confused account prefixed to his poems by a nameless friend." We may believe, however, that his life was not such as he has pictured in his poem,— easy, tranquil, and happy; that the income he derived from the discharge of his pastoral duties was insufficient to obtain for him the objects of his desires,—friends, books, "a clear and competent estate;" and that his longing to obtain these acquisitions of "a better fortune," led to his removal from life at an age when much is seldom done to obtain immortality. His poem of "Reason," written in 1700, affords us proof of this:

"What little fruit he gains—  
A beggar's harvest, glean'd with mighty pains."

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT.

Who from a race of noble heroes came,  
And added lustre to its ancient fame :  
Round her the virtues of the Cecils shone,  
But with inferior brightness to her own :  
Which she refin'd to that sublime degree,  
The greatest mortal could not greater be.  
Each stage of life peculiar splendour had ;  
Her tender years with innocence were clad :  
Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good,  
In the retinue of her virtues stood ;

And at the final period of her breath,  
 She crown'd her life with a propitious death ;  
 That no occasion might be wanting here  
 To make her virtues fam'd, or joys sincere.

\* \* \* \* \*

She did her numerous family command  
 With such a tender care, so wise a hand,  
 She seem'd no otherwise a mistress there,  
 Than godlike souls in human bodies are.  
 But when to all she had example shew'd,  
 How to be great and humble, chaste and good,  
 Her soul, for earth too excellent, too high,  
 Flew to its peers, the princes of the sky.

---

THE CHOICE.

IF Heaven the grateful liberty would give,  
 That I might choose my method how to live ;  
 And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,  
 In blissful ease and satisfaction spend ;  
     Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,  
 Built uniform, not little nor too great ;  
 Better, if on a rising ground it stood ;  
 On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.  
 It should within no other things contain,  
 But what are useful, necessary, plain :  
 Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure  
 The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.  
 A little garden, grateful to the eye ;  
 And a cool rivulet run murmuring by :  
 On whose delicious banks a stately row  
 Of shady limes, or sycamores should grow.  
 At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,  
 Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd :  
 Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines  
 Immortal wit, and solid learning, shines ;  
 Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,  
 Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew :  
 He that with judgment reads his charming lines,  
 In which strong art with stronger nature joins,  
 Must grant his fancy does the best excel ;  
 His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well :

With all those moderns, men of steady sense,  
Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.  
In some of these, as fancy should advise,  
I'd always take my morning exercise :  
For sure no minutes bring us more content.  
Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,  
That I might live genteelly, but not great :  
As much as I could moderately spend ;  
A little more, sometimes t' oblige a friend.  
Nor should the sons of poverty repine  
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine ;  
And all that objects of true pity were,  
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare ;  
For that our Maker has too largely given,  
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.  
A frugal plenty should my table spread ;  
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread ;  
Enough to satisfy, and something more,  
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.  
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food  
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.  
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,  
And the bright lamp of life continue long,  
I'd freely take ; and, as I did possess,  
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

\* \* \* \* \*

Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd choose  
(For who would so much satisfaction lose,  
As witty nymphs, in conversation, give)  
Near some obliging modest fair to live :  
For there's that sweetness in a female mind,  
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find ;  
That, by a secret, but a powerful art,  
Winds up the spring of life, and does impart  
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

I'd have her reason all her passion sway :  
Easy in company, in private gay :  
Coy to a fop, to the deserving free ;  
Still constant to herself, and just to me.  
A soul she should have for great actions fit ;  
Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit :  
Courage to look bold danger in the face ;  
No fear, but only to be proud, or base ;

Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,  
 To give good counsel, or to take the best.  
 I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,  
 She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much :  
 That shews a want of judgment, and of sense ;  
 More than enough is but impertinence.  
 Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd ;  
 Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind ;  
 Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride ;  
 In all the methods of deceit untried :  
 So faithful to her friend, and good to all,  
 No censure might upon her actions fall :  
 Then would ev'n envy be compell'd to say,  
 She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire ;  
 Her conversation would new joys inspire ;  
 Give life an edge so keen, no surly care  
 Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,  
 Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.  
 But so divine, so noble a repast  
 I'd seldom, and with moderation, taste :  
 For highest cordials all their virtue lose,  
 By a too frequent and too bold a use ;  
 And what would cheer the spirits in distress,  
 Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar ;  
 Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.  
 Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,  
 T'oblige my country, or to serve my king,  
 Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford  
 My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.  
 Law-suits I'd shun, with as much studious care,  
 As I would dens where hungry lions are ;  
 And rather put up injuries, than be  
 A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.  
 I value quiet at a price too great,  
 To give for my revenge so dear a rate :  
 For what do we by all our bustle gain,  
 But counterfeit delight for real pain ?

If Heaven a date of many years would give,  
 Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.  
 And as I near approach'd the verge of life,  
 Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)

Should take upon him all my worldly care,  
 Whilst I did for a better state prepare.  
 Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,  
 Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd ;  
 But by a silent and a peaceful death,  
 Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.  
 And, when committed to the dust, I'd have  
 Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave ;  
 Then would my exit so propitious be,  
 All men would wish to live and die like me.

---

TO HIS FRIEND INCLINED TO MARRY.

I WOULD not have you, Strephon, choose a mate,  
 From too exalted, or too mean a state ;  
 For in both these we may expect to find  
 A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.  
 Who moves within the middle region, shares  
 The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.  
 Let her extraction with true lustre shine ;  
 If something brighter, not too bright for thine :  
 Her education liberal, not great ;  
 Neither inferior nor above her state.  
 Let her have wit ; but let that wit be free  
 From affectation, pride, or pedantry :  
 For the effect of woman's wit is such,  
 Too little is as dangerous as too much.  
 But chiefly let her humour close with thine,  
 Unless where your's does to a fault incline ;  
 The least disparity in this destroys,  
 Like sulphurous blasts, the very buds of joys.  
 Her person amiable, straight, and free  
 From natural, or chance deformity.  
 Let not her years exceed, if equal thine ;  
 For women past their vigour, soon decline :  
 Her fortune competent ; and, if thy sight  
 Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.  
 If thine's enough, then her's may be the less :  
 Do not aspire to riches in excess.  
 For that which makes our lives delightful prove,  
 Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

---

JONATHAN SWIFT, a kinsman of John Dryden, was born on the 30th of November, 1667. He was of an English family. The place of his birth has not been correctly ascertained, but he was educated in Ireland. He passed his youth in poverty and dependance, under the care of a rich relation. This is a hard school, and of the many bitter lessons which are taught in it, Jonathan Swift was fated by temperament to learn one more deeply than the rest,—the habit of severe indignation. This should be the commentary to his history. Up to the period when he had passed his fortieth year, Swift, in the possession of extraordinary talents, saw himself at every turn thrust down beneath the most ordinary men. His life was simply the alternation of patient and impatient suffering. Wearied with playing the humble companion to his relative, Sir William Temple, he entered the church, where hard-won patronage procured him an Irish living of a hundred a year. Soon wearied equally with this, he returned to England, to wait again upon the infirmities of Temple, on the faith of his offered influence for a better living in England. Temple died, and Swift was left, in 1699, after many years of galling expectation, with the worthless legacy of a king's promise. The disappointments which now crowded upon him would form a long and painful catalogue. He found himself, at last, settled as a poor and hard-working parson, in the county of Meath. His melancholy and his spleen had vented themselves before this in various witty and severe verses, but nothing was yet published in his name. His literary life, however, now began. He published a work on Athens and Rome, which was instantly attributed to Bishop Burnet. Exertion made him still more conscious of his ill-rewarded strength, and in a fit of restless impatience he went to London. He returned to his poor parishioners precisely as he had left them.

It was not until nine years after this,—years which had given some immortal writings to the world, (the Tale of a Tub, the Battle of the Books, the Essays of Isaac Bickerstaff, among them,) but which had seen the best portion of their author's life wear away in poverty, in mortified ambition, and disappointed hopes,—years which had irredeemably soured his temper, and during which a painful and lasting sickness had fixed itself upon him;—it was not until their lapse that an entrusted mission from the Irish Lord Primate to the celebrated Harley, opened to Dr. Jonathan Swift the avenues to distinction and public fame. He speedily mastered them, and his extraordinary talents became the subject of conversation and curiosity wherever he went. Beyond this we cannot follow the details of his life. From the honourable exile of his deanery, where the remainder of it was chiefly spent, most formidable thunderbolts continued to be cast at the Whigs; the immortal Travels of Gulliver, and his best poems appeared; and the publication of the Drapier's Letters won for him the adoration of an entire people;—while these public glories were darkened by strange private afflictions. Ultimately, the still surviving restlessness of his life was vexed by impatient fits of anger, till it rose to madness. In this miserable state the great Dean Swift died, in October 1744, "a driveller and a show!"

The poems of Swift form only the smallest item in the account of his wonderful genius. They are remarkable, however, in a high degree, for their power of verification. Their ease and vivacity have never been excelled. We think them also, in conversational humour, in homely but powerful satire, and in a witty accuracy and exactness of description, unquestionably first rate. Nor are they wanting, as the poems to Stella and Vanessa prove, in tender and graceful poetical fancies. It is impossible to pass, however, without the strongest terms of reprobation and shame, certain descriptions, which frequently and shockingly disfigure these poems of Swift. It is but a poor excuse to say, that they were not written with a view to publication. We may suggest, with perhaps as slight an available ground of defence, that they were the product of his moments of spleen and indignation, when he desired to exhibit humanity at a level below itself, correspondent with that to which, from the higher aspirations of his genius, its treatment had reduced him. One thing, at least, is certain and consolatory: Swift could not degrade, as he assisted, humanity. As, while he was doing wonderful services to Ireland, he protested he did not love her; so upon that human nature which he would have us believe he loved as little, he was heaping services not to be abated by time.



SWIFT.

FROM CADENUS AND VANESSA.

In a glad hour Lucina's aid  
Produc'd on Earth a wondrous maid,  
On whom the queen of love was bent  
To try a new experiment.  
She threw her law-books on the shelf,  
And thus debated with herself:  
" Since men allege, they ne'er can find  
Those beauties in a female mind,  
Which raise a flame that will endure  
For ever uncorrupt and pure;  
If 'tis with reason they complain,  
This infant shall restore my reign.

c



I'll search where every virtue dwells,  
 From courts inclusive down to cells :  
 What preachers talk, or sages write ;  
 These I will gather and unite,  
 And represent them to mankind  
 Collected in that infant's mind."

This said, she plucks in Heaven's high bowers  
 A sprig of amaranthine flowers,  
 In nectar thrice infuses bays,  
 Three times refin'd in Titan's rays ;  
 Then calls the Graces to her aid,  
 And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid :  
 From whence the tender skin assumes  
 A sweetness above all perfumes :  
 From whence a cleanliness remains  
 Incapable of outward stains :  
 From whence that decency of mind,  
 So lovely in the female kind,  
 Where not one careless thought intrudes,  
 Less modest than the speech of prudes.

\* \* \* \*

The Graces next would act their part,  
 And show'd but little of their art ;  
 Their work was half already done,  
 The child with native beauty shone ;  
 The outward form no help requir'd :  
 Each, breathing on her thrice, inspir'd  
 That gentle, soft, engaging air,  
 Which in old times adorn'd the fair :  
 And said, " Vanessa be the name  
 By which thou shalt be known to fame ;  
 Vanessa, by the gods inroll'd :  
 Her name on Earth shall not be told."

. \* \* \*

#### ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

VAIN human-kind ! fantastic race !  
 Thy various follies who can trace ?  
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,  
 Their empire in our heart divide.  
 Give others riches, power, and station,  
 'Tis all to me an usurpation.

I have no title to aspire ;  
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.  
 In Pope I cannot read a line,  
 But with a sigh I wish it mine :  
 When he can in one couplet fix  
 More sense than I can do in six.  
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay  
 In my own humorous biting way.  
 Arbuthnot is no more my friend,  
 Who dares to irony pretend,  
 Which I was born to introduce,  
 Refin'd at first, and show'd its use.  
 St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows  
 That I had some repute for prose ;  
 And, till they drove me out of date,  
 Could maul a minister of state.  
 If they have mortified my pride,  
 And made me throw my pen aside ;  
 If with such talents heaven hath bless'd 'em,  
 Have I not reason to detest 'em ?

\* \* \* \* \*

From Dublin soon to London spread,  
 'Tis told at court, " the Dean is dead ;"  
 And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,  
 Runs laughing up to tell the queen.  
 The queen so gracious, mild, and good,  
 Cries, " Is he gone ! 'tis time he should.  
 He's dead, you say ; then let him rot :  
 I'm glad the medals were forgot.  
 I promis'd him, I own ; but when ?  
 I only was the princess then :  
 But now, as consort of the king,  
 You know, 'tis quite another thing."

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,  
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy :  
 " Why, if he died without his shoes,"  
 Cries Bob, " I'm sorry for the news :  
 Oh, were the wretch but living still,  
 And in his place my good friend Will !  
 Or had a mitre on his head,  
 Provided Bolingbroke were dead !"

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains :  
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains !

And then, to make them pass the glibber,  
 Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.  
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,  
 Publish my will, my life, my letters;  
 Revive the libels born to die:  
 Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent  
 How those I love my death lament.  
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay  
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear  
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.  
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,  
 "I'm sorry—but we all must die!"

\* \* \* \*

My female friends, whose tender hearts  
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,  
 Receive the news in doleful dumps:  
 "The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)  
 Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!  
 (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)  
 Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:  
 (I wish I knew what king to call.)  
 Madam, your husband will attend  
 The funeral of so good a friend?"  
 "No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;  
 And he's engag'd to-morrow night:  
 My Lady Club will take it ill,  
 If he should fail her at quadrille.  
 He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart:)  
 But dearest friends, they say, must part.  
 His time was come; he ran his race;  
 We hope he's in a better place."

\* \* \* \*

Suppose me dead; and then suppose  
 A club assembled at the Rose;  
 Where, from discourse of this and that,  
 I grow the subject of their chat.  
 And while they toss my name about,  
 With favour some, and some without;  
 One, quite indifferent in the cause,  
 My character impartial draws.

\* \* \* \*

" Perhaps I may allow the Dean  
 Had too much satire in his vein,  
 And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,  
 Because no age could more deserve it.  
 Yet malice never was his aim ;  
 He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.  
 No individual could resent,  
 Where thousands equally were meant :  
 His satire points at no defect,  
 But what all mortals may correct ;  
 For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe  
 Who call it humour when they gibe :  
 He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,  
 Whose owners set not up for beaux.  
 True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,  
 Unless it offer'd to be witty.  
 Those who their ignorance confess,  
 He ne'er offended with a jest ;  
 But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote  
 A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.  
 Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,  
 Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd.  
 If you resent it, who's to blame ?  
 He neither knows you, nor your name.  
 Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,  
 Because its owner is a duke ?  
 His friendships, still to few confin'd,  
 Were always of the middling kind ;  
 No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,  
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed :  
 Where titles give no right or power,  
 And peerage is a wither'd flower ;  
 He would have deem'd it a disgrace,  
 If such a wretch had known his face.

\* \* \* \*

" He never thought an honour done him,  
 Because a peer was proud to own him ;  
 Would rather slip aside, and choose  
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;  
 And scorn the tools with stars and garters,  
 So often seen caressing Chartres.  
 He never courted men in station,  
 Nor persons held in admiration ;

Of no man's greatness was afraid,  
 Because he sought for no man's aid.  
 Though trusted long in great affairs,  
 He gave himself no haughty airs :  
 Without regarding private ends,  
 Spent all his credit for his friends ;  
 And only chose the wise and good ;  
 No flatterers ; no allies in blood :  
 But succour'd virtue in distress,  
 And seldom fail'd of good success ;  
 As numbers in their hearts must own,  
 Who, but for him, had been unknown.

" He kept with princes due decorum ;  
 Yet never stood in awe before 'em.  
 He follow'd David's lesson just ;  
 In princes never put his trust :  
 And, would you make him truly sour,  
 Provoke him with a slave in power.  
 The Irish senate if you nam'd,  
 With what impatience he declaim'd !  
 Fair LIBERTY was all his cry ;  
 For her he stood prepar'd to die ;  
 For her he boldly stood alone ;  
 For her he oft expos'd his own.  
 Two kingdoms, just as faction led,  
 Had set a price upon his head ;  
 But not a traitor could be found,  
 To sell him for six hundred pound.

" Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,  
 He might have rose like other men :  
 But power was never in his thought,  
 And wealth he valued not a groat :  
 Ingratitude he often found,  
 And pitied those who meant the wound ;  
 But kept the tenour of his mind,  
 To merit well of human-kind ;  
 Nor made a sacrifice of those  
 Who still were true, to please his foes.  
 He labour'd many a fruitless hour,  
 To reconcile his friends in power ;  
 Saw mischief by a faction brewing,  
 While they pursued each other's ruin ;  
 But finding vain was all his care,  
 He left the court in mere despair."

\* \* \* \*

## AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR.

KNOW all men by these presents, Death the tamer.  
 By mortgage, hath secur'd the corpse of Demar :  
 Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound  
 Redeem him from his prison under ground.  
 His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,  
 Bestow to bury him one iron chest.  
 Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know  
 His faithful steward in the shades below,  
 He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak ;  
 He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk :  
 And by his looks, had he held out his palms,  
 He might be thought an object fit for alms.  
 So, to the poor, if he refus'd his pelf,  
 He us'd them full as kindly as himself.  
 Where'er he went, he never saw his betters ;  
 Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors ;  
 And under hand and seal the Irish nation  
 Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.  
 He that could once have half a kingdom bought,  
 In half a minute is not worth a groat.  
 His coffers from the coffin could not save,  
 Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.  
 A golden monument would not be right,  
 Because we wish the earth upon him light.  
 Oh London tavern ! thou hast lost a friend,  
 Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend ;  
 He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the pot ;  
 The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.  
 Old as he was, no vulgar known disease  
 On him could ever boast a power to seize ;  
 But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spight  
 Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light ;  
 And, as he saw his darling money fail,  
 Blew his last breath, to sink the lighter scale.  
 He who so long was current, 'twould be strange  
 If he should now be cried down since his change.  
 The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow ;  
 Alas, the sexton is thy banker now !  
 A dismal banker must that banker be,  
 Who gives no bills but of mortality.

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JOSEPH ADDISON, the son of Lancelot Addison, was born at his father's rectory of Milston, in Wiltshire, on the 1st of May, 1672. For the completion of his education, he was sent to the school of the Chartreux, where he formed his memorable friendship with Sir Richard Steele. In 1687 he entered Queen's College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by some excellent Latin compositions, and by his general cultivation of poetry and criticism. After travelling some years, and having attached himself, as was usual with men of letters in that day, to one of the state parties, he was rewarded with office. When in Ireland with the Marquis of Wharton, he detected the authorship of the *Tatler*, and forwarded some pleasant papers to Steele, with whom, on the cessation of the *Tatler*, the *Spectator* was set up. These publications formed an era in English literature. The greatest triumph of Addison's life soon after occurred, in the successful representation of his *Cato*. The nation was then on fire with faction, and the Whigs applauded the liberty-preaching lines of the tragedy, as a satire on the Tories, while the Tories, to show that their "withers were unwrung," applauded more vehemently still. His next productions were political pamphlets on various subjects, and Whig Examiners. In 1716 he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, and in 1717 rose to his highest pitch of elevation—the office of Secretary of State. The concluding years of his life were marked by his famous controversy with Steele. On the 17th of June, 1719, he died.

Addison called Lord Warwick to his death-bed, to show him how a Christian could die. The memory of that death-bed would have been associated with a more truly christian lesson, if it had witnessed the reunion of an old friendship which Addison had betrayed. It is not to be denied that his heart was most cold, if it was not most insincere. Cold as it was, Steele clung to it with unextinguishable fondness. He shared his poverty with him, and never sought to profit by his prosperity. When Addison played the hard and unfeeling creditor, Steele only wept for forgotten days; and when he insultingly spoke of "little Dicky, whose trade it was to write pamphlets," the great heart of Steele sustained him in a dignified and most pathetic silence. If he had spoken, might not these words have fallen from him, such as Mr. Landor has conceived?—"Why cannot I see him again in the arm-chair, his right hand upon his heart, under the fawn-coloured waistcoat; his brow erect and clear as his conscience; his wig even and composed as his temper, with measurely curls and antithetical top-knots, like his style? The calmest poet, the most quiet patriot; dear Addison! drunk, deliberate, moral, sentimental, foaming over with truth and virtue, with tenderness and friendship, and only the worse in one ruffle for the wine." Those personal habits are here alluded to, for which Addison was notorious. Pope has described the course of his familiar day, before his ill-judged marriage arrested it. His chief companions were Steele, Budgell, Phillips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett. With one or other of these he always breakfasted. He studied all the morning, then dined at a tavern, and went afterwards to Button's. From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern, where he often sate late, and drank too much wine.

In speaking of the poetry of Addison, it is to be remarked, that there is a very obvious distinction between his early and his later style. Dryden was his first model in versification, while Pope was his last. He had more skill in selection, however, than in execution. He debased the style of Dryden, and weakened that of Pope. His greatest poetical work is undoubtedly the tragedy of *Cato*, which is sufficiently sustained and dignified to hold a high place in the imagination of classical readers, who are content to surrender the more natural and passionate characteristics of tragedy, in return for the embodiment it seems to present of those remote visions of Roman grandeur and stoicism which were so familiar to their youth. In the more subtle accomplishments of scholarship Addison was certainly deficient. His translations from the *Classics* would alone sufficiently prove this. They are polished and easy, but they want the exactness of the scholar, and are more seriously deficient in the true spirit and genius of classical learning. In a word, the character of Addison's mind was not poetical. He was a fine essayist and a correct critic, and in his life he never failed to sustain the character and respectability of letters. His name is never mentioned in any intellectual circle, without a feeling that the gratitude and reverence paid to it, though perhaps involuntarily, are not unjustly paid.

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,  
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !  
But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,  
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,  
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,  
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,  
And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?  
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain  
The reddening orange and the swelling grain :  
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,  
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :



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## ADDISON.

FROM A LETTER FROM ITALY.

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,  
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !  
But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,  
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,  
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,  
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,  
And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?  
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain  
The reddening orange and the swelling grain :  
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,  
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :

Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,  
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.

O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,  
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight !  
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train ;  
Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,  
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight ;  
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,  
Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores ;  
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,  
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,  
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !  
On foreign mountains may the Sun refine  
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,  
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,  
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil :  
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies  
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,  
Nor at the coarseness of our Heaven repine,  
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine :  
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,  
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

\* \* \* \* \*

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye :  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wandering steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy bounty shall my wants beguile :  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

## AN ODE

THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim.  
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's power display ;  
 And publishes to every land,  
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;  
 And nightly, to the listening earth,  
 Repeats the story of her birth :  
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets, in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;  
 What though no real voice, nor sound,  
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found :  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
 For ever singing as they shine,  
 The hand that made us is divine.

ISAAC WATTS was born in 1674, at Southampton, where his father, who was a Dissenter, kept a boarding school. He was the eldest of nine children, and gave indications of genius while yet a child. At the age of sixteen, his abilities had become so generally known that it was proposed to raise a subscription for his support at the University. The youth had, however, resolved to adhere to the tenets of his forefathers; and accordingly entered a Dissenting academy in London, with a view to preparation for the ministry. This object was attained; he became the zealous, upright, and eloquent pastor of a congregation; but his constitution, always delicate, compelled him, from time to time, to abstain from labour; until he was induced to accede to the wishes of his friend, Sir Thomas Abney, by becoming a permanent resident in his house. Here the remainder of his years were spent; enjoying uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship, in a family which "for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God." To this happy circumstance the world is mainly indebted for the many rare and estimable productions of the pen of Dr. Watts. Ease of mind, with graceful relaxations from laborious studies, domestic quiet and competence, were matters upon the obtaining of which even his existence depended. The history of his life from the time of his entering this "home" is merely that of his works. He continued actively employing his pen—producing his "Logic," "Improvement of the Mind," Sermons, Discourses, Prayers, Essays, and Poems—all tending to one great object—the glory of God and the benefit of human kind. At length, full of years and honours, he died on the 25th of November, 1748.

Dr. Watts is described as of remarkably small stature; scarcely exceeding five feet; his countenance was amiable and benevolent; his eloquence rich and persuasive; his natural temper was quick of resentment; but by his established and habitual practice, he was gentle, modest, and inoffensive.

The works of Dr. Watts, in prose and verse, were collected and published under the superintendence of Dr. Doddridge, in 6 vols. 8vo. in 1754. They are proofs of his fine genius, fervent piety, extensive learning, and benevolent heart; and they continue to retain a very large share of public favour.

His poems are, for the most part, devotional. His nature and his education both prompted him to employ his talents in the service of the Creator. Poetry with him, therefore, was but the giving a more delightful and inviting dress to that which is naturally grand, dignified, and beautiful. "Yet," as he says, "it was not the business of his life"—and if he seized those hours of leisure wherein his soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain his friends or himself with a divine or moral song—he hopes he shall find an easy pardon. These remarks occur in the preface to his *Lyric Poems*; the subjects of which are varied, although chiefly of a sacred character. They do not perhaps possess merit sufficient to establish the name of the writer among the highest order of British Poets;—but they are the productions of a healthy mind, a sound judgment, and a discriminating taste; and the versification is exceedingly easy and correct, except when he "attempts in rhyme the same variety of cadence, comma, and period, which blank verse glories in as its peculiar elegance and ornament."

The "Divine Songs for Children" we are disposed to class among the rarest and most valuable works to which genius has ever given existence. If the earliest impressions are of the greatest importance, because the most effective and the most enduring, how essential is it that the bias of the young mind should be towards virtue, honesty, industry, and humanity! There is no lesson in either which Dr. Watts has left untaught. Children lisped his verses long before they can read them—the moral fixes upon the mind through the imagination, and is retained for life. The "Divine Songs" are neither too high nor—what is less easy of attainment—too low for the comprehension of a child, and they tempt perusal and thought by the graces of easy rhyme. They are simple without being weak; and they reason without being argumentative; they are just of sufficient length to be committed to memory, without being long enough to become wearisome as a task. They are indeed the most perfect examples in our language of the achievement of that which a writer desires to achieve. We regard Dr. Watts, therefore, as one of the greatest benefactors of human kind; and may search in vain through the thousand tomes of our poets for so many golden verses as we find in these "Divine Songs for Children."

Look back to hear his dying cries,  
Then mount and see his throne above.

See where he languish'd on the cross ;  
Beneath my sins he groan'd and died ;  
See where he sits to plead my cause  
By his almighty Father's side.

If I behold his bleeding heart,  
There love in floods of sorrow reigns,  
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,  
And buys my pleasure with his pains.

Or if I climb th' eternal hills,  
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,  
Still in his heart compassion dwells,  
Near the memorials of his wound.

How shall a pardon'd rebel show  
How much I love my dying God?  
Lord, here I banish ev'ry foe,  
I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

I hold no more commerce with hell,  
My dearest lusts shall all depart;  
But let thine image ever dwell  
Stamp'd as a seal upon my heart.

FALSE GREATNESS.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest  
That only boasts a large estate,  
Should all the treasures of the west  
Meet, and conspire to make him great.  
I know thy better thoughts, I know  
Thy reason can't descend so low.  
Let a broad stream with golden sands  
Through all his meadows roll,  
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,  
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,  
And proudly poizing where he weighs,  
In his own scale he fondly lays  
Huge heaps of shining ore.  
He spreads the balance wide to hold  
His manors and his farms,  
And cheats the beam with loads of gold  
He hugs between his arms.  
So might the plough-boy climb a tree,  
When Cræsus mounts his throne,  
And both stand up, and smile to see  
How long their shadow's grown.  
Alas! how vain their fancies be  
To think that shape their own!

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,  
 Cræsus himself can never know,  
 His true dimensions and his weight  
 Are far inferior to their show.  
 Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
 Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
 I must be measur'd by my soul :  
 The mind 's the standard of the man.

---

 FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song,  
 To whom thy sweetest joys belong,  
 And who the happy pairs,  
 Whose yielding hearts and joining hands,  
 Find blessings twisted with their bands,  
 To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains  
 That thoughtless fly into thy chains,  
 As custom leads the way :  
 If there be bliss without design,  
 Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,  
 And be as blest as they.

Nor sordid souls of earthly mould,  
 Who drawn by kindred charms of gold,  
 To dull embraces move ;  
 So two rich mountains of Peru  
 May rush to wealthy marriage too,  
 And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires  
 With wanton flames ; those raging fires  
 The purer bliss destroy :  
 On Ætna's top let furies wed,  
 And sheets of lightning dress the bed,  
 T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms  
 None of the melting passion warms,  
 Can mingle hearts and hands :  
 Logs of green wood that quench the coals,  
 Are marry'd just like stoic souls,  
 With osiers for their bands.



Not minds of melancholy strain,  
 Still silent, or that still complain,  
     Can the dear bondage bless :  
 As well may heavenly concerts spring  
 From two old lutes with ne'er a string,  
     Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold  
 Two jarring souls of angry mould,  
     The rugged and the keen :  
 Samson's young foxes might as well  
 In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,  
     With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind  
 A gentle to a savage mind ;  
     For love abhors the sight :  
 Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,  
 For native rage and native fear  
     Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindred souls alone must meet,  
 'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,  
     And feeds their mutual loves :  
 Bright Venus on her rolling throne  
 Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,  
     And Cupid yoke the doves.

---

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

HAST thou not seen, impatient boy,  
 Hast thou not read the solemn truth,  
 That gray experience writes for giddy youth  
     On every mortal joy ?  
 Pleasure must be dash'd with pain :  
     And yet, with heedless haste,  
     The thirsty boy repeats the taste,  
 Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.  
 The rills of pleasure never run sincere :  
     Earth has no unpolluted spring,  
 From the curs'd soil some dangerous taint they bear ;  
 So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky ;  
 The world has false but flattering charms :  
 Its distant joys show big in our esteem.  
 But lessen still as they draw near the eye ;  
 In our embrace the visions die :  
 And when we grasp the airy forms,  
 We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,  
 Is but a landscape rudely drawn,  
 With glaring colours, and false light ;  
 Distance commends it to the sight,  
 For fools to gaze upon ;  
 But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,  
 Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,  
 Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my soul, pant tow'rd th' eternal hills ;  
 Those heavens are fairer than they seem ;  
 There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,  
 There not a dreg of guilt defiles,  
 Nor grief disturbs the stream.  
 That Canaan knows no noxious thing,  
 No cursed soil, no tainted spring,  
 Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

## TRUE RICHES.

I AM not concern'd to know  
 What to-morrow fate will do ;  
 'Tis enough that I can say,  
 I've possess'd myself to-day :  
 Then if haply midnight death  
 Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,  
 Yet to-morrow I shall be  
 Heir to the best part of me.  
 Glittering stones, and golden things,  
 Wealth and honours that have wings,  
 Ever fluttering to be gone,  
 I could never call my own :  
 Riches that the world bestows,  
 She can take, and I can lose ;

But the treasures that are mine  
Lie afar beyond her line.  
When I view my spacious soul,  
And survey myself a whole,  
And enjoy myself alone,  
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within  
That the world hath never seen,  
Rich as Eden's happy ground,  
And with choicer plenty crown'd.  
Here on all the shining boughs,  
Knowledge fair and useful grows ;  
On the same young flowery tree  
All the seasons you may see ;  
Notions in the bloom of light,  
Just disclosing to the sight ;  
Here are thoughts of larger growth,  
Ripening into solid truth ;  
Fruits refin'd, of noble taste ;  
Seraphs feed on such repast.  
Here, in a green and shady grove,  
Streams of pleasure mix with love :  
There beneath the smiling skies  
Hills of contemplation rise ;  
Now upon some shining top  
Angels light, and call me up ;  
I rejoice to raise my feet,  
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more  
Earth hath no resemblance for ;  
Nothing like them round the pole,  
Nothing can describe the soul :  
'Tis a region half unknown,  
That has treasures of its own,  
More remote from public view  
Than the bowels of Peru ;  
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,  
Than the golden Indies are ;  
Ships that trace the watery stage  
Cannot coast it in an age ;  
Harts, or horses, strong and fleet,  
Had they wings to help their feet,  
Could not run it half way o'er  
In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wandering mind,  
 Loth to be too much confin'd,  
 Roves and takes her daily tours,  
 Coasting round her narrow shores,  
 Narrow shores of flesh and sense,  
 Picking shells and pebbles thence :  
 Or she sits at fancy's door,  
 Calling shapes and shadows to her,  
 Foreign visits still receiving,  
 And t' herself a stranger living.  
 Never, never would she buy  
 Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,  
 Never trade abroad for more,  
 If she saw her native store ;  
 If her inward worth were known,  
 She might ever live alone.

## LOOKING UPWARD.

THE heavens invite mine eye,  
 The stars salute me round ;  
 Father, I blush, I mourn to lie  
 Thus grovelling on the ground.

My warmer spirits move,  
 And make attempts to fly ;  
 I wish aloud for wings of love  
 To raise me swift and high.

Beyond those crystal vaults,  
 And all their sparkling balls ;  
 They're but the porches to thy courts,  
 And paintings on thy walls.

Vain world, farewell to you ;  
 Heaven is my native air :  
 I bid my friends a short adieu,  
 Impatient to be there.

I feel my powers releas'd  
 From their old fleshy clod ;  
 Fair guardian, bear me up in haste,  
 And set me near my God.

---

JOHN PHILIPS, the son of Dr. Stephen Philips, Archdeacon of Salop, was born at Bampton, Oxfordshire, in 1676. He was educated at Winchester school, from whence he removed to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he obtained a very high character, and where he employed his time in studying the older poets,—directing his more especial attention to the *Paradise Lost*.

His intention was to adopt the profession of physic; and he had devoted much of his care to botany, and other branches of natural history; but this pursuit he abandoned, when, in 1703, he published the *Splendid Shilling*. It gave him at once the reputation which science so much more tardily achieves, and introduced him to Bolingbroke, at whose request, and in whose house, he wrote the poem commemorating the battle of Blenheim. It was published in 1705, and obtained considerable popularity, although Addison had already enlightened the town by verse upon the same subject. The great theme, however, inspired neither of the two Poets. Blenheim is a dull, heavy, and spiritless composition; and the reader is at times persuaded that the author was indulging his taste for the burlesque rather than the heroic. Indeed the writer appears to be aware of his unfitness for the task, and speaks of himself as having—

“——— presum’d  
To sing Britannick trophies, ineexpert  
Of war, with mean attempt.”

A subject more within the scope of his genius was soon afterwards presented to him. In 1706 he published the poem upon *Cider*, written on the model of the *Georgics*—a poem of which Dr. Johnson, usually so chary of praise, has said, “It need not shun the presence of the original.” A wide popularity followed the appearance of this work; but the writer did not long live to enjoy it. He died of consumption, at Hereford, in 1708, and was buried in the cathedral of that city; a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

He was a man modest, blameless, and pious; who bore narrowness of fortune without discontent, and a tedious and painful illness without impatience; beloved by all who knew him, but not ambitious to be known. He died honoured and lamented, in the full senility of his fame. Such is the character drawn of him by his friend Dr. Sewell. A poet, Edmund Smith, has preserved one equally favourable.

“ Though learn’d, not vain, and humble though admir’d.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
To all sincere; though earnest to commend,  
Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend!”

We have named the three poems on which depend the fame of John Philips. He wrote but one other,—*Cerealia*,—an encomium upon the influence of “nappy ale.” It is weak, and there is no certainty that it emanated from his pen. The *Splendid Shilling*, the earliest of our parodies, is still considered as one of the happiest specimens of the burlesque. On its first appearance it startled the world as something new. Its humour is quiet and droll; the treatment of so rude a subject in the lofty Miltonic style and measure, was a bold attempt; but as the writer was then totally unknown, the risk of failure which he incurred was very slight. We cannot find in it the talent that others have found; while his poem of *Cider*, which has been generally regarded as of far less merit, to us appears a production of the highest and rarest order. It is at once “a book of entertainment and of science.” It communicates a vast quantity of knowledge in a form the most agreeable and impressive; there is, indeed, no point or circumstance connected with the subject upon which the author has not offered some comment; and given some explanation; passing from essays on the nature and culture of the soil, to rural sports, when labour is over,—from the seasons, their changes and effects, to the industry of the husbandman and the skill of the mechanic,—from the growth of the tree to the treatment of the varied fruit it bears,—and always with a grace, easy, unforced, and natural. The poem is, like the subject of it, essentially English—the style is nervous, clear and comprehensive; the writer, if rarely enthusiastic, is always satisfactory; and the reader derives exceeding pleasure as well as ample information from its perusal.

FROM OLIVER.

Thus naught is useless made; nor is there land  
But what or of itself or else compell'd  
Affords advantage. On the barren heath  
The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop  
Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf  
Sufficient; after them the cackling goose,  
Close grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.  
What should I more? Ev'n on the cliffy height  
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill  
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens  
Astonish'd how the goats their shrubby browse  
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see

How from a scraggy rock whose prominence  
 Half overshades the ocean hardy men,  
 Fearless of rending winds and dashing waves,  
 Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust  
 Of pamper'd luxury. Then let thy ground  
 Not lie unlabour'd; if the richest stem  
 Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant  
 Somewhat that may to human use redound,  
 And penury the worst of ills remove?

\* \* \* \* \*

The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature  
 Now call for vent; his lands exhaust permit  
 T' indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays  
 To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.  
 His honest friends at thirsty hour of dusk  
 Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand  
 Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward  
 Of his own industry; the well-fraught bowl,  
 Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell  
 With quav'ring laugh and rural jests resounds.  
 Ease and content, and undissembled love,  
 Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour past  
 Increase their joy: as, from retentive cage,  
 When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes  
 She varies, and of past imprisonment  
 Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd  
 Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song:  
 Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds  
 Of healthy temp'rance, nor encroach on night,  
 Season of rest, but well bedew'd repair  
 Each to his home with unsupplanted feet.  
 Ere heav'n's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn,  
 Domestic cares awake them; brisk they rise,  
 Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow  
 From amicable talk and mod'rate cups  
 Sweetly interchang'd.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Sturdy swains

In clean array for rustic dance prepare,  
 Mixt with the buxom damsels; hand in hand  
 They frisk and bound, and various mazes weave,  
 Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien  
 Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer  
 Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss



Steal from unwary lasses ; they with scorn  
 And neck reclin'd resent the ravish'd bliss :  
 Mean-while blind British bards with volant touch  
 Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes  
 Provoke to harmless revels.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

HAPPY the man who, void of cares and strife,  
 In silken or in leathern purse retains  
 A Splendid Shilling ! he nor hears with pain  
 New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale ;  
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,  
 To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-Hall, repairs,  
 Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye  
 Transfix'd his soul and kindled amorous flames,  
 Cloe or Phillis, he each circling glass  
 Wisheth her health, and joy and equal love ;  
 Mean-while he smokes and laughs at merry tale  
 Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint :  
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds  
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,  
 With scanty offals and small acid tiff  
 (Wretched repast ! ) my meagre corpse sustain :  
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home  
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff  
 Regale chill'd fingers ; or from tube as black  
 As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet  
 Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent !  
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,  
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree  
 Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings  
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he  
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff  
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese  
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design  
 To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart  
 Or Maridunum, or the ancient town  
 Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream  
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil !  
 Whence flow nectareous wines that well may vie  
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.



Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,  
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,  
 Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,  
 To my aerial citadel ascends;  
 With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate  
 With hideous accent thrice he calls. I know  
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.  
 What should I do, or whither turn? Amaz'd,  
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly  
 Of woodhole: straight my bristling hairs erect  
 Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews  
 My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)  
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;  
 So horrible he seems! His faded brow,  
 Intrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,  
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,  
 Disastrous acts forebode: in his right hand  
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,  
 With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,  
 Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye Gods! avert  
 Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks  
 Another monster, not unlike himself,  
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd  
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods  
 With force incredible and magic charms  
 First have endu'd: if he his ample palm  
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay  
 Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch  
 Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)  
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,  
 Where gates impregnable and coercive chains  
 In durance strict detain him, till, in form  
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors! when ye walk beware,  
 Be circumspect; oft' with insidious ken  
 This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft'  
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,  
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch  
 With his unhallowed touch. So, (poets sing,)  
 Grimalkin, to domestic vernin sworn  
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye  
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,  
 Pretending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice  
 Sure ruin; so her disembowell'd web

Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads  
 Obvious to vagrant flies : she secret stands  
 Within her woven cell ; the humming prey,  
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils  
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail  
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue :  
 The wasp insidious and the buzzing drone,  
 And butterfly, proud of expanded wings  
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,  
 Useless resistance make : with eager strides  
 She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils,  
 Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood  
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave  
 Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days : but when nocturnal shades  
 This world envelop, and th' inclement air  
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts  
 With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood,  
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimm'ring light  
 Of makeweight candle, nor the joyous talk  
 Of loving friend, delights : distress'd, forlorn,  
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,  
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts  
 My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse  
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,  
 Or desp'rate lady near a purling stream,  
 Or lover pendent on a willow tree.  
 Mean-while I labour with eternal drought,  
 And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat  
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose ;  
 But if a slumber haply does invade  
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,  
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream  
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale,  
 In vain : awake I find the settled thirst  
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

\* \* \* \* \*

THOMAS PARNELL was born in Dublin in the year 1678,—his family, which had been established for several centuries at Congleton, in Cheshire, having settled in Ireland at the Restoration. At the age of thirteen he entered Trinity College. In 1700, although under the canonical age, he was ordained a deacon by a dispensation from the Bishop of Derry; and in 1705 he obtained the Archdeaconry of Clogher. Subsequently he obtained a Prebend's stall, and the living of Finglas in the diocese of Dublin. The brilliant society of which London at that time boasted—Swift, Pope, Addison, Steele, Congreve, Arbuthnot, and Gay—had, however, greater attractions for the clergyman than the duties of his charge—and his time was chiefly spent in London either in the companionship of its leading wits, or waiting upon court promises and enjoying the bitter relish of court flattery: one or other of these temptations induced him to “change his party” and desert the Whigs for the Tories, who towards the latter part of Queen Anne's reign for a time succeeded in ejecting from power their political opponents. Disappointed in his expectations,—or, according to the more generous construction of Dr. Johnson, stricken with grief for the death of his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, and perhaps excited by the gay and brilliant associates with whom he mixed,—for he became one of the most prominent of the Scribblers club—“he fell into intemperance of wine”—seeking from it, “if not relief, at least insensibility”—and, as matter of course, gave way to fits of despondency, and perhaps shortened his life, by a habit which is always a disease. He died at Chester, on his way to Ireland, in July 1717—having scarcely attained the meridian of life and reputation; but having borne the character of an amiable and learned man, a social companion, a writer of pleasant prose, and a sweet and vigorous poet.

Of his poems there are several which retain their popularity—the *Hermit* and the *Fairy Tale* are to be found in every collection of the beauties of English verse. His other principal productions are the *Rise of Woman*, the *Book-Worm*, and the *Gift of Poetry*—his longest production, indeed his only one of any considerable length. They are not of sufficient merit to place his name among those of the highest in the list of British Poets—but they are gracefully, and at times eloquently written, manifesting a rare fertility of thought, if not a richness of invention. “He is sprightly without effort, and always delights though he never raves.” Such is the praise of Dr. Johnson; that of Dr. Goldsmith is warmer:—“his language is the language of life, conveying the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression”—“a studious and correct observer of antiquity, he set himself to consider nature with the lights it lent him; and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other.”

We may add also, that a moral is conveyed by every production of his pen. That in the *Fairy Tale* and that in the *Hermit* are sufficiently known. The interest of the story in each of these two admirable compositions is also exceedingly great—it would be difficult to produce examples of more interesting, exciting, and highly wrought tales told in such pleasant and harmonious verse. There are also several of Parnell's minor compositions which possess considerable merit—whether the light and graceful or the solemn and contemplative.

To Dr. Goldsmith the world is mainly indebted for the scanty materials which constitute the history of his life—“some dates and some few facts, scarcely more interesting than those that make the ornaments of a country tomb-stone.”

“He wanted that evenness of disposition which bears disappointment with phlegm, and joy with indifference. He was ever very much elated or depressed; and his whole life was spent in agony or rapture”—yet he resolved that his spleen should not annoy his friends, and “when the fit was on him,” it was his custom to retire from their society and sojourn among the gloomier parts of Ireland, where “he made out a gloomy kind of satisfaction in giving hideous descriptions of the salitude to which he retired.” His neighbours, some of whom “thought themselves wits,” took umbrage at his “reproachful” characters of the bogs and mountains that surrounded his Irish home; and he was therefore “without honour in his own country.” Consequently, he more eagerly sought the agreeable but fatal relaxation in which he was permitted to indulge in England; and thus lived a life of alternate excitement and despondency—both ending in woe.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;  
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :  
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,  
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

    A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—  
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey ;  
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :  
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest  
 Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,  
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow :  
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,  
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,  
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
 To find if books, or swains, report it right,  
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
 Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)  
 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,  
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;  
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,  
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;  
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,  
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;  
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.  
 Then near approaching, " Father, hail ! " he cried ;  
 " And hail, my son ! " the reverend sire replied ;  
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,  
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;  
 Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,  
 While in their age they differ, join in heart.  
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day  
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;  
 Nature in silence bid the world repose ;  
 When near the road a stately palace rose :  
 There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,  
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.  
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome  
 Still made his house the wandering stranger's home :  
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,  
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.  
 The pair arrive : the livery'd servants wait ;  
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.  
 The table groans with costly piles of food,  
 And all is more than hospitably good.

Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,  
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,  
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :  
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.  
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;  
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,  
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.  
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;  
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe :  
His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise  
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,  
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,  
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;  
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road,  
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.  
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,  
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :  
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard  
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,  
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;  
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,  
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.  
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,  
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.  
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,  
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;  
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,  
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,  
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;  
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,  
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.  
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,  
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.  
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,  
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest) ;  
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,  
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair :

One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,  
 And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls :  
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,  
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;  
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,  
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,  
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;  
 " And why should such," within himself he cried,  
 " Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ? "  
 But what new marks of wonder soon take place,  
 In every settling feature of his face,  
 When from his vest the young companion bore  
 That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,  
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl  
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;  
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;  
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
 And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day :  
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,  
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought  
 With all the travel of uncertain thought ;  
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,  
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :  
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,  
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,  
 Again the wanderers want a place to lie ;  
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh,  
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,  
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great :  
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,  
 Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :  
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,  
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

" Without a vain, without a grudging heart,  
 To him who gives us all I yield a part ;  
 From him you come, for him accept it here,  
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."

He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,  
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,  
When the grave household round his hall repair,  
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,  
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose ;  
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept  
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,  
And writh'd his neck : the landlord's little pride,  
O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.  
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son ?  
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done !  
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,  
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,  
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.  
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay  
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way :  
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er  
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;  
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,  
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.  
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,  
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;  
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,  
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,  
" Detested wretch !" — But scarce his speech began,  
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :  
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;  
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;  
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;  
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;  
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,  
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.  
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,  
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;  
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,  
And in a calm his settling temper ends.  
But silence here the beauteous angel broke  
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)



"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,  
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne :  
 These charms, success in our bright region find,  
 And force an angel down, to calm thy mind ;  
 For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky ;—  
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,  
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,  
 In this the right of Providence is laid ;  
 Its sacred majesty through all depends  
 On using second means to work his ends :  
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,  
 The power exerts his attributes on high,  
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will,  
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise,  
 Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes ?  
 Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,  
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

"The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,  
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;  
 Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,  
 And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,  
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,  
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door  
 Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor ;  
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
 That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.  
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.  
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;  
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
 And loose from dross the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,  
 But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God ;  
 (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,  
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again.  
 To what excesses had his dotage run ?  
 But God, to save the father, took the son.  
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,  
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow,)

The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,  
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

“ But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,  
Had that false servant sped in safety back ;  
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,  
And what a fund of charity would fail !  
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,  
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.”

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew ;  
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.  
Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,  
His master took the chariot of the sky ;  
The fiery pomp ascending left to view ;  
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,  
“ Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done : ”  
Then gladly turning sought his ancient place,  
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

SONG.

WHEN thy beauty appears  
In its graces and airs,  
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky,  
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,  
So-strangely you dazzle my eye !

But when without art  
Your kind thoughts you impart,  
When your love runs in blushes through every vein ;  
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,  
Then I know you're a woman again.

“ There's a passion and pride  
“ In our sex (she replied)  
“ And thus (might I gratify both) I would do :  
“ Still an angel appear to each lover beside,  
“ But still be a woman to you.”

EDWARD YOUNG, son of Edward Young, a fellow of Winchester College and rector of Upham, was born at Upham, near Winchester, in June, 1681. He received his early education on the foundation of Winchester College, and was afterwards transferred to New College, Oxford. In this university he obtained a Law Fellowship, and subsequently, in 1719, took the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws;—he also wrote poems at this time, and was distinguished for his Latin orations, but had not made himself eminently remarkable for the rigid morality which afterwards characterised his writings. Political connexions, as was usual in those days of party, soon wound themselves around him. He praised Addison, and was abused by Swift, who accused him of being a court pensioner. The truth of this charge is more than doubtful, since Young, shortly before the time to which it refers, had entered the Earl of Exeter's family as tutor to Lord Burleigh. After a year or two, however, it is certain that he resigned this occupation, at the pressing solicitations of the notorious Duke of Wharton, in favour of a dependance much less honourable. He now, for some years, lived upon town, and was understood to have had no small share in some of the actions which have associated the name of his noble patron with the "scorn and wonder of his days."

The majority of his tragedies were written and produced during this period, and in the great success of the *Revenge* his reputation rose considerably. His public notoriety now threatened to remove him for ever from the grave and learned pursuits in which his life had begun. He adventured for a seat in the House of Commons, but, though supported by all the influence of the profligate Wharton, failed. He returned, in consequence, to his poetry, and vented it characteristically enough in the shape of satire. His "*Universal Passion*," keenly and powerfully written, was soon after given to the world; and was immediately acknowledged with all the attention and respect which were considered due to the holder of so sharp a pen. Young instantly, though now in his fiftieth year, entered into orders, was appointed chaplain to the king, and received a small living from his college. With his new profession his habits underwent a change so extreme as to defeat the purpose he had in view; for, though from this to the close of his life he would seem to have had the constant expectation of a bishopric, the distributors of such preferment took advantage of his professed love of retirement, and his fervent assertions of the vanity of ambitious desire, to bestow their mitres elsewhere. Young's disappointment in this respect was embittered by domestic calamities. In 1731 he had married a young widow, Lady Elizabeth Lee, the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield; and the issue of the marriage was a son, whose after follies "cast a gloom over the evening of his father's days." Nor was this Young's only cause of sorrow. His wife, and two of the children of his first marriage, to whom he was strongly attached, were successively removed from him by death.

"Innate archer! could not one suffice!  
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain!"

The victim of many sorrows and disappointments, Dr. Young, after publishing in a series of books his famous *Night Thoughts*, died in April 1765, having lived to his eighty-fourth year upon the small living granted him by his College.

Dr. Young was a man of great general powers of mind. He had an admirable command of language, and may stand in the first rank of gloomy satirists. In also admitting that in his *Night Thoughts* are to be found numerous passages of lofty and sustained reflection, it should be added that that work, neither in plan nor in execution, deserves the reputation it has acquired. It was not worthy of Young, after the life he had lived, to sit down near its close in a fit of resentful melancholy, and strive to terrify the world with the bugbears of religious horror. This is surely not what a true poet would have done, whose duty and whose pride it is to make poetry shed light and life upon man, not darkness and death, and who never sets himself a rigid task, or shuts himself up in a world of personal and morbid feeling, but goes round worlds universal, actual, infinite, and unseen, in visions of hope and beauty. The real portion of Dr. Young's powers found vent, as we have intimated, in the satirical form, and the general style of his epistles is remarkably terse and epigrammatic. His tragedy of the *Revenge* has kept possession of the stage; but its character of Zanga has been justly thought a vulgar caricature of Iago.

**PROCRASTINATION** is the thief of time ;  
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.  
If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?  
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears  
The palm, " That all men are about to live,"  
For ever on the brink of being born.  
All pay themselves the compliment to think  
They one day shall not drivel : and their pride  
On this reversion takes up ready praise ;

At least, their own their future selves applaud ;  
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !  
 Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails ;  
 That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign ;  
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone ;  
 'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool ;  
 And scarce in human wisdom, to do more.  
 All promise is poor dilatory man,  
 And that through every stage ; when young, indeed,  
 In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,  
 Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish,  
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.  
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;  
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;  
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;  
 In all the magnanimity of thought  
 Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.  
 All men think all men mortal, but themselves ;  
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate  
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;  
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,  
 Soon close ; where, past the shaft, no trace is found.

\* \* \* \* \*

Retire ;—the world shut out ;—thy thoughts call home ;—  
 Imagination's airy wing repress ;—  
 Lock up thy senses ;—let no passion stir ;—  
 Wake all to reason ;—let her reign alone ;  
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth  
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,  
 As I have done ; and shall inquire no more.  
 In Nature's channel, thus the questions run :—

“ What am I ? and from whence ?—I nothing know  
 But that I am ; and, since I am, conclude  
 Something eternal : had there e'er been nought,  
 Nought still had been ; eternal there must be.—  
 But what eternal ?—Why not human race ?  
 And Adam's ancestors without an end ?—  
 That's hard to be conceiv'd, since every link  
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail.  
 Can every part depend, and not the whole ?  
 Yet grant it true ; new difficulties rise ;  
 I'm still quite out at sea ; nor see the shore.

Whence Earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?  
 Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs  
 Would want some other father;—much design  
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;  
 Design implies intelligence, and art;  
 That can't be from themselves—or man: that art  
 Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?  
 And nothing greater yet allow'd than man.—  
 Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,  
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?  
 Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume  
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?  
 Has matter innate motion? then each atom,  
 Asserting its indisputable right  
 To dance, would form an universe of dust:  
 Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms  
 And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos'd?  
 Has matter more than motion? has it thought,  
 Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd  
 In mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,  
 Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—  
 If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,  
 Who think a clod inferior to a man!  
 If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;  
 And that with greater far than human skill,  
 Resides not in each block;—a Godhead reigns.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,  
 To damp our brainless ardours; and abate  
 That glare of life which often blinds the wise.  
 Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth  
 Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars  
 Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws  
 'Cross our obstructed way; and, thus to make  
 Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.  
 Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume  
 Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,  
 Which makes us stoop from our ærial heights,  
 And, damp't with omen of our own decease,  
 On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,  
 Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,  
 O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,  
 And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends  
 Are angels sent on errands full of love;

For us they languish, and for us they die :  
 And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain ?  
 Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,  
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts ?  
 Shall we disdain their silent, soft address ;  
 Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer ?  
 Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,  
 Tread under foot their agonies and groans ;  
 Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths ?

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Is virtue, then, and piety the same ? ”  
 No ; piety is more ; 'tis virtue's source ;  
 Mother of every worth, as that of joy.  
 Men of the world this doctrine ill digest :  
 They smile at piety ; yet boast aloud  
 Good-will to men ; nor know they strive to part  
 What nature joins ; and thus confute themselves.  
 With piety begins all good on earth ;  
 'Tis the first-born of rationality.  
 Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies ;  
 Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good ;  
 A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power.  
 Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake ;  
 A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man ;  
 Some sinister intent taints all he does ;  
 And, in his kindest actions, he's unkind.  
 On piety, humanity is built ;  
 And on humanity, much happiness ;  
 And yet still more on piety itself.  
 A soul in commerce with her God is heaven ;  
 Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life ;  
 The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.  
 A Deity believ'd, is joy begun ;  
 A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd ;  
 A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.  
 Each branch of piety delight inspires ;  
 Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,  
 O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides ;  
 Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,  
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still ;  
 Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream  
 Of glory on the consecrated hour  
 Of man, in audience with the Deity.

Who worships the great God, that instant joins  
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,  
And sacred silence whispering truths divine,  
And truths divine converting pain to peace,  
My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,  
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,  
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,  
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight  
Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?  
Virtue abounds in flatteries and foes;  
'Tis pride to praise her; penance to perform.  
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,  
Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;  
An hour, when Heaven's most intimate with man;  
When, like a falling star, the ray divine  
Glides swift into the bosom of the just;  
And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;  
Which sets that title high within thy reach.  
Awake, then, thy Philander calls: awake!  
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps:  
When, like a taper, all these suns expire;  
When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,  
Plucking the pillars that support the world,  
In Nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd;  
And midnight, universal midnight! reigns.

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FROM THE LOVE OF FAME; A SATIRE.

LET high-birth triumph! What can be more great?  
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.  
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer  
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.  
Shall men, like figures, pass for high, or base,  
Slight, or important, only by their place?  
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;  
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, lies.  
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,  
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.  
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,  
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.



Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own  
 We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.  
 Mean sons of earth, who on a South-Sea tide  
 Of full success, swam into wealth and pride,  
 Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,  
 And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,  
 They light a torch to show their shame the more.  
 Those governments which curb not evils, cause ;  
 And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

Belus with solid glory will be crown'd ;  
 He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound ;  
 But builds himself a name ; and, to be great,  
 Sinks in a quarry an immense estate !  
 In cost and grandeur, Chandos he'll outdo ;  
 And Burlington, thy taste is not so true.  
 The pile is finish'd ; every toil is past ;  
 And full perfection is arriv'd at last ;  
 When lo ! my lord to some small corner runs,  
 And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,  
 Provides a home from which to run away.  
 In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,  
 But a discharge in full for an estate ?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame ;  
 Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame :  
 Not Fountaine's self more Parian charms has known,  
 Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.  
 The bailiffs come (rude men, profanely bold !)  
 And bid him turn his Venus into gold.  
 " No, sirs," he cries ; " I'll sooner rot in jail :  
 Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail ?"  
 Such heads might make their very bustos laugh :  
 His daughter starves ; but Cleopatra's safe.

Men, overloaded with a large estate,  
 May spill their treasure in a nice conceit :  
 The rich may be polite ; but, oh ! 'tis sad  
 To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad.  
 By your revenue measure your expense ;  
 And to your funds and acres join your sense.  
 No man is bless'd by accident or guess ;  
 True wisdom is the price of happiness ;  
 Yet few without long discipline are sage ;  
 And our youth only lays up sighs for age.

But how, my Muse, canst thou resist so long  
 The bright temptation of the courtly throng,  
 Thy most inviting theme? The court affords  
 Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.  
 “What lords are those saluting with a grin?”  
 One is just out, and one as lately in.  
 “How comes it then to pass, we see preside  
 On both their brows an equal share of pride?”  
 Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,  
 Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.  
 As in its home it triumphs in high place,  
 And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.  
 Some lords it bids admire their hands so white,  
 Which bloom, like Aaron’s, to their ravish’d sight:  
 Some lords it bids resign; and turns their wands,  
 Like Moses’, into serpents in their hands.  
 These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast,  
 With pride inverted, of their honours lost.  
 But against reason sure ’tis equal sin,  
 The boast of merely being out, or in.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Ambition in the truly noble mind,  
 With sister Virtue is for ever join’d;  
 As in fam’d Lucrece, who, with equal dread,  
 From guilt and shame, by her last conduct, fled:  
 Her virtue long rebell’d in firm disdain,  
 And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;  
 But, when the slave was threaten’d to be laid  
 Dead by her side, her love of fame obey’d.

In meaner minds Ambition works alone;  
 But with such art puts Virtue’s aspect on,  
 That not more like in feature and in mien,  
 The god and mortal in the comic scene.  
 False Julius, ambush’d in this fair disguise,  
 Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

No mask in basest minds Ambition wears,  
 But in full light pricks up her ass’s ears:  
 All I have sung are instances of this,  
 And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

THOMAS TICKELL, the son of the Rev. Richard Tickell, was born in 1686, at Bridekirk, in Cumberland. He took his degree at Queen's College, Oxford, and obtained a fellowship, for which, as he declined to comply with the statutes by taking orders, he procured a dispensation from the Crown. A complimentary poem, addressed to Mr. Addison, "on his Opera of Rosamond," attracted the notice of that distinguished man, and led to an intimacy very beneficial to the one and satisfactory to the other. Their friendship continued during the life of Addison, and was of value after his death. Tickell had the charge of publishing his works, and received from him a solemn recommendation to the patronage of Craggs, a recommendation which had the effect of continuing him in his office of Under Secretary of State, to which Mr. Addison had appointed him.

He afterwards became Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, a lucrative situation, which he held till his death in 1740.

The gratitude of Tickell for the friendship of Addison is abundantly proved. The elegy addressed "to the Earl of Warwick, on the death of Mr. Addison," is perhaps the finest and most vigorous of his compositions. "A more sublime or more elegant funeral poem," says Dr. Johnson, "is not to be found in the whole compass of English literature." It was sufficient to negative the assertion that he was indebted to the tasteful and judicious touches of his friend for much of the merit of his earlier productions. In this tribute to his memory, at least, he could have had no such assistance.

He is said to have been a man of most pleasing manners, and of unquestioned honour and integrity; his conversation was gay and lively, and he was "at least a temperate lover of wine and conviviality." It is certain that he contributed to the *Spectator*, though to what extent is unknown; and for the *Guardian* he wrote the papers on Pastoral Poetry. Literature, however, was his relaxation and not his business: he can scarcely be ushered to a high seat in the assembly of British Poets. Through all his "poetry," according to the quaint expression of Goldsmith, "there is a strain of BALLAD-THINKING to be found;" and probably, to this more rare, if less elevated quality, much of his popularity may be attributed; for, in his own time, it was by no means inconceivable, although now, with the exception of his lines on the death of Addison, and his pathetic tale of Colin and Lucy, his works are altogether forgotten. The principal of them, indeed, are "party poems," and consequently have little to interest us; one of these "party poems" Dr. Johnson considers to possess high merit; "it expresses contempt without coarseness, and superiority without insolence." The longest of his productions is "Kensington Gardens," having reference to the ancient days, before its gravel walks were paced by dames of Britain, when

—— "its peopled ground  
With fairy domes and dazzling towers was crown'd;  
Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring,  
Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king;"

and when Albion, the son of Neptune, wooed a fairy nymph, Kenna, reserved by her sire, Oberon, for Azuriel, whose dwelling stood

"Where now the skies high Holland House invades."

The descendant of the sea king is slain by his rival, and the spells of his fairy-lover convert the dead hero into a snow-drop. The machinery of the poem is defective. Our imaginations cannot picture the "furious Albion" flinging a dart "feathered from the bee's transparent wing, and its shaft ending in a hornet's sting;" and the confused mixture of Grecian deities and Gothic fairies destroys the illusion which the poet desires to produce. It is however a graceful and elegant composition, and the versification is smooth and correct.

Tickell undertook a translation of the *Iliad*, of which he published the first book about the period when that of Pope was issued. The circumstance gave rise to a "coolness" between Pope and Addison, who was suspected of having suggested the design—and, indeed, of being the actual translator—with a view to injure the prospects of a prosperous rival. The project was abandoned.



TICKELL.

FROM OXFORD.

My Fortune and kind Heaven's indulgent care  
To famous Oxford and the Muses bear,  
Where of all ranks the blooming youths combine  
To pay due homage to the mighty Nine,  
And snatch with smiling joy the laurel crown  
Due to the learned honours of the gown :  
Here I the meanest of the tuneful throng  
Delude the time with an unhallow'd song,  
Which thus my thanks to much lov'd Oxford pays  
In no ungrateful though unartful lays.

\* \* \* \* \*

## COLIN AND LUCY.

## A BALLAD.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair  
 Bright Lucy was the grace ;  
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
 Reflect so sweet a face :  
 Till luckless love, and pining care,  
 Impair'd her rosy hue,  
 Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,  
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale,  
 When beating rains descend ?  
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,  
 Her life now near its end.  
 By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains  
 Take heed, ye easy fair :  
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
 Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
 A bell was heard to ring ;  
 And shrieking at her window thrice,  
 The raven flapp'd his wing.  
 Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
 The solemn boding sound ;  
 And thus, in dying words, bespoke  
 The virgins weeping round :

“ I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
 Which says, I must not stay ;  
 I see a hand you cannot see,  
 Which beckons me away.  
 By a false heart, and broken vows,  
 In early youth I die :  
 Was I to blame, because his bride  
 Was thrice as rich as I ?

“ Ah, Colin ! give not her thy vows,  
 Vows due to me alone :  
 Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,  
 Nor think him all thy own.

To-morrow, in the church to wed,  
Impatient, both prepare !  
But know, fond maid ; and know, false man,  
That Lucy will be there !

“ Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,  
This bridegroom blithe to meet,  
He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
I in my winding-sheet.”  
She spoke, she died, her corse was borne  
The bridegroom blithe to meet,  
He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts ?  
How were these nuptials kept ?  
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,  
And all the village wept.  
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,  
At once his bosom swell :  
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,  
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more !  
The varying crimson fled,  
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,  
She saw her husband dead :  
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,  
Convey'd by trembling swains,  
One mould with her, beneath one sod,  
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind  
And plighted maid are seen ;  
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,  
They deck the sacred green :  
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,  
This hallow'd spot forbear ;  
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
And fear to meet him there.

ALLAN RAMSAY was born in 1686, in the parish of Crawford Moor, Lanarkshire where his father was a miner, and where, according to his own account, he was "brought up fifteen summers." At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a wig maker in Edinburgh, and continued to occupy himself in "theeking the out," as well as "lining inside of mony a douse and witty pash," until he became his own master, when taste for books led him to trade in them. He was the first who established a circulating library in Scotland; he published several rare old poems, among others *Christ Kirk on the Green*, by James the First; and in 1721 issued from his own shop edition of his own works, "in a large quarto volume, fairly printed." In 1726 appeared his "*Gentle Shepherd*;" its merits were at once acknowledged; the "wits" of the south, Pope, Somerville, and Gay, were warm in its praise; and established the fame of the writer on the sure foundation which it still occupies.

He appears, however, to have been satisfied, at a comparatively early age, with advantages he had derived from his acquaintance with the Muses. In 1736, in a letter to a friend, he states that for six or seven years past he had not written a line of poetry and adds, that he "e'en gave over in good time, before the coolness of fancy that attended advanced life should make him risk the reputation he had acquired." He afterwards fitted up a theatre, and introduced into Edinburgh the "*Hell-bred Playhouse Comedians*," as they were designated by the wrathful citizens of the good town, who speedily demolished the building which the Poet, at considerable expense, had fitted up for reception of those who were expected to triumph over "*Learning's barbarous foe*."

Ramsay lived to a good old age; he died in 1758. He is described as small stature, with dark but expressive features. He was "an honest man, and of good pleasantry;" indeed he seems to have been constitutionally good humoured; and he was engaged in an agreeable and profitable business, which he pursued with a dulity, he was preserved from those vicissitudes and irregularities which are too frequently the bane of natural genius.

The poems of Allan Ramsay are numerous: to "*The Gentle Shepherd*," however, he is mainly indebted for the fame which is by no means limited to his native country; there, indeed, "its verses have passed into proverbs, and it continues to be the delight and solace of the peasantry whom it describes." In England, perhaps, it is not so talked of than read. The Scottish dialect in which it is written may not invite a foreigner to read it; yet it is difficult to agree with Dr. Blair, that this peculiarity is a disadvantage or to justify an attempt which was made in 1790, to "render it into English." Taken away the diction so admirably in keeping with the characters, and change the descriptions of scenery, customs, and manners, so exclusively Scottish, and the great charm of the work are lost. As a Pastoral Drama it may bear comparison with any production in the language,—indeed we know of none equal to it, if nature and truth are the standards by which the merits of a production are to be determined. The machinery of the poem is such only as the hills, and dales, and cottages, and the supply; we have no fauns, or satyrs, or deities, misnamed "*sylvan*," to carry us away from the reality of the events: the shepherds and shepherdesses are such as we gracefully and naturally find in the kilt, and not such as would be more fitly dressed in ruffles and lace. Nothing is exaggerated; if there be much of simple dignity in the leading characters of the drama, it is dignity which grows neither from vanity nor affectation; we meet with nothing in any degree inconsistent; every part, person, and circumstance is in perfect keeping with the whole.

The scene is laid among the Pentland Hills, near Edinburgh, and the story principally recites the loves of a shepherd and shepherdess—Patie and Peggy. The return of the exile, to "enjoy his ain again," of a rich and good Sir William Worthy, proves fatal to his son, and of course calls upon the new-made laird to choose a more becoming mate than the humble Peggy. We have selected the passages which describe the interviews of the faithful pair before and after the discovery of the youth's birth. In the end, however, Peggy is shown to be also of gentle blood, "a bonny foundlin' adopted by the shepherd Glaid; and all goes sweetly as a marriage bell. The story is thus highly wrought, and of exceeding interest; the incidents are romantic but forced. The youth and maid are as fitted to adorn the high station to which they are called, as the comparatively humble one in which they were educated.



RAMSAY.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

PEGGY.

O PATIE, let me gang, I mauna stay ;  
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

PATIE.

I'm laith to part sae soon ; now we're alane,  
And Roger he's away wi' Jenny gane ;  
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,  
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.  
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,  
Hard by this little burnie let us lean :  
Hark ! how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,  
How saft the westlin winds sough through the reeds !



PEGGY.

Agreed ;—but harken, you's auld annty's cry,  
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

PATIE.

And let them ferly,—now a kindly kiss,  
Or five score good anes wadna be amiss ;  
And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,  
That I made up last owk on you and me.

PEGGY.

Sing first, syne claim your hyre—

\* \* \* \*

PATIE.

— My Peggy, why in tears ?  
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears :  
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

PEGGY.

I dare not think sae high—I now repine  
At the unhappy chance that made not me  
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.  
Wha can, withouten pain, see frae the coast,  
The ship that bears his a' like to be lost ?  
Like to be carried by some rewer's hand  
Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

PATIE.

Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains  
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.  
My father has forbid our loves, I own :  
But love's superior to a parent's frown :  
I falsehood hate : come kiss thy cares away ;  
I men to love as weel as to obey.  
Sir William's generous ; leave the task to me  
To mak strict duty and true love agree.

PEGGY.

Speak on ! speak ever thus, and still my grief ;  
But short I dare to hope the fond relief ;  
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,  
That wi' nice airs swims round in silk attire ;

Then I ! poor me !—wi' sighs may ban my fate,  
 When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate.  
 Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,  
 By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest.  
 Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,  
 When Patie kiss'd me, when I dane'd or sang ;  
 Nae mair, alake ! we'll on the meadow play,  
 And rin half breathless round the rucks of hay,  
 As aft times I hae fled from thee right fain,  
 And fawn on purpose that I might be tane :  
 Nae mair around the foggy know I'll creep  
 To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.  
 But hear my vow—'twill help to give me ease,—  
 May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,  
 And warst of ills attend my wretched life !  
 If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

PATIE.

Sure heaven approves—and be assur'd of me,  
 I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee :  
 And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,  
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle,  
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,  
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.  
 I'd hate my rising fortune should it move  
 The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.  
 If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,  
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid,  
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things  
 To sic as hae the patience to be kings.—  
 Wherefore that tear ? believe, and calm thy mind.

PEGGY.

I greet for joy, to hear my words sae kind ;  
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair,  
 Made me think life was little worth my care :  
 My heart was like to burst ; but now I see  
 Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me :  
 Wi' patience then, I'll wait each wheeling year,  
 Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear ;  
 And all the while I'll study gentler charms  
 To make me fitter for my trav'ler's arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

ALEXANDER POPE, the son of Alexander Pope, a linen-draper of London, was born in Lombard-street, on the 23d of May, 1688. The sickliness and sensitiveness of his youth attended him through life; nor did the sweetness and gentleness of disposition, for which his childhood was remarkable, ever in reality desert him. His voice, when a boy, was so pleasing, that he was called the little nightingale; and he justified the fond name still more, by warbling boyish verses. His father encouraged and assisted him.

"As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
I liv'd in numbers, for the numbers came.  
I left no calling for this idle trade,  
No duty broke, no father disobey'd;  
The muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife;  
To help me through this long disease, my life."

These touching lines express the career of Pope. Nature had denied him the more active and sensual enjoyments, and thrown him upon the resources of friendship and poetry as the business and the support of life. He was, consequently, more tremblingly alive than other men to the failure of the one, and the correctness and success of the other. His first appearance in public was in Tonson's Miscellany of 1709, which contained his Pastorals. They had been handed about in manuscript previously, and had won for him the notice of Garth, Steele, Addison, Congreve, Walsley, Wycherley, and other wits of that accomplished time. Though then little more than seventeen, he became a regular frequenter at Will's Coffee-house, took part in the conversations there, and, it is to be imagined, profited by them not a little. His "Essay on Criticism," which next appeared, may be supposed to have originated in this society. It was praised warmly by Steele and Addison, and very bitterly attacked by Dennis. From this moment, the literary life of Pope was a series of great triumphs, singularly and touchingly contrasted with a series of petty vexations. Unfortunately for his happiness, the constitution of his body was such as to leave him more exposed to be hurt by the one, than to be comforted by the other. It would be impossible, in our limited space, to glance even at the names of the works which hereafter occupied his life. Pope, after receiving the consolations of the Roman Catholic faith, in which he had lived, died calmly, on the 30th of May, 1744. His last intelligible words were, that there was nothing meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed that friendship itself was only a part of virtue.

Pope was deformed in person. He has compared himself to a spider; and one of his friends describes him as protuberant behind and before. His stature was so low, that to bring him to the level of common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. The faults of his character are all to be attributed to these bodily infirmities, while his virtues were eminently his own. In the midst of insincerities he was fond and sincere. His face was remarkably fine. His features were richly and most sensitively marked, and he had an eye like a gazelle's.

Alexander Pope holds an independent rank in poetry. We do not think of him as inferior to any poet, for he is entitled to his own domain. In wit, in fancy, in sense, in personal satire, in exquisite personal compliment, in delicacy, in refinement of sentiment, and in that subtle power which brings the creative part of imagination to wait upon the obvious things that lie about us, Pope has never been excelled. When an immediate comparison with Dryden is provoked, he must be held indeed inferior. But the comparison, except with reference to versification, (for Pope never aims at Dryden's magnificence of satire), is not called for. In point of versification it is certainly curious and instructive, seeing that the one was evidently modelled on the other, to mark the wide distinction between the easy and lax vigour of Dryden, and the correct strength of Pope. It is the distinction between the physical conformation of the men, for in Pope's strength there is weakness, while in Dryden's very weakness there is strength. The over-consciousness of power in Dryden gave rise to carelessness, which was yet nobly set off by his masterly sense of numbers and of the true principles of musical beauty;—while the excessively nervous apprehensiveness of Pope kept him always tremblingly correct, for, alive to his complexional want of strength, he was struggling to make up for it by the nicest and most unvaried system of close versification.

HERE in full light the russet plains extend ;  
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.  
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,  
And, midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,  
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,  
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.

\* \* \* \* \*

See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,  
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground ;  
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,  
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FROM THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,  
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,  
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
 Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.  
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom  
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;  
 Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,  
 Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.  
 Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;  
 In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,  
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;  
 One speaks the glory of the British queen,  
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;  
 And one interprets motions, looks, and eyes;  
 And with a word a reputation dies.  
 Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause  
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,  
 The Sun obliquely shoots his burning ray:  
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
 And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;  
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,  
 And the long labours of the toilet cease.  
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,  
 Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,  
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom;  
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.  
 Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,  
 Each band the number of the sacred nine.  
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard  
 Descend, and sit on each important card:  
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,  
 Then each according to the rank they bore;  
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,  
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,  
 With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;  
 And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,  
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;  
 Four knaves in garbs succinct; a trusty band;  
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;

And party-coloured troops, a shining train,  
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care :  
Let spades be trumps ! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,  
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.  
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord !

Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.

As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,  
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.

Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard  
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.

With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,  
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,

Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,  
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.

The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,  
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.

E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,  
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,

Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,  
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade !

\* \* \* \* \*

FROM AN ESSAY ON MAN.

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of Fate,  
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :

Or who could suffer being here below ?

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,

Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?

Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,

And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

Oh blindness to the future ! kindly given,

That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven :

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,

A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,

Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,

And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar,

Wait the great teacher, Death ; and God adore.

What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,

But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast :  
 Man never Is, but always to be blest ;  
 The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,  
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind  
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;  
 His soul proud Science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;  
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,  
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven ;  
 Some safer world in depths of woods embrac'd,  
 Some happier island in the watery waste,  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
 To be, contents his natural desire,  
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense,  
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;  
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such ;  
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much :  
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
 Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust ;  
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,  
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there :  
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,  
 Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.  
 In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error lies ;  
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,  
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.  
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,  
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :  
 And who but wishes to invert the laws  
 Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beckoning ghost, along the moon-light shade,  
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade ?  
 'Tis she !—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,  
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?  
 Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell,  
 Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well ?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,  
 To act a lover's or a Roman's part?  
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky,  
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire  
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?  
 Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;  
 The glorious fault of angels and of gods:  
 Thence to their images on Earth it flows,  
 And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.  
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,  
 Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:  
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,  
 Useless, unscen, as lamps in sepulchres;  
 Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,  
 And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)  
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.  
 As into air the purer spirits flow,  
 And separate from their kindred dregs below;  
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,  
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,  
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!  
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,  
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;  
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,  
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.  
 Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,  
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:  
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,  
 And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;  
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,  
 (While the long funerals blacken all the way,)  
 "Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,  
 And curst with hearts unknowing how to yield."  
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,  
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!  
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow  
 For others' good, or melt at others' woe.  
 What can atone, oh, ever-injur'd shade!  
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?  
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear  
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:



By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,  
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd ;  
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd !  
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear,  
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,  
 And bear about the mockery of woe  
 To midnight dances, and the public show ?  
 What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,  
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ?  
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,  
 Nor hallow'd dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb ?  
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,  
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :  
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;  
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
 The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,  
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame,  
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,  
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;  
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,  
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.  
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,  
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays ;  
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,  
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart ;  
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,  
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

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FROM THE EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

CURST be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
 Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear !  
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,  
 Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,  
 Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,  
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out :

That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,  
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame :  
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,  
 And show the sense of it without the love ;  
 Who has the vanity to call you friend,  
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend ;  
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,  
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray :  
 Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,  
 And sees at Cannons what was never there ;  
 Who reads but with a lust to misapply,  
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie ;  
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,  
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let *sporus* tremble—*A.* What ? that thing of silk,  
*Sporus*, that mere white curd of ass's milk ?  
 Satire or sense, alas ! can *Sporus* feel ?  
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?  
*P.* Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,  
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings ;  
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,  
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :  
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight  
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.  
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.  
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,  
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks ;  
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,  
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,  
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,  
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.  
 His wit all see-saw, between that and this,  
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,  
 And he himself one vile Antithesis.  
 Amphibious thing ! that, acting either part,  
 The trifling head ! or the corrupted heart !  
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,  
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.  
 Eve's tempter thus, the Rabbins have exprest,  
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.  
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,  
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,  
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,  
 Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,  
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by many ways:  
 That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,  
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;  
 That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,  
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:  
 That not for fame, but Virtue's better end,  
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,  
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,  
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;  
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,  
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;  
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,  
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;  
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,  
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;  
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,  
 The libel'd person and the pictur'd shape;  
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,  
 A friend in exile, or a father dead;  
 The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,  
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—  
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:  
 For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;  
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,  
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:  
 For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,  
 Commanding tears to stream through every age;  
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,  
 And foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.  
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move  
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;  
 In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,  
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.

Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,  
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :  
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,  
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.  
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,  
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :  
 No common object to your sight displays,  
 But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,  
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
 And greatly falling with a falling state.  
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?  
 Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?  
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?  
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,  
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,  
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,  
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ;  
 As her dead father's reverend image past,  
 The pomp was darken'd and the day o'ercast ;  
 The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye ;  
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by ;  
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,  
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.  
 Britons, attend : be worth like this approv'd,  
 And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.  
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd  
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued ;  
 Your scene precariously subsists too long  
 On French translation, and Italian song.  
 Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,  
 Be justly warn'd with your own native rage ;  
 Such plays alone should win a British ear,  
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

JOHN GAY, descended from an old but decayed family, was born in Devonshire, in 1688. He was educated at the Free-school in Barnstaple, and afterwards placed apprentice with a silk-mercator in London; from whom he soon procured, for a small consideration, a surrender of his indentures, that he might undertake the more pleasant duties of Secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth. In the leisure of this office he found time to cultivate his literary tastes; and, in 1713, published a poem on "Rural Sports," which he dedicated to Alexander Pope. His friendship was immediately sought by that great writer and his party, and Gay was enrolled among the brilliant societies of the day as a wit and a party man. His life took its colour accordingly. He continued to publish verses—he wrote for the stage—he was caressed by Bolingbroke and Swift—taken into the service of the Tories as Secretary to Lord Clarendon's Embassy—and when their fortunes declined with the life of Anne, he fell into disfavour also. Soon after this, however, one of his dramatic pieces won so much Court popularity, that it was hoped its author might be admitted to share it; and Gay, alive to the easy excitement and the quick depression of a fond and playful temper, suffered bitter disappointment in finding this expectation false:—

"Places he found were daily given away,  
And yet no friendly Gazette mentioned Gay!"

From this time to the year 1727, no permanent change occurred in his fortunes, though they witnessed all the extremes of plenty and want. But now, on a hint from Swift, he commenced the *Beggar's Opera*. On its completion neither Pope nor Swift thought it would succeed. "We were all at the first night of it," says Pope, "in very great uncertainty of the event; till we were very much encouraged, by over-hearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say, 'It will do—it must do—I see it in the eyes of them!'" This was a good while before the first act was over." Its success was extraordinary indeed. The manager made his fortune—the actress of Polly won the favour of the town and the hand of the Duke of Bolton—Italian Opera was driven out of England—and Gay himself never complained more of pecuniary want. Other complaints, nevertheless, remained. His sound and masterly satire had given mortal offence to the Court; and from this period to the time of his death he was subjected to continual annoyances. These had their alleviation in the love of Pope, and in the affectionate services of the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, who resented the indignities put upon him, resigned their respective employments at Court, and took him into their family. Here, on the 4th of December, 1733, Gay died. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. The Duke and Duchess of Queensbury raised a monument to his memory, and Pope wrote his epitaph.

"Of all thy blameless life the sole return,  
My verse, and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn!"

Gay's poetry has several high characteristics. Habitual gaiety and good sense distinguished it—the structure of his verse was always admirable for its elegance and facility—his fables prove the richness of his invention as well as the strength of his moral perceptions—while in his ballads, and more especially in the songs of his *Beggar's Opera*, are to be found a happy negligence, yet exquisite harmony of rhythm; a luxurious richness with a fond simplicity and romantic cast of sentiment; a voluptuous yet most tender delicacy; and, above all, an ever-running under-current of grave and excellent purpose. Gay was a first-rate wit, and a man of real genius. When Swift praised the *Beggar's Opera* for the excellence of its morality, as a piece, that "by a turn of humour, entirely new, placed all kinds of vice in the strongest and most odious light," he appreciated truly the meaning and the force of that immortal satire. As a view of human life in a certain subtle and abstracted sense, under cover of which the most fatal sophistries are exploded, nothing has ever been produced superior to this master-piece of Gay, by ancient or modern satirists.

In conclusion, it is to be remarked of this fine writer, that where his works are sullied by passages of grossness, an excuse suggests itself which Prior has no claim to,—for Gay's admirers are glad to acknowledge that his inferiority to Prior on this score, is a proof of the superior purity of his mind.



GAY.

FROM RURAL SPORTS.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,  
But all the grateful country breathes delight ;  
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,  
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.  
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,  
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,  
Where I behold the farmer's early care  
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,  
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,  
The labourer with a bending scythe is seen,  
Shaving the surface of the waving green ;  
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,  
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand ;

While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,  
 The fading herbage round he loosely throws :  
 But, if some sign portend a lasting shower,  
 Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour ;  
 His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,  
 And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake ;  
 In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,  
 And spreads along the field in equal rows.

\* \* \* \* \*

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,  
 And trudging homeward, whistles on the way ;  
 When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,  
 Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand ;  
 No warbling cheers the woods ; the feather'd choir,  
 To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire :  
 When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,  
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze ;  
 Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,  
 To take my farewell of the parting day ;  
 For in the deep the Sun his glory hides,  
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides :  
 The purple clouds their amber linings show,  
 And, edg'd with flame, rolls every wave below :  
 Here pensive I behold the fading light,  
 And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,  
 And arm himself with every watery snare ;  
 His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,  
 Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tye.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,  
 Troubling the streams with swift descending rain ;  
 And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,  
 Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide ;  
 Then soon as vernal gales begin to rise,  
 And drive the liquid burthen through the skies,  
 The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,  
 Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds :  
 Upon a rising border of the brook  
 He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook ;  
 Now expectation cheers his eager thought,  
 His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught ;  
 Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,  
 Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,  
Which down the murmuring current gently flows ;  
When, if or chance or hunger's powerful sway  
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,  
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,  
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat :  
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line !  
How thy rod bends ! behold, the prize is thine !

\* \* \* \* \*

When a brisk gale against the current blows,  
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,  
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,  
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.  
If an enormous salmon chance to spy  
The wanton errors of the floating fly,  
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,  
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food ;  
Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,  
And bears with joy the little spoil away :  
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,  
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake ;  
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,  
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears ;  
And now again, impatient of the wound,  
He rolls and wreathes his shining body round ;  
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,  
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.  
Now hope exults the fisher's beating heart,  
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ;  
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,  
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize ;  
Each motion humours with his steady hands,  
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands ;  
Till, tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,  
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.  
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize  
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes ;  
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,  
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air :  
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,  
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

\* \* \* \* \*



## THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

## A FABLE.

"WHY are those tears? why droops your head?  
Is then your other husband dead?  
Or does a worse disgrace betide?  
Hath no one since his death apply'd?"

"Alas! you know the cause too well;  
The salt is spilt, to me it fell;  
Then, to contribute to my loss,  
My knife and fork were laid across;  
On Friday too! the day I dread!  
Would I were safe at home in bed!  
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)  
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.  
Next post some fatal news shall tell:  
God send my Cornish friends be well!"

"Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,  
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;  
Let not thy stomach be suspended;  
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;  
And, when the butler clears the table,  
For thy desert I'll read my Fable."

Betwixt her swagging panniers' load  
A farmer's wife to market rode,  
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,  
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;  
When, starting from her silver dream,  
Thus far and wide was heard her scream.

"That raven on yon left-hand oak  
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)  
Bodes me no good." No more she said,  
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,  
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,  
And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,  
Rail'd, swore, and cur'd: "Thou croaking toad,  
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!  
I knew misfortune in the note."

"Dame," quoth the raven, "spare your oaths,  
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.  
But why on me those curses thrown?  
Goody, the fault was all your own;

For, had you laid this brittle ware  
 On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,  
 Though all the ravens of the hundred  
 With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,  
 Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,  
 And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs."

## A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,  
 Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,  
 Still nature's various face informs my sense,  
 On an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,  
 And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,  
 Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,  
 And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;  
 The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,  
 And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;  
 The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,  
 And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.  
 But when the gloomy reign of night returns,  
 Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:  
 The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,  
 But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:  
 No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes;  
 Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.  
 Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,  
 We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;  
 Millions of stars in heaven's wide vault appear,  
 And with new glories hangs the boundless sphere:  
 The silver moon her western couch forsakes,  
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;  
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,  
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

\* \* \* \* \*

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, the descendant of an ancient and illustrious family, was born at Edston, Warwickshire, in 1692. He was educated at Winchester; and was elected thence to New College, Oxford. In his earlier life he wrote some skilful and graceful poems—chiefly odes to distinguished men and his personal friends. But it was not until he was somewhat advanced in years that he produced "*The Chase*"—the poem which places him among the British Poets. Having been born to an inheritance of fifteen hundred a year, he was enabled to pursue his tastes, and, as a keen sportsman, wrote of what he saw and felt:—

"Bold to attempt, and happy to excel,  
His numerous verse, the huntman's art shall tell."

He resided chiefly in the country, "stepping from exercise to learned ease," and, according to one of his biographers, "set a good example to men of his own class, by devoting part of his time to elegant knowledge." He was at once a skilful sportsman and a man of letters.

Unhappily, however, he lacked prudence; and the rational enjoyments of the field led to the irrational joys of the table. The "elegant competence" he inherited was wasted by thoughtless hospitality; and before age came upon him, he had to encounter pecuniary difficulties, which he took the most mistaken of all modes to enable him to endure. His fast friend, Shenstone, who states that he loved him because of his foibles—*flocci-nauci-nihili-pillification* of money, thus writes of his death: "I can now excuse all his foibles—impute them to age and distress of circumstances; the last of these considerations wrings my very soul to think on. For a man of high spirit, conscious of having (at least in one production) generally pleased the world, to be plagued and threatened by wretches that are very low in every sense; to be forced to drink himself into pains of the body, in order to get rid of the pains of the mind, is a misery!"

This is a melancholy picture of one whose "foibles" overcame duty; and whose naturally sound understanding and amiable disposition were insufficient to preserve him from ruin of constitution and property:—

"For, prodigal of life, in one rash night  
He lavished more than might support three days."

He died in 1742, in the fiftieth year of his age, and was buried at Wotton, near Henley, in Arden. He is described as "a man of great benevolence and very agreeable manners."

"*The Chase*," besides the exceeding merit of its composition, will always be, as it has always been, highly popular. It describes so eloquently, and with so much truth and accuracy—so as to satisfy as well as please the sportsman—the various modes and circumstances under which "the field" may lead to health and enjoyment. It is so full of life and fire; and changes admirably its character with the more pensive and retired or bustling and exciting scenes which it describes. The jovial huntsman—the contemplative angler—alike find themselves and their choicest pleasures portrayed by one who was capable of understanding and appreciating both. The "*Field Sports*" is chiefly confined to the ancient but now almost forgotten sport of hawking. He introduces it, indeed, as a supplement to "*The Chase*," desiring to give some account of all the more polite entertainments of the field to those gentlemen who have had "the goodness to encourage them."

His occasional poems are very numerous, and embrace a variety of topics—familiar epistles, odes, translations or imitations, ballads, hunting songs, and fables; some of the latter are unfit to meet the eye of the general reader; among them, however, there are several which contain a fine moral, and they are rendered more effective by the interest of the story and the vividness of the descriptions.

Dr. Johnson limits his praise of Somerville to the admission, that "he wrote very well for a gentleman;" a harsh and unjust conclusion; he is, at times, vigorous and elevated—and, in the treatment of a subject worthy of the Muse, yet presenting many difficulties, he has succeeded better than any other writer in our language. His minor productions are also frequently graceful and elegant, and always easy and correct.



## SOMERVILLE.

FROM FIELD SPORTS.

**NEXT** will I sing the valiant falcon's fame ;  
Aerial fights, where no confederate brute  
Joins in the bloody fray ; but bird with bird  
Justs in mid air. Lo ! at his siege the hern,  
Upon the bank of some small purling brook,  
Observant stands to take his scaly prize,  
Himself another's game. For mark behind  
The wily falconer creeps : his grazing horse  
Conceals the treacherous foe, and on his fist  
Th' unhooded falcon sits : with eager eyes  
She meditates her prey, and, in her wild  
Conceit, already plumes the dying bird.

Up springs the hern, redoubling every stroke,  
 Conscious of danger, stretches far away,  
 With busy pennons and projected beak,  
 Piercing th' opponent clouds: the falcon swift  
 Follows at speed, mounts as he mounts, for hope  
 Gives vigour to her wings. Another soon  
 Strains after to support the bold attack,  
 Perhaps a third. As in some winding creek,  
 On proud Iberia's shore, the corsairs sly  
 Lurk waiting to surprise a British sail,  
 Full freighted from Hetruria's friendly ports,  
 Or rich Byzantium; after her they scud,  
 Dashing the spumy waves with equal oars,  
 And spreading all their shrouds; she makes the main  
 Inviting every gale, nor yet forgets  
 To clear her deck, and tell th' insulting foe,  
 In peals of thunder, Britons cannot fear.  
 So flies the hern pursu'd, but fighting flies.  
 Warm grows the conflict, every nerve's employ'd;  
 Now through the yielding element they soar  
 Aspiring high, then sink at once, and rove  
 In trackless mazes through the troubled sky.  
 No rest, no peace. The falcon hovering flies  
 Balanc'd in air, and confidently bold  
 Hangs o'er him like a cloud, then aims her blow  
 Full at his destin'd head. The watchful hern  
 Shoots from her like a blazing meteor swift  
 That gilds the night, eludes her talons keen  
 And pointed beak, and gains a length of way.  
 Observe th' attentive crowd; all hearts are fix'd  
 On this important war, and pleasing hope  
 Glows in each breast. The vulgar and the great,  
 Equally happy now, with freedom share  
 The common joy. The shepherd-boy forgets  
 His bleating care; the labouring hind lets fall  
 His grain unsown; in transport lost, he robs  
 Th' expecting furrow, and in wild amaze  
 The gazing village point their eyes to heaven.  
 Where is the tongue can speak the falconer's cares,  
 'Twixt hopes and fears, as in a tempest tost?  
 His fluttering heart, his varying cheeks confess  
 His inward woe. Now like a wearied stag,  
 That stands at bay, the hern provokes their rage;  
 Close by his languid wing, in downy plumes

Covers his fatal beak, and cautious hides  
 The well-dissembled fraud. The falcon darts  
 Like lightning from above, and in her breast  
 Receives the latent death : down plump she falls  
 Bounding from earth, and with her trickling gore  
 Defiles her gaudy plumage. See, alas !  
 The falconer in despair, his favourite bird  
 Dead at his feet, as of his dearest friend  
 He weeps her fate ; he meditates revenge,  
 He storms, he foams, he gives a loose to rage :  
 Nor wants he long the means ; the hern fatigu'd,  
 Borne down by numbers yields, and prone on earth  
 He drops : his cruel foes wheeling around  
 Insult at will. The vengeful falconer flies  
 Swift as an arrow shooting to their aid ;  
 Then muttering inward curses breaks his wings,  
 And fixes in the ground his hated beak ;  
 Sees with malignant joy the victors proud  
 Smear'd with his blood, and on his marrow feast.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FROM THE CHASE.

WHERE rages not Oppression ? Where, alas !  
 Is Innocence secure ? Rapine and Spoil  
 Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps ; seas have their sharks,  
 Rivers and ponds enclose the ravenous pike ;  
 He in his turn becomes a prey ; on him  
 Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate  
 Deserv'd : but tyrants know no bounds ; nor appears  
 That bristle on his back, defend the perch  
 From his wide greedy jaws ; nor burnish'd mail  
 The yellow carp ; nor all his arts can save  
 Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head  
 Beneath the slimy mud ; nor yet escapes  
 The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,  
 And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,  
 This midnight pillager, ranging around,  
 Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns  
 Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears  
 The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy  
 The jovial crew, that march upon its banks  
 In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

The subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind,  
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade  
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk  
Contrives his wicker couch : whence he surveys  
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all  
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youth,  
Dispute the felon's claim ; try every root,  
And every reedy bank ; encourage all  
The busy spreading pack, that fearless plunge  
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.  
Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,  
Proclaim your bold defiance ; loudly raise  
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat  
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand  
See there his seal impress'd ! and on that bank  
Behold the glittering spoils, half-eaten fish,  
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.  
Ah ! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more  
His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh  
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,  
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring  
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.  
Hark ! the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,  
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,  
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,  
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes  
Float with the stream ; and every winding creek  
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood  
Nods pendant, still improve from shore to shore  
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts !  
What clamour loud ! What gay heart-cheering  
Urge through the breathing brass their mazy way  
Nor quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains  
The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides  
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily  
They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade  
Rank-scenting clings ! See ! how the morning dew  
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drops  
Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.  
Now on firm land they range ; then in the flood  
They plunge tumultuous ; or through reedy pools  
Rustling they work their way : no hole escapes  
Their curious search. With quick sensation now

The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,  
 And joy redoubled bursts from every mouth  
 In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,  
 That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes  
 The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,  
 And dread abode. How these impatient climb,  
 While others at the root incessant bay!  
 They put him down. See, there he drives along!  
 Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.  
 Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat  
 Into the sheltering deeps. Ah! there he vents!  
 The pack plunge headlong, and pretended spears  
 Menace destruction: while the troubled surge  
 Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind,  
 Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,  
 And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!  
 See, that bold hound has seiz'd him! down they sink  
 Together lost: but soon shall he repent  
 His rash assault. See, there escap'd, he flies  
 Half-drown'd, and clambers up the slippery bank  
 With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,  
 Whether by Nature form'd, or by long use,  
 This artful diver best can bear the want  
 Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,  
 Beneath the whelming element. Yet there  
 He lives not long; but respiration needs  
 At proper intervals. Again he vents;  
 Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd  
 His neck; the crimson waves confess the wound.  
 Fixt is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,  
 Where'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,  
 With him it mounts; sure guide to every foe.  
 Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound  
 Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedgy bank  
 He creeps disconsolate: his numerous foes  
 Surround him, hounds, and men. Pierc'd through and  
 through,  
 On pointed spears they lift him high in air;  
 Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:  
 Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling strains,  
 Proclaim the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.

\* \* \* \* \*



MATTHEW GREEN, "who wrote the Spleen," was born in 1696. His family were Quakers, and he was brought up and educated among that sect. But it appears their formality and precision were unpalatable to him, and he quitted the society "with disgust;" but without entering into communion with any other religious body, in consequence of which he incurred the reproach of "free thinking" upon sacred subjects. His probity, however, has not been questioned, and there is ample testimony of the gentleness of his temper and the suavity of his manners. He had a post at the Custom-House, and discharged his duty with diligence and ability. He died, in 1737, at his lodgings in Nag's-head-court, Gracechurch-street. Such is almost the whole of our knowledge of Matthew Green; but this paucity of information regarding him is to be accounted for by the fact, that he published nothing during his life-time, and that he wrote probably without the remotest idea of "finding fame." We are, however, told that he was liable to fits of hypochondriacism, and that out of this affliction grew the poem on the Spleen. In completing it he is said to have laboured during several years; adding to when the "fit was on him."

Besides this poem, he wrote "The Grotto," and two or three other pieces of no great merit. "The Spleen" has, however, always been considered one of the most striking compositions in the language. It is written in an easy, but energetic style—at once simple and nervous; it is the obvious production of a mind ill at ease with itself, yet conscious that a remedy for the disease may be easily obtained. There are no common thoughts in the poem, yet they are all natural, recorded with strength and originality, just such as would occur upon such a subject, and they are happily compressed.

The design of the writer, as he expressed to his friend, Cuthbert Jackson, to whom the poem is addressed, is not,

"To write a treatise on the Spleen;  
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;  
Nor mend th' alarm watch, your pulse.  
If I am right, your question lay,  
What course I take to drive away  
The day-mare, Spleen, by whose false pleas,  
Men prove mere suicides in ease;  
And how I do myself demean,  
In stormy world to live serene."

He then describes his peculiar habits, opinions, employments, and amusements—and he evidently describes them with truth.

"Nothing is stol'n; my muse though mean,  
Draws from the spring she finds within."

The remedies he prescribes are those which produce or nourish cheerfulness:—Exercise—"fling but a stone the giant dies;" things that excite laughter—poor authors worshipping a calf, deep tragedies, fine epitaphs on knaves deceased;—music and the dance, the gay impertinence of gossiping: each and all he touches with the pen of a gentle satirist; and proceeds to state how by a perpetual struggle against its influence he has contrived to master, or at least control, the "day-mare;" swimming along the troubled stream of life,

"Till fortune threw a rope  
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope."

It would be difficult to point out, in the whole range of English poetry, so many striking and original thoughts in the same number of lines. They were penned down as they occurred to him. If the descriptions appear unconnected, we are amply compensated by finding no weak link to bind them together. His object was to write less for the world than himself—and if years were employed in producing this one, and comparatively short, addition to our national store of verse, they were not spent in vain. The selection we have made from it will, we think, bear out our opinion of its high and enduring merit, and justify even higher praise than we have bestowed upon its author.




### GREEN.

FROM THE SPLEEN.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,  
So much a stranger to our sight,  
Say, goddess, in what happy place  
Mortals behold thy blooming face;  
Thy gracious auspices impart,  
And for thy temple choose my heart.  
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,  
Thy science learn, to bound desire;  
By happy alchymy of mind  
They turn to pleasure all they find;  
They both disdain in outward mien  
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,

And meretricious arts of dress,  
To feign a joy, and hide distress ;  
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,  
Without an opiate they repose ;  
And, cover'd by your shield, defy  
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly :  
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,  
Concern themselves with distant cares ;  
But place their bliss in mental rest,  
And feast upon the good possess'd.  
Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,  
The blithsome goddess soothes my care ;  
I feel the deity inspire,  
And thus she models my desire.  
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,  
Annuity securely made,  
A farm some twenty miles from town,  
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own ;  
Two maids, that never saw the town,  
A serving-man, not quite a clown ;  
A boy to help to tread the mow,  
And drive, while t' other holds the plough ;  
A chief, of temper form'd to please,  
Fit to converse, and keep the keys ;  
And better to preserve the peace,  
Commission'd by the name of niece ;  
With understandings of a size  
To think their master very wise.  
May Heav'n (it's all I wish for) send  
One genial room to treat a friend,  
Where decent cupboard, little plate,  
Display benevolence, not state.  
And may my humble dwelling stand  
Upon some chosen spot of land :  
A pond before full to the brim,  
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim ;  
Behind, a green like velvet neat,  
Soft to the eye, and to the feet ;  
Where od'rous plants in evening fair  
Breathe all around ambrosial air ;  
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,  
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,  
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,  
Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;



With op'ning views of hill and dale,  
 Which sense and fancy too regale,  
 Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,  
 Like amphitheatre surrounds;  
 And woods impervious to the breeze,  
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,  
 From hills through plains in dusk array  
 Extended far, repel the day.  
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade  
 Invite, and contemplation aid :  
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate  
 The dark decrees and will of Fate,  
 And dreams beneath the spreading beech  
 Inspire, and docile fancy teach ;  
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,  
 Impulses rustle through the mind.  
 Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,  
 While Pan melodious pipes away,  
 In measur'd motions frisk about,  
 Till old Silenus puts them out.  
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,  
 Vie in variety of green ;  
 Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,  
 Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,  
 Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,  
 And poppy top-knots deck her hair,  
 And silver streams through meadows stray,  
 And Naiads on the margin play,  
 And lesser nymphs on side of hills  
 From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,  
 May I enjoy a calm through life ;  
 See faction, safe in low degree,  
 As men at land see storms at sea,  
 And laugh at miserable elves  
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,  
 Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,  
 As can possess, but not enjoy ;  
 Debarr'd the pleasure to impart  
 By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,  
 Who wealth, hard-earn'd by guilty cares,  
 Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.  
 May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,  
 And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-smile,

Prone the distressed to relieve,  
 And little trespasses forgive,  
 With income not in fortune's pow'r  
 And skill to make a busy hour,  
 With trips to town life to amuse,  
 To purchase books, and hear the news,  
 To see old friends, brush off the clown,  
 And quicken taste at coming down ;  
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,  
 And slowly mellowing in age,  
 When Fate extends its gathering gripe,  
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,  
 Quit a worn being without pain,  
 Perhaps to blossom soon again.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE SPARROW AND DIAMOND. A SONG.

I LATELY saw, what now I sing,  
 Fair Lucia's hand display'd ;  
 This finger grac'd a diamond ring,  
 On that a sparrow play'd.

The feather'd play-thing she caress'd,  
 She stroak'd its head and wings ;  
 And while it nestled in her breast,  
 She lisp'd the dearest things.

With chisel'd bill a spark ill-set  
 He loosen'd from the rest,  
 And swallow'd down to grind his meat,  
 The easier to digest.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,  
 Her diamond to descry :  
 'Twas gone, she sicken'd at the sight,  
 Moaning her bird would die.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,  
 The curtains none undraw,  
 The footmen went without their shoes,  
 The street was laid with straw.

The doctor us'd his oily art  
Of strong emetic kind,  
Th' apothecary play'd his part,  
And engineer'd behind.

When physic ceas'd to spend its store,  
To bring away the stone,  
Dicky, like people given o'er,  
Picks up, when let alone.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,  
He peck'd behind his wing;  
Lucia recovering at the news,  
Relapses for the ring.

Meanwhile within her beauteous breast  
Two different passions strove;  
When av'rice ended the contest,  
And triumph'd over love.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,  
Thy pains the sex display,  
Who, only to repair a ring,  
Could take thy life away.

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,  
Monster of foulest mien:  
Ye would not let it harbour there,  
Could but its form be seen.

It made a virgin put on guile,  
Truth's image break her word,  
A Lucia's face forbear to smile,  
A Venus kill her bird.

RICHARD SAVAGE was born in Fox-court, Holborn, on the 10th January, 1697-8. His mother was the infamous Countess of Macclesfield, who, according to Dr. Johnson, "having lived for some time upon uneasy terms with her husband, thought a voluntary confession of adultery the most obvious and expeditious mode of obtaining her liberty; and who therefore declared that the father of her unborn child was the Earl Rivers." Her son was thus rendered illegitimate. From the moment of his birth his mother regarded him with unmingled hatred,—and survived to find that her implacable and restless cruelty had procured his death in a jail.

As soon as he was born, he was consigned to the care of a poor woman, with directions that he was never to be acquainted with his parentage. At an early age he was placed at a grammar school at St. Albans; here his genius made its own way, and laid the foundation of his after fame. The secret of his birth was kept from him, until the death of his nurse led to discovery of the circumstances connected with it, and the motives for their concealment. The unnatural mother was then applied to; in vain; "he could neither soften her heart nor open her hand;" and the pressure of want compelled him to resort to his pen for support,—“he became of necessity an author!”

Many are the temptations which strong feelings, high desires, and warm passions leave in the way of youth; but when want is added to them, they become indeed fearful. The struggle is generally an awful one; but it too frequently terminates by leaving him, who might have been eminent for goodness, notorious for vice. There is a pride of soul that conducts to iniquity as well as to integrity. The picture of genius struggling with difficulties is a too familiar one; nights of wretched lodging,—days of almost starvation,—and, at the same time, high thoughts of what might be, and low murmurs of what is not! Who will wonder if, when the heart grows sick with disappointment, and vice is more ready than virtue to apply her temporary and delusive remedies, the unhappy struggler against all we shudder to think upon should become the victim where he might have led the triumph! The woes and wants of Savage have been pictured to us: those of too many like him—like him in strong power and wretched destiny—have found no historian, gentle or ungentle, to record their sufferings and their fate. During a considerable portion of his brief career, Savage was “without lodging, and often without meat;” trusting to chance for the one—and for the other, to the poor shelter of some wretched shed; pursuing his studies in the fields or in the streets; picking up scraps of paper, and stepping into shops to borrow pen and ink to pen down the thoughts to which his mind had given birth; receiving assistance now and then from persons whom his talents or troubles brought to him, but seeming as if absolutely doomed to misery by fate; for the chances of prosperity which now and then came to him, passed away, and left him more wretched than before. That he was, however, the master of his own destiny is sufficiently apparent. His reckless extravagance,—his indomitable pride, arising perhaps from a consciousness of his intellectual value,—his dissipated habits, opposed to all regularity,—his exceeding irritability,—his uncertain and capricious temper, were his continual banes. “He seldom found a stranger that he did not leave a friend;” but “he had not often a friend long without obliging him to become a stranger.” He was arrested in Bristol for a debt of eight pounds, consigned to a jail, and died there on the 1st August, 1743, having owed the few comforts and consolations of his death-bed, and even the decencies of interment, to the benevolence of his jailer.

Dr. Johnson gives us his portrait. “He was of a middle stature, of a thin habit of body, a long visage, coarse features, and melancholy aspect; of a grave and manly deportment, a solemn dignity of mien, but which, upon a nearer acquaintance, softened into an engaging easiness of manners. His walk was slow, and his voice mournful; he was easily excited to smiles, but very seldom provoked to laughter.”

We have dwelt so much on the personal character of Savage, that we have little space to comment on his poetry; nor is it necessary. Of all his productions—the produce sometimes of matured thought, but more frequently written with the sole view of procuring temporary relief from pressing want—“The Wanderer” and “The Bastard” are the only poems that survive. These possess merit of a very high order. The Wanderer is, like the character of the writer, made up of detached parts, in which what is noble and beautiful is defaced by what is poor and mean.





## SAVAGE.

FROM THE WANDERER.

BENEATH appears a place, all outward bare,  
Inward the dreary mansion of despair !  
The water of the mountain-road, half stray'd,  
Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown cascade.

Has nature this rough, naked piece design'd,  
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind ?  
She has. Approach'd, appears a deep descent,  
Which opens in a rock a large extent !  
And hark !—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear  
A trampling sound of footsteps hastening near !  
A death-like chillness thwarts my panting breast :  
Soft ! the wish'd object stands at length confess'd !



Of youth his form !—But why with anguish bent ?  
 Why pin'd with sallow marks of discontent ?  
 Yet patience, labouring to beguile his care,  
 Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair.  
 Compassion, in his eye, surveys my grief,  
 And in his voice invites me to relief.  
 Preventive of thy call, behold my haste,  
 (He says) nor let warm thanks thy spirits waste !  
 All fear forget—Each portal I possess,  
 Duty wide-opens to receive distress.  
 Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led ;  
 The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread !  
 And now, in squar'd divisions, I survey  
 Chambers sequester'd from the glare of day ;  
 Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,  
 Through rifts ; each forming a perspective scene.  
 In front a parlour meets my entering view ;  
 Oppos'd, a room to sweet refection due.  
 Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,  
 Through the bor'd rock above, the smoke expires ;  
 Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's spread,  
 Crown'd with a heapy canister of bread.  
 A maple cup is next dispatch'd to bring  
 The comfort of the salutary spring :  
 Nor mourn we absent blessings of the vine,  
 Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine ;  
 And savoury cates, upon clear embers cast,  
 Lie hissing, till snatch'd off ; a rich repast !

\* \* \* \*

A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room,  
 Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom.  
 There sits the sapient bard in museful mood,  
 And glows impassion'd for his country's good !  
 All the bright spirits of the just combin'd,  
 Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind !  
 He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,  
 Around his temples rays refulgent shine !  
 Now rapt ! now more than man !—I see him climb,  
 To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime !  
 I see him now o'er nature's works preside !  
 How clear the vision ! and the scene how wide !  
 Let some a name by adulation raise,  
 Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise !

My muse (he cries) a nobler prospect view !  
 Through fancy's wilds some moral's point pursue !  
 From dark deception clear drawn truth display,  
 As from black chaos rose resplendent day !  
 Awake compassion, and bid terror rise !  
 Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes !  
 So pamper'd power, unconscious of distress,  
 May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redress.

Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his stinging lay !  
 Ye powers unlov'd, unpitied in decay !  
 But know, to you sweet-blossom'd fame he brings,  
 Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings !

O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,  
 (Voice of thy will !) unerring force impart !  
 If wailing worth can generous warmth excite !  
 If verse can gild instruction with delight,  
 Inspire his honest muse with orient flame,  
 To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim !

But, O my friend ! mysterious is our fate !  
 How mean is fortune, though his mind elate !  
 Æneas-like he passes through the crowd ;  
 Unsought, unseen, beneath misfortune's cloud ;  
 Or seen with slight regard : Unprais'd his name :  
 His after-honour, and our after-shame.  
 The doom'd desert, to avarice stands confess'd ;  
 Her eyes averted are, and steel'd her breast.  
 Envy asquint the future wonder eyes :  
 Bold insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies ;  
 While coward censure, skill'd in darker ways,  
 Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise !  
 Hunger, thirst, nakedness, their grievous fall !  
 Unjust derision too !—that tongue of gall !  
 Slow comes relief, with no mild charms endued,  
 Usher'd by pride, and by reproach pursued.  
 Forc'd pity meets him with a cold respect,  
 Unkind as scorn, ungenerous as neglect.

Yet, suffering worth ! thy fortitude will shine ;  
 Thy foes are virtue's, and her friends are thine !  
 Patience is thine, and peace thy days shall crown ;  
 Thy treasure prudence, and thy claim renown :  
 Myriads, unborn, shall mourn thy hapless fate,  
 And myriads grow, by thy example, great !

\* \* \* \* \*

ROBERT BLAIR was born in Edinburgh in the year 1699. His father, the Rev. David Blair, was one of the chaplains to the king. His grandfather was also a distinguished clergyman. The Poet's son was Solicitor-General for Scotland, and his cousin was the eminent Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh.

Having obtained the advantages of a sound and liberal education, and improved those advantages by travel and a residence of "some time" on the continent, he was, in 1731, ordained minister of Athelstanefow, in the county of East Lothian:—here the subsequent years of his life were passed, in ease, quiet, and contentment; in the enjoyment of tranquil pleasures, in cultivating literary pursuits, in discharging the duties of his profession, and in the happiness of domestic life.

His tastes were elegant and domestic. Books and flowers seem to have been the only rivals in his thoughts. His rambles were from his fire-side to his garden; and although the only record of his genius is of a gloomy character, it is evident that habit and circumstances combined to render him cheerful and happy. His wife, who is described as of "uncommon beauty and amiable manners," bore him six children. He died of fever, on the 4th of February, 1746.

"The last end  
Of the good man was peace!"

The "Grave" is the only poem Dr. Blair ever wrote—if we except some lines to the memory of Mr. Law, whose daughter he afterwards married. It is singular that a poet, so capable of producing great things—and with ample leisure and ease of mind to do so—should have written nothing else. Even this must have been commenced at an early age. In a letter to Dr. Doddridge, the Poet says, "the greatest part of it was composed several years before he was clothed with so sacred a character." This letter was written in 1742, and then the poem existed only in manuscript. It appears that his friend, Dr. Watts, had "offered it to two booksellers, who did not care to take the risk of publishing it;" consequently, the author never enjoyed the luxury of seeing it in print. The first edition was printed at Edinburgh in 1747; since then, that which the "two booksellers" rejected, has been reprinted perhaps a hundred times, and will never be long out of print while the English language endures. It is to be lamented that the praise which this poem received was limited to a few friends—who "honoured it with approval"—and that his attempt to extend his name was discouraged by the ignorance of those who did not "care to run the risk of publishing it." Had circumstances been either less or more favourable to the Poet, he might have left a still richer legacy to posterity.

"The Grave," however, is sufficient to place the name of the writer high in the list of British poets. Its popularity is not alone dependent upon the fine moral tone that pervades it. Not only because it is in the happiest sense of the term "religious" has it been universally read and as universally admired. The language is rich, nervous, and pathetic. It abounds in pictures—original, striking, and always natural. At times he flies from the actual to the imaginative, but he never passes the bounds of probability. What he depicts—even the strong man in his agony, &c.—he might have seen. Above all, the Poet's kindly, generous, and benevolent nature, peers out even in his gloomiest or most harrowing descriptions;—and he at all times bears in mind that the office of a christian clergyman involves a high and imperative duty. He therefore never loses an opportunity of impressing upon the minds of his readers the solemn lessons it is his business to teach and inculcate. Even in those passages which call upon satire to cooperate with truth—and which sometimes verge too closely upon the ludicrous—his one great object is clearly paramount—to "warn and scare" from the path which alone leads to a grave that must be terrible. His more awful descriptions are, however, at times, relieved by those that are gentle as well as beautiful—the Apostrophe to Friendship, "the tie more stubborn far than nature's band," may be quoted as one of the most delicious in the language. The Grave is a volume of "pictures to the ear." The representations of the Poet are as vivid as if they were conveyed to us on canvass.—Indeed the illustrations of the pencil can scarcely be considered as desirable accompaniments to them.



BLAIR.

FROM THE GRAVE.

INVIDIOUS grave ! how dost thou rend in sunder  
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one !  
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.  
Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul ;  
Sweetner of life, and solder of society,  
I owe thee much. Thou has deserv'd from me,  
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.  
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,  
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,  
Anxious to please. Oh ! when my friend and I  
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,  
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down  
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,

Where the pure limpid stream has slid along  
 In grateful errors through the under-wood,  
 Sweet murmuring : methought the shrill-tongued thrush  
 Mended his song of love ; the sooty black-bird  
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note :  
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose  
 Assum'd a dye more deep ; whilst ev'ry flower  
 Vied with its fellow plant in luxury  
 Of dress. Oh ! then, the longest summer's day  
 Seem'd too, too much in haste ! still the full heart  
 Had not imparted half ; 'twas happiness  
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,  
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance !

Dull grave—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,  
 Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,  
 And ev'ry smirking feature from the face ;  
 Branding our laughter with the name of madness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Strength too—thou surly, and less gentle boast  
 Of those that loud laugh at the village ring ;  
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down  
 With greater ease, than e'er thou didst the stripling  
 That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.  
 What groan was that I heard ?—deep groan indeed !  
 With anguish heavy laden ; let me trace it :  
 From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,  
 By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath  
 Like a hard-hunted beast. How his heart  
 Beats thick ! his roomy chest by far too scant  
 To give the lungs full play. What now avail  
 The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders ?  
 See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,  
 Mad with his pain ! Eager he catches hold  
 Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,  
 Just like a creature drowning ; hideous sight !  
 Oh ! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly !  
 While the distemper's rank and deadly venom  
 Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,  
 And drinks his marrow up—Heard you that groan ?  
 It was his last. See how the great Goliath,  
 Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,  
 Lies still.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sure the last end

Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!  
 Night-dews fall not more gentle to the ground,  
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.  
 Behold him in the evening-tide of life,  
 A life well-spent, whose early care it was  
 His riper years should not upbraid his green:  
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;  
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.  
 High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches  
 After the prize in view! and, like a bird  
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:  
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded  
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits  
 Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, oh then!  
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,  
 Shrunk to a thing of nought. Oh! how he longs  
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!  
 'Tis done! and now he's happy! The glad soul  
 Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh  
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again  
 Its better half, never to sunder more.  
 Nor shall it hope in vain:—The time draws on  
 When not a single spot of burial earth,  
 Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,  
 But must give back its long-committed dust  
 Inviolatè:—and faithfully shall these  
 Make up the full account; not the least atom  
 Embezzl'd, or mislaid, of the whole tale.  
 Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;  
 And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!  
 Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same pow'r  
 That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,  
 Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,  
 And put them as they were.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus, at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird  
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake  
 Cows down, and dozes till the dawn of day,  
 Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

JAMES THOMSON was born in the year 1700, at Ednam—a parish of which his father was minister—near Kelso, in the shire of Roxburgh. At a very early age he began to write poetry; and it is said produced many pieces which, after having amused with them his friends and schoolfellows, he had the prudence and the courage to destroy. At the University of Edinburgh, where he received his education, a reproof on the part of the divinity professor, for having written his exercise in a style so “poetically splendid” as to be unintelligible to a popular audience, produced disgust towards a scholastic life, and led him to seek patronage and fame in the English metropolis. In 1725 he arrived in London, and at once found in Mallet, the companion of his boyhood, an able and eager friend—their intimacy endured while they lived, “undisturbed by any casual mistake, envy, or jealousy.” By his advice “*Winter*” was finished, sold for a small sum, and published; but it was neither understood nor appreciated until some time after its appearance. By degrees, however, it gained upon the public; “being of a new kind,” says Dr. Johnson, “few would venture at first to like it;” but no sooner did it meet the eye and obtain the approbation of some persons of taste and judgment, who “ran about from place to place celebrating its excellence,” than its merits were universally acknowledged, and one edition was speedily succeeded by another. “*Summer*” was issued in 1727; “*Spring*” in 1728, and “*Autumn*” in 1730; meanwhile, however, the tragedy of *Sophonisba* had been acted, and the poems “*Bri-tannia*,” and “on the Death of Sir Isaac Newton,” had appeared. Soon afterwards he was selected by the Lord Chancellor Talbot, as travelling tutor to his son, in company with whom he visited most of the European courts. On his return to England he was appointed to a sinecure office in the Court of Chancery, and lived in “ease and plenty,” until the death of his patron placed his affairs again “in a poetical posture.” The influence of Lord Lyttleton soon obtained for him, however, a more profitable appointment; and his latter days were spent at Richmond, in affluent and elegant retirement. In 1746, he published “the *Castle of Indolence*”—the most highly finished of all his compositions, and which was “many years under his hand.” He died of fever, in 1748, and was buried at Richmond; but a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

Thomson was of stature above the middle size; “more fat than bard becoms;” of a dull countenance, a gross, unanimated and uninviting appearance; silent in mingled company, but cheerful among his friends, by whom he was “very tenderly and warmly beloved.” He was naturally sluggish and inactive; the reader of the *Castle of Indolence* will not fail to recognise the picture he has given of his own character, habits, and feelings. It is however certain that he was “void of envy, guile, and lust of gain;” and that he left for posterity,

“No line which dying he could wish to blot.”

Thomson earned and merited a place among the best and highest of the British poets. “The Seasons” will continue popular as long as the English language shall endure. “He is,” says Dr. Johnson, “entitled to one praise of the highest kind—his mode of thinking and of expressing his thoughts is original. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius. He looks round on nature and on life with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes in every thing presented to its view whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute.” Place it in any light, and the poem appears faultless—the episodes are delicious stories—the descriptions so accurate as to bear the closest test—the versification richly harmonious, yet always in perfect keeping with the subject—and, above all, the sentiments are so pure, the lessons in virtue so attractive, the “religion” so natural, graceful, and winning, so opposed to bigotry and superstition, that the reader cannot fail to become better and wiser by the perusal of that which produces sensations of the most supreme pleasure. It was his perpetual study—

“Warm from the heart to pour the moral song.”



## THOMSON.

FROM THE SEASONS.

**THEN** commerce brought into the public walk  
 The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;  
 Rais'd the strong crane ; choak'd up the loaded street  
 With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames,  
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, King of floods !  
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,  
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts  
 Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between  
 Possess'd the breezy void ; the sooty hulk  
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along  
 Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,  
 The boat, light skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;  
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil  
 From bank to bank increas'd.

\* \* \* \* \*



Thy sons of glory many ! Alfred thine,  
In whom the splendour of heroic war,  
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,  
Combine ; whose hallow'd name the virtuous saint,  
And his own Muses love ; the best of kings !  
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,  
Names dear to fame ; the first who deep impress'd  
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,  
That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,  
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,  
Who, with a generous, though mistaken zeal,  
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,  
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,  
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,  
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.  
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine ;  
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,  
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.  
Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak  
The numerous worthies of the maiden reign ?  
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd ;  
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all  
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.  
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign  
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,  
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.  
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind  
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,  
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;  
Yet found no times, in all the long research,  
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,  
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.  
Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,  
The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,  
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.  
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,  
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,  
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age  
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,  
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.  
Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd,  
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye  
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.  
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew

The grave where Russell lies; whose temper'd blood,  
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,  
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;  
 Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk  
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him  
 His friends, the British Cassius, fearless bled;  
 Of high-determin'd spirit, roughly brave,  
 By ancient learning, to th' enlighten'd love  
 Of ancient freedom warm'd.

\* \* \* \* \*

## A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these  
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.  
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
 And every sense, and every heart, is joy.  
 Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,  
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy Sun  
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:  
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;  
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.  
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,  
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
 In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms  
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,  
 Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,  
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,  
 Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,  
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;  
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;  
 And all so forming an harmonious whole;  
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
 Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,  
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;  
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence  
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:

Flings from the Sun direct the flaming day ;  
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempests forth ;  
And, as on Earth this grateful change revolves,  
With transport touches all the springs of life.  
Nature, attend ! join every living soul,  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise  
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,  
Breathe soft ! whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :  
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms ;  
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,  
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to Heaven  
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;  
And let me catch it as I muse along.  
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;  
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,  
A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
Sound his stupendous praise ; whose greater voice  
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.  
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
In mingled clouds to Him ; whose Sun exalts,  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.  
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;  
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.  
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep  
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
Great source of day ! best image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
On Nature write with every beam his praise.  
The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ;  
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,  
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,  
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;  
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.  
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song

Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,  
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm  
 The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.  
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,  
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
 Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,  
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,  
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;  
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
 In one united ardour rise to Heaven.  
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
 And find a fame in every secret grove ;  
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
 Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.  
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray  
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams ;  
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;  
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge  
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the Sun  
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me ;  
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
 In the void waste, as in the city full ;  
 And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.  
 When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come,  
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
 I cheerful will obey : there, with new powers,  
 Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go  
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;  
 From seeming evil still educing good,  
 And better thence again, and better still,  
 In infinite progression. But I lose  
 Myself in him, in Light ineffable ;  
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise..

## FROM THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,  
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate;  
 That like an emmet thou must ever moil,  
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;  
 And, certes, there is for it reason great;  
 For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail.  
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,  
 Withouten that would come an heavier bale,  
 Loose life, unruly passions and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
 With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,  
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
 Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.  
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;  
 And there a season atween June and May,  
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half embrown'd,  
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
 No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

Was nought around but images of rest :  
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;  
 And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,  
 From poppies breath'd ; and beds of pleasant green,  
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,  
 And hurled every where their waters sheen ;  
 That, as they bicker'd through the sunny shade,  
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,  
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,  
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :  
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,  
 Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,  
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;  
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;  
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,  
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;  
 Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,  
 As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood :

And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,  
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;  
 And where this valley winded out, below,  
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;  
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
 For ever flushing round a summer-sky:  
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;  
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,  
 Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,  
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)  
 Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,  
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,  
 And made a kind of checker'd day and night;  
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,  
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight  
 Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,  
 And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,  
 There was a man of special grave remark:  
 A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,  
 Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd, not dark;  
 As soot this man could sing as morning-lark,  
 And teach the noblest morals of the heart:  
 But these his talents were yburied stark;  
 Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,  
 Which or boon Nature gave, or Nature-painting Art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,  
 Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;  
 Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,  
 Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,  
 Where the wild thyme and camomil are found:  
 There would he linger, till the latest ray  
 Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;  
 Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,  
 Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day!

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past :  
 For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd  
 Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,  
 And all its native light anew reveal'd :  
 Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,  
 And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,  
 Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,  
 Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind ;  
 But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,  
 (Profoundly silent, for they never spoke,)  
 One shyer still, who quite detested talk :  
 Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,  
 To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak ;  
 There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,  
 And on himself his pensive fury wroke,  
 Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone  
 The glittering star of eve—"Thank Heaven! the day is done."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,  
 When drooping health and spirits go amiss?  
 How tasteless then whatever can be given!  
 Health is the vital principle of bliss,  
 And exercise of health. In proof of this,  
 Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,  
 Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss ;  
 While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,  
 Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

O, who can speak the vigorous joy of health?  
 Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind :  
 The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,  
 The temperate evening falls serene and kind.  
 In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.  
 See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,  
 As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind ;  
 Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds :  
 Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasure  
 breeds?

\* \* \* \* \*

## SONG.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
An unrelenting foe to love,  
And when we meet a mutual heart,  
Come in between, and bid us part ?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
And wish, and wish the soul away ;  
Till youth and genial years are flown,  
And all the life of life is gone ?

But busy, busy, still art thou,  
To bind the loveless joyless vow,  
The heart from pleasure to delude,  
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,  
And I absolve thy future care ;  
All other blessings I resign,  
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

## ODE.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,  
Ah ! tell me, whither art thou fled ;  
To what delightful world above,  
Appointed for the happy dead ?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,  
And sometimes share thy lover's woe ;  
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home  
Can now, alas ! no comfort know ?

Oh ! if thou hover'st round my walk,  
While under every well-known tree,  
I to thy fancied shadow talk,  
And every tear is full of thee ;

Should then the weary eye of grief,  
Beside some sympathetic stream,  
In slumber find a short relief,  
O visit thou my soothing dream !



DAVID MALLET was a native of Scotland, and born about the year 1700; but of his parentage and early education we know nothing. Dr. Johnson surmises that he was descended from the clan Macgregor; a clan which became "so formidable and infamous, that the name was annulled by legal abolition;" in consequence of which the father of the Poet assumed that of Mallock; which the son, for reasons which do not appear, altered to Mallet. In 1720 he was tutor in a family near Edinburgh; here he was fed and clothed and permitted to read books; but he was considered rather in the light of a dependant on charity, than a worker for, and earner of, fortune and fame. But Mallet was not destined to continue long an underling; he was appointed to educate the two sons of the Duke of Montrose: the "tide" was "taken at the flood." He made the usual continental tour with his pupils; improving and strengthening his mind, and gathering the materials which he afterwards worked up in his poem of "The Excursion." His talents obtained for him admission to the most brilliant circles of his time; among his patron-friends were Lyttleton, Chesterfield, and Bolingbroke—and his familiar associates were Pope, Thomson, and Young. More substantial advantages afterwards flowed upon him; he became under-secretary to the Prince of Wales; married a beautiful woman, and "lived in the style of a gentleman;" received from Bolingbroke a legacy of his works; was selected to arrange the papers and write a life of Marlborough—a labour for which he was richly paid, but which he never performed; wrote dramas, biographies, political pamphlets, and poems—all of which were profitable; and at length obtained the appointment of Keeper of the Book of Entries to the Port of London; and died, "in easy circumstances," in April, 1765.

His stature is described as diminutive, but he was regularly formed; his appearance till he grew corpulent was agreeable, and he suffered it to want no recommendation that dress could give it. His conversation was easy and elegant. Dr. Johnson, who has painted this portrait, mars it by a rude touch:—"The rest of his character may, without injury to his memory, sink into silence." His apologist, Dr. Anderson, admits that vanity was his predominant passion, and that he thought it no dishonour to be a ministerial hireling. He was employed to soil the memory of Pope; he received a pension for an address which contributed to hasten the execution of Byng; he flattered Garrick by a promise which he did not keep; he never even commenced the Life of Marlborough, for which he had been paid; and he sought, somewhat meanly, to add to the collection of papers left him by Lord Bolingbroke, by claiming a portion which had been previously given to another. Such are the blots which deface the character of David Mallet.

His poems, except his two celebrated ballads, are now little known. They are distinguished by easy and elegant diction and sound judgment, rather than richness of fancy or vigour of expression. His natural powers had been cultivated with industry and care, but they were not of a very high order; few of his productions surpass mediocrity. "The Excursion," and "Amyntor and Theodora," the longest of his works, are in blank verse. The former invokes Imagination to ramble with the Bard over the earth and through the air—both are described, occasional episodes are introduced, and a running commentary is offered upon the wonders and peculiarities of each. The scene of the latter is laid in St. Kilda's Isle, and relates the history of two lovers—their trials and their joys. Its principal merit consists in pictures of the wild and rugged scenery of the "most remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides." It is, however, but a tedious poem, and by no means succeeds in achieving the professed object of the writer—"to make it a regular and consistent whole; to be true to nature in his thoughts; and effectually to touch the passions." We read it unmoved, and sympathise very little in the misery or happiness of the youth and his "long lost but now found."

The ballads, "Edwin and Emma," and "William and Margaret"—both the records of actual occurrences—have done more to preserve the memory of Mallet than all the rest of his productions. They are of exceeding interest—an interest enhanced by their simplicity; and have been always classed among the happiest specimens of English verse. It would be difficult to find any compositions of the kind that have obtained a wider, or sustained a more enduring popularity.



### MALLET.

FROM AMYNTOR AND THEODORA.

FAR in the watery waste, where his broad wave,  
From world to world, the vast Atlantic rolls  
On from the piny shores of Labrador  
To frozen Thulé east, her airy height  
Aloft to heaven remotest Kilda lifts ;  
Last of the sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,  
In filial train, Britannia's parent coast.  
Thrice happy land ! though freezing on the verge  
Of arctic skies ; yet, blameless still of arts  
That polish to deprave each softer clime ;  
With simple nature, simple virtue blest !  
Beyond Ambition's walk : where never War  
Uprear'd his sanguine standard ; nor unsheath'd

For wealth or power, the desolating sword.  
 Where Luxury, soft syren, who around  
 To thousand nations deals her nectar'd cup  
 Of pleasing bane, that soothes at once and kills,  
 Is yet a name unknown. But calm content  
 That lives to reason; ancient faith that binds  
 The plain community of guileless hearts  
 In love and union; innocence of ill  
 Their guardian genius: these, the powers that rule  
 This little world, to all its sons secure;  
 Man's happiest life; the soul serene and sound  
 From passion's rage, the body from disease.  
 Red on each cheek behold the rose of health;  
 Firm in each sinew vigour's pliant spring,  
 By temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,  
 Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep  
 Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount,  
 For food or pastime. These light up their morn,  
 And close their eve in slumbers sweetly deep,  
 Beneath the north, within the circling swell  
 Of ocean's raging sound. But last and best,  
 What avarice, what ambition shall not know,  
 True liberty is theirs, the heaven-sent guest,  
 Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,  
 With independence dwells; and peace of mind,  
 In youth, in age, their sun that never sets.

\* \* \* \*

#### EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,  
 Fast by a sheltering wood,  
 The safe retreat of health and peace,  
 An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,  
 Beneath a mother's eye;  
 Whose only wish on earth was now  
 To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads  
 Gave colour to her cheek;  
 Such orient colour smiles through heaven,  
 When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great-ones scorn  
This charmer of the plains :  
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,  
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,  
Each maiden with despair ;  
And though by all a wonder own'd,  
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,  
A soul devoid of art ;  
And from whose eye, serenely mild,  
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught :  
Was quickly too reveal'd :  
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,  
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss  
Did love on both bestow !  
But bliss too mighty long to last,  
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy form'd,  
Like her in mischief joy'd,  
To work them harm, with wicked skill,  
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,  
Who love nor pity knew,  
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,  
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,  
And seen it long unmov'd :  
Then, with a father's frown, at last  
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war  
Of differing passions strove :  
His heart, that durst not disobey,  
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind  
The spreading hawthorn crept,  
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot  
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanmore's wintery waste,  
Beneath the moonlight shade,  
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,  
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,  
A deadly pale o'ercast :  
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,  
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,  
Hung o'er his dying bed ;  
And wearied heaven with fruitless vows,  
And fruitless sorrows shed.

" 'Tis past ! " he cried—" but if your souls  
Sweet mercy yet can move,  
Let these dim eyes once more behold,  
What they must ever love ! "

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,  
And bath'd with many a tear :  
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,  
So morning dews appear.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care,  
A cruel sister she !  
Forbade what Emma came to say ;  
" My Edwin, live for me ! "

Now homeward as she hopeless wept  
The church-yard path along,  
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd  
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,  
Her startling fancy found  
In every bush his hovering shade,  
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd  
The visionary vale—  
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,  
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,  
Her aged mother's door—  
"He's gone!" she cried; "and I shall see  
That angel-face no more.

"I feel, I feel this breaking heart  
Beat high against my side"—  
From her white arm down sunk her head;  
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

---

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour,  
When night and morning meet;  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn,  
Clad in a wintery cloud;  
And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown:  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That sips the silver dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consum'd her early prime;  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;  
She died before her time.

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true-love calls,  
Come from her midnight-grave;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid  
Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour,  
When injur'd ghosts complain:  
When yawning graves give up their dead,  
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath!  
And give me back my maiden-vow,  
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep?  
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsake?  
How could you win my virgin-heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,  
And made the scarlet pale?  
And why did I, young witless maid!  
Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair,  
Those lips no longer red:  
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,  
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;  
This winding sheet I wear:  
And cold and weary lasts our night,  
Till that last morn appear.

"But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;  
A long and late adieu!  
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,  
Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud ; the morning smil'd,  
 With beams of rosy red :  
 Pale William quak'd in every limb,  
 And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place  
 Where Margaret's body lay ;  
 And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf,  
 That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,  
 And thrice he wept full sore ;  
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
 And word spoke never more !

## SONG.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring  
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing :  
 And while they warble from each spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay.  
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,  
 Like them improve the hour that flies ;  
 And, in soft raptures, waste the day,  
 Among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter, will appear :  
 At this, thy living bloom must fade ;  
 As that will strip the verdant shade.  
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er ;  
 The feather'd songsters love no more :  
 And when they droop, and we decay,  
 Adieu the shades of Endermay !



JOHN DYER, the son of a solicitor "of great capacity and note," was born at Aberglasney, Carmarthenshire, in the year 1700. He was educated at Westminster School, and was intended for the profession of his father; but his pencil and his pen were both destined to take a wider range. He became, as he says, "an itinerant painter in Wales;" having taken lessons from "Mr. Richardson, then an artist of high reputation, but now better known by his books than by his pictures." During his wanderings among the wild and beautiful scenery of his native land, taking sketches of its most picturesque views, he wooed also the sister Muse, and produced the most delightful of his poems—"Grongar Hill." His hopes and desires conducted him to Italy. Of the benefit which, as an artist, he derived from this visit, we have little proof; but on his return, in 1740, he published "The Ruins of Rome." If he failed in acquiring skill sufficient to render him "famous" as a painter—his talent, as we are told, being "rather for sketching than painting"—he at least made himself familiar with the antiquities, and the surrounding spots which history has rendered sacred, in the Imperial city; of these he made ample use in his subsequent compositions. Soon after his return he married a lady of the name of Enser—"whose grandmother," he says, "was a Shakspeare, descended from a brother of every body's Shakspeare"—entered into holy orders; and was successively presented to the livings of Calthorp, in Leicestershire, and Belchford and Kirkby, in Lincolnshire. In 1757 he published "The Fleece," the longest of his works, the contents of which may be explained by the Introductory lines:—

"The care of sheep, the labours of the loom,  
And arts of trade, I sing."

The poem obtained little popularity, although the writer considered it as his greatest work, and although a high contemporary authority—Akenside—was so convinced of its merit as to declare, that he would regulate by its fate his opinion of the reigning taste; "for if that was ill received he should not think it any longer reasonable to expect fame from excellence." He did not long survive this publication—dying on the 24th of July, 1758; "respected by the world as a man of superior endowments," and "beloved by his friends for the gentleness and sweetness of his disposition."

The feeling of the Painter, as well as of the Poet, is evident in the written pictures of the author of "Grongar Hill." He looked upon the sublime and beautiful around him with the eye of an artist, and felt their influence with the fervour and imagination of a poet. Although aiming at a higher, but achieving a less pleasing character, the "Ruins of Rome" affords equal proof of the accomplished mind and refined taste of the writer. It is a fine and energetic narrative of the rise, meridian, decline, and fall, of the Roman empire; with reflections on its splendour and decay, the advantages of political freedom, and the fatal influence of national luxury.

"The Fleece," which never realised the expectations of its author, and is now altogether neglected, contains, we think, sufficient to justify his hopes, and to bear out the opinion which the highest contemporary authority pronounced upon it. It is written in blank verse; and Dr. Johnson, who rarely omitted an opportunity of "crying down" that style of composition, condemns the poem as meriting the oblivion to which it has been consigned. The peculiar excellence of Dyer was the happy facility with which he painted in words. "The Fleece" is a collection of pictures; and, notwithstanding the apparently uninviting nature of the subject, contains some of the loveliest descriptions of nature, and her most attractive works, that are to be found in any author ancient or modern; it also abounds with historical facts and allusions, illustrative of English scenery; and we cannot believe that, even with reference to its details concerning the "arts of trade," many readers will be found to agree with the great critic, in considering that "the meanness naturally adhering, and the irreverence habitually annexed to trade and manufacture, have sunk the writer under habitual oppression."

England, which owes so much of its greatness and its glory to the "arts of trade" and the "labours of the loom," has, we think, too much neglected the efforts of those who succeeded in giving dignity to both.



DYER.

FROM THE FLEECE.

WHEN many-colour'd evening sinks behind  
The purple woods and hills, and opposite  
Rises, full-or'b, the silver harvest-moon,  
To light th' unwearied farmer, late afield  
His scatter'd sheaves collecting; then expect  
The artists, bent on speed, from populous Leeds,  
Norwich, or Frome; they traverse every plain,  
And every dale, where farm or cottage smokes:  
Reject them not; and let the season's price  
Win thy soft treasures: let the bulky wain  
Through dusty roads run nodding; or the bark,  
That silently adown the cerule stream

Glides with white sails, dispense the downy freight  
 To copsy villages on either side,  
 And spiry towns, where ready diligence,  
 The grateful burden to receive, awaits,  
 Like strong Briareus, with his hundred hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

## GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye !  
 Who, the purple evening, lie  
 On the mountain's lonely van,  
 Beyond the noise of busy man;  
 Painting fair the form of things,  
 While the yellow linnet sings;  
 Or the tuneful nightingale  
 Charms the forest with her tale ;—  
 Come, with all thy various dues,  
 Come and aid thy sister Muse;  
 Now, while Phœbus riding high,  
 Gives lustre to the land and sky !  
 Grongar Hill invites my song,  
 Draw the landscape bright and strong ;  
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells  
 Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;  
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,  
 For the modest Muses made ;  
 So oft I have, the evening still,  
 At the fountain of a rill,  
 Sate upon a flowery bed,  
 With my hand beneath my head ;  
 While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
 Over mead and over wood,  
 From house to house, from hill to hill,  
 Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,  
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,  
 And groves, and grottoes where I lay,  
 And vistas shooting beams of day :  
 Wide and wider spreads the vale,  
 As circles on a smooth canal :

The mountains round, unhappy fate !  
Sooner or later, of all height,  
Withdraw their summits from the skies,  
And lessen as the others rise :  
Still the prospect wider spreads,  
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;  
Still it widens, widens still,  
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,  
What a landscape lies below !  
No clouds, no vapours intervene ;  
But the gay, the open scene  
Does the face of Nature show,  
In all the hues of Heaven's bow !  
And, swelling to embrace the light,  
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,  
Proudly towering in the skies !  
Rushing from the woods, the spires  
Seem from hence ascending fires !  
Half his beams Apollo sheds  
On the yellow mountain-heads !  
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,  
And glitters on the broken rocks !

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,  
Beautiful in various dyes :  
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
The yellow beech, the sable yew,  
The slender fir that taper grows,  
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.  
And beyond the purple grove,  
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !  
Gaudy as the opening dawn,  
Lies a long and level lawn,  
On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
Holds and charms the wandering eye !  
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,  
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,  
And ancient towers crown his brow,  
That cast an awful look below ;  
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,  
And with her arms from falling keeps ;  
So both a safety from the wind  
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;  
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;  
 And there the fox securely feeds;  
 And there the poisonous adder breeds,  
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;  
 While, ever and anon, there falls  
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.  
 Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,  
 And level lays the lofty brow,  
 Has seen this broken pile complete,  
 Big with the vanity of state;  
 But transient is the smile of Fate!  
 A little rule, a little sway,  
 A sun-beam in a winter's day,  
 Is all the proud and mighty have  
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,  
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,  
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,  
 Wave succeeding wave, they go  
 A various journey to the deep,  
 Like human life, to endless sleep!  
 Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,  
 To instruct our wandering thought;  
 Thus she dresses green and gay,  
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,  
 When will the landscape tire the view!  
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,  
 The woody valleys warm and low;  
 The windy summit, wild and high,  
 Roughly rushing on the sky!  
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,  
 The naked rock, the shady bower;  
 The town and village, dome and farm,  
 Each give each a double charm,  
 As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,  
 Where the prospect opens wide,  
 Where the evening gilds the tide;  
 How close and small the hedges lie!  
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye!  
 A step methinks may pass the stream,  
 So little distant dangers seem;

So we mistake the Future's face,  
 Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass ;  
 As your summits soft and fair,  
 Clad in colours of the air,  
 Which to those who journey near,  
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ;  
 Still we tread the same coarse way,  
 The present 's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,  
 And never covet what I see ;  
 Content me with an humble shade,  
 My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;  
 For, while our wishes wildly roll,  
 We banish quiet from the soul :  
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air,  
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, e'en now, my joys run high,  
 As on the mountain-turf I lie ;  
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,  
 And in the vale perfumes his wings ;  
 While the waters murmur deep ;  
 While the shepherd charms his sheep :  
 While the birds unbounded fly,  
 And with music fill the sky,  
 Now, e'en now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts ; be great who will ;  
 Search for Peace with all your skill :  
 Open wide the lofty door,  
 Seek her on the marble floor.  
 In vain you search, she is not there ;  
 In vain ye search the domes of Care !  
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,  
 On the meads, and mountain-heads,  
 Along with Pleasure, close allied,  
 Ever by each other's side :  
 And often, by the murmuring rill,  
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,  
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

WILLIAM HAMILTON was born at Bangour, in Ayrshire, in 1704; and was descended from an ancient and honourable family. The earlier years of his life were passed as a private gentleman, apart from the bustle and business of the world; and a liberal education, a refined taste, and an independent property, enabled him to cultivate literature as a source of enjoyment. The greater number of his poems were composed when youth added its delights to the advantages of fortune—when his talents made him the pride and ornament of the circle in which he moved—and when favourable gales only wafted him along the stream of life. At length wearied of idleness, and influenced by the spirit which so largely excited his countrymen, he joined the standard of the Pretender, in 1745; and celebrated, by an "Ode on the Battle of Gladsmuir," the success of his party at Prestonpans. Unfortunately for the Laureate of the exiled Stuarts, this was his only opportunity of exulting in their triumph.

The following year destroyed their hopes at Culloden, and placed the life of their poetical auxiliary in imminent peril. He wandered for some time in the Highlands,—where he wrote the "Soliloquy" which we have extracted into our pages,—eluding with extreme difficulty the diligence of the royal troops; and at length found means to escape to France. In France and Italy he resided several years; until having made his peace with government, he returned and took possession of his paternal estate, which had devolved to him by the death of his brother. His health however was very precarious, and he was soon compelled to revisit the continent. He died at Lyons in 1754; but his body was conveyed to Scotland and interred in the Abbey Church of Holyrood-house.

It is to be regretted that no friendly pen was called upon to preserve other than very scanty memorials of his life; his countryman, Dr. Anderson, describes him as "amiable and respectable." He adds, that the poet "possessed the social virtues in an eminent degree. His writings breathe the passions which he felt; and are seldom cold or inanimate. The qualities of his head and heart were equally remarkable. His elegance and judgment were universally confessed. He was, in the proper sense of the word, a fine gentleman."

It is impossible, however, to place him high in the ranks of British Poets; and if the name of Hamilton of Bangour is known more widely than his compositions, it is perhaps to be attributed to the slight mingling of the soldier with the poet; and to the celebrity obtained by his ballad in the Scottish dialect, "the Braes of Yarrow." His ode on the Battle of Gladsmuir too, as the composition of one actually fighting for the cause he celebrates, could not fail to obtain popularity; he describes the genius of his country as leaving "the vale of solitude and woe," wielding once more the "proud imperial sword," and rousing England to support a Prince,

"Who overcomes but to forgive and free."

He wrote however merely for his own amusement and to gratify a circle of accomplished friends; and probably without the remotest idea of giving his productions to the world. They were first printed, not only without his name, but without his consent, at Glasgow in 1748; and although he afterwards made some few corrections in this edition, he never felt himself called upon to produce a new and complete work. It is evident that he either thought them unworthy of fame or was indifferent to it. If, however, we cannot usher him to a conspicuous seat among the Bards, we may safely accord to him the merit of being an agreeable and effective writer. Few of his compositions bear the marks of genius, and are by no means conspicuous for strength of intellect or fertility of invention. But he had a delicate and refined taste; and his natural advantages were improved by an extensive acquaintance with classical learning and a thorough knowledge of the world. He writes with ease and grace, occasionally with energy and spirit, and his versification is correct and harmonious. His productions are numerous—but except the Triumph of Love, the Odes to Fancy, the Episode of the Thistle, the Braes of Yarrow, the Ode on the Battle of Gladsmuir, and an Epistle sent to the Countess of Eglington with "the Gentle Shepherd," they consist of songs and addresses to fair ladies, epitaphs on some of his personal friends, and translations from the Latin and Greek.



HAMILTON.

FROM THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

•    Ah ! haunting spirit art thou there !  
Forbidden in these walks t' appear.  
I thought, O Love ! thou wouldst disdain  
To mix with Wisdom's black stay'd train ;  
But when my curious searching look,  
A nice survey of nature took,  
Well pleas'd the matron set to show  
Her mistress-work, on earth below.  
Then fruitless knowledge turn aside ;  
What other art remains untried  
This load of anguish to remove,  
And heal the cruel wounds of love ?

R





To friendship's sacred force apply ;  
 That source of tenderness and joy ;  
 A joy no anxious fears profane,  
 A tenderness that feels no pain :  
 Friendship shall all these ills appease,  
 And give the tortur'd mourner ease.  
 Th' indissoluble tie, that binds  
 In equal chains, two sister minds :  
 Not such as servile int'rests choose,  
 From partial ends and sordid views ;  
 Nor when the midnight banquet fires  
 The choice of wine-inflam'd desires ;  
 When the short fellowships proceed,  
 From casual mirth and wicked deed ;  
 'Till the next morn estranges quite  
 The partners of one guilty night ;  
 But such as judgment long has weigh'd  
 And years of faithfulness have tried ;  
 Whose tender mind is fram'd to share  
 The equal portion of my care ;  
 Whose thoughts my happiness employs  
 Sincere, who triumphs in my joys ;  
 With whom in raptures I may stray,  
 Through study's long and pathless way,  
 Obscurely blest, in joys, alone,  
 To the excluded world unknown.  
 Forsook the weak fantastic train  
 Of flatt'ry, mirth, all false and vain ;  
 On whose soft and gentle breast  
 My weary soul may take her rest,  
 While the still tender look and kind,  
 Fair springing from the spotless mind,  
 My perfected delights ensure  
 To last immortal, free and pure.

\* \* \* \* \*

A SOLILOQUY.

MYSTERIOUS innate of this breast,  
 Enkindled by thy flame ;  
 By thee my being's best exprest,  
 For what thou art I am.

With thee I claim celestial birth,  
 A spark of heaven's own ray ;

Without thee sink to vilest earth,  
Inanimated clay.

Now in this sad and dismal hour  
Of multiplied distress,  
Has any former thought the power  
To make thy sorrows less?

When all around thee cruel snares  
Threaten thy destin'd breath,  
And every sharp reflection bears  
Want, exile, chains or death:

Can aught that past in youth's fond reign  
Thy pleasing vein restore?  
Lives beauty's gay and festive train  
In memory's soft store?

Or does the muse?—'Tis said her art  
Can fiercest pangs appease;—  
Can she to thy poor trembling heart  
Now speak the words of peace?

Yet she was wont at early dawn  
To whisper thy repose,  
Nor was her friendly aid withdrawn  
At grateful evening's close.

Friendship, 'tis true, its sacred might  
May mitigate thy doom;  
As lightning shot across the night,  
A moment gilds the gloom.

O God! thy providence alone  
Can work a wonder here,  
Can change to gladness every moan,  
And banish all my fear.

Thy arm all powerful to save,  
May every doubt destroy;  
And from the horrors of the grave,  
New raise to life and joy.

From this, as from a copious spring,  
Pure consolation flows;  
Makes the faint heart 'midst sufferings sing,  
And 'midst despair repose.

Yet from its creature gracious Heaven,  
Most merciful and just,  
Asks but for life and safety given,  
Our faith and humble trust.

HENRY BROOKE, a native of Cavan, in Ireland, was born in 1706. His father was a clergyman of the Established Church. His earliest tutor was the celebrated Dr. Sheridan. Having pursued his academic studies with considerable success in the University of Dublin, he was entered at the Inner Temple; and, at seventeen years old, attracted the attention of the wits by whom the age was rendered "famous." The brief biographic account which his daughter has prefixed to an edition of his works, records that Swift "prophesied wonders of him"—Pope "affectionately loved him"—Lyttleton "cherished a mind and genius so similar to his own"—the great Lord Chatham was "fond of him;" and the Prince of Wales, the munificent Mæcenas of the time, "caressed him with uncommon familiarity." It is not therefore surprising that the young and ardent Irishman should have "carried more sail than ballast," and have fancied that life was as a long and happy day of unbroken sunshine. Love, however, as well as fame, had visited his youth. Before he had reached the period of manhood he found that his devotion to the Muse must be shared by a large and increasing family.

A vain effort to obtain professional practice in Dublin was followed by an attempt to secure profitable distinction in London. The publication of a poem, entitled "Universal Beauty," had excited the hopes of his friends; and on his again visiting England, he devoted all his energies to the production of a tragedy. "Gustavus Vasa" is still read and admired. The government either ascertained or supposed that the Poet was a political partisan; and the theatre was closed against the performance. The published copy, however, brought him golden opinions, tempted him to "furnish a genteel house" at Twickenham, to hire servants, and to send for his family to participate in his glory and prosperity. Now, according to his daughter, "all was flattering, all was gay." But the "sky became suddenly overcast;" a severe illness compelled his return to Ireland; and he continued there, during the remainder of his prolonged life, consoling himself, "in the society of the Muses and the peaceful bosom of domestic love, for lost advantages and disappointed hopes." He died in 1783.

Brooke is the author of thirteen dramatic pieces; and it is said that, at one period, Garrick had so high an opinion of his genius that he desired to make him his apprentice for life, on condition of receiving a shilling a line for all he might produce—a proffer which the Poet "rejected with some degree of haughtiness," and lost a friend who might have been useful when the tide of prosperity was on the ebb. "Gustavus Vasa" is the best of his compositions. It contains many fine passages; but, as a whole, is calculated to bear out the supposition, that it was mainly indebted for its large success and popularity to the circumstances out of which it is considered to have arisen.

His poetical compositions consist of sundry Miscellaneous Pieces; a Translation of part of the Jerusalem Delivered; a philosophical poem, entitled "Universal Beauty;" and some contributions to the collection of "Fables for the Female Sex," originally published by Henry Moore. These Fables have been frequently reprinted; and all editions of them contain those that were unquestionably written by Brooke. We have introduced him into this volume, chiefly for the purpose of restoring to him the right to which he is justly entitled. The "Fables," indeed, have no very large claims to popularity; but those of Brooke are of a better order than the rest. "The Female Seducers" is written with grace and spirit. "Universal Beauty" will scarcely satisfy the reader that Pope was sincere, when he "prophesied the expansion of genius and fame, from a beginning so wonderful in so very young a man." The object of the Poet was to exhibit, by a general survey of nature, the connexion, dependence, use, and harmony, of its several parts—"ending," as he states, "with a poetical rhapsody on the contemplation of the beauty of the whole." It was long ago determined that a philosophical, is not likely to be a popular, poem; the writer's treatises on spirit and matter, physics, anatomy, and the affections, passions, and faculties of the mind, are but little calculated to charm and attract in the form of verse with greater certainty than if the lectures were delivered in plain prose. The work is dull and uninteresting; the author appears to have been rarely moved to enthusiasm, and the reader is as seldom excited. He conveys admitted truths in an easy and agreeable manner, but he has failed in his efforts to render them more impressive and attractive in consequence of the garb in which they are arrayed.

LOVELY penitent, arise,  
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;  
Come, thy sister angels say,  
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide,  
"Twixt the good and evil tried;  
In the smooth, enchanted ground,  
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,  
Sands, that trip the flitting streams,  
Down, that anchors on the air,  
Clouds, that paint their changes there.

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,  
While the storm impends on high,  
Showing, in an obvious glass,  
Joys, that in possession pass;  
Transient, fickle, light, and gay,  
Flatt'ring, only to betray;  
What, alas, can life contain?  
Life, like all its circles, vain!

Will the stork, intending rest,  
On the billow build her nest?  
Will the bee demand his store,  
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,  
Ever turns from wisdom's way,  
Lays up wealth in foreign land,  
Sows the sea, and plows the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,  
Soon th' encumb'ring world shall pass,  
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,  
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,  
Where is your asylum then?  
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,  
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,  
Like a sceptre, grasp'd in sleep,  
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,  
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?  
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;  
From an universe deprav'd,  
From the wreck of nature sav'd.

Like the life-supporting grain,  
Fruit of patience and of pain,  
On the swain's autumnal day,  
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,  
Thou hast plenteous crops in store,  
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,  
More than all thy scorers own.

What though hostile earth despise,  
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;  
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,  
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.

When the fatal trump shall sound,  
 When th' immortals pour around,  
 Heav'n shall thy return attest,  
 Hail'd by myriads of the bless'd.

Little native of the skies,  
 Lovely penitent, arise,  
 Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,  
 Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes,  
 Than the rapture pleasure knows ;  
 Richer far the weeds I bring,  
 Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars, of shortest date,  
 Crowns of endless triumph wait ;  
 On my cares, a period bless'd ;  
 On my toils eternal rest.

Come, with virtue at thy side,  
 Come, be every bar defied,  
 Till we gain our native shore,  
 Sister, come, and turn no more.

## A DIRGE.

WRETCHED mortals, doom'd to go  
 Through the vale of death and woe !  
 Let us travel sad and slow.

Care and sickness, toil and pain,  
 Here their restless vigils keep ;  
 Sighs are all the winds that blow,  
 Tears are all the streams that flow !  
 Virtue hopes reward in vain—  
 The gentlest lot she can obtain  
 Is but to sit and weep !

Ye dreary mansions of enduring sleep,  
 Where pale mortality lies dark and deep !  
 Thou silent, though insatiate Grave,  
 Gorged with the beauteous and the brave,  
 Close, close thy yaw—thy feast is o'er,  
 Time and Death can give no more !

GEORGE LYTTLETON, the son of Sir Thomas Lyttleton, of Hagley, in Worcestershire, was born in 1709. Having at an early age distinguished himself at Eton, he entered at Christ Church, Oxford, and soon afterwards commenced the continental tour—visiting France and Italy;—yet not as an idler; for his published “*Letters to his Father*” afford ample proof that he was turning his opportunities to the best account, and laying the foundation of that after-fame which he so brilliantly achieved. He returned about 1730, obtained a seat in Parliament, and became one of the most eager opponents of Walpole, — so eager indeed, that his opposition was decreed as acrimonious, malignant, and ungrateful. The charge of ingratitude is, however, based only upon his supposed obligation to the minister, for a formal letter of introduction to a foreign prince. In 1737, the Prince of Wales, who, driven from St. James’s, kept a separate Court, appointed Mr. Lyttleton his secretary. From this period, until the close of his life, his career as a statesman was active, zealous, and upright. He was first a Lord of the Treasury, and subsequently Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1757, upon a change of ministry, he was called to the House of Peers, and retired from public business to luxuriate among the “shades of Hagley,” passing the residue of his days in social intercourse and the enjoyments of “literary ease.”

He died at Hagley—his paternal estate, which he had adorned with judgment and taste—on the 18th of November, 1773. His death-bed was that of an upright man and a pure Christian. Almost the last sentence he uttered was addressed to a friend who stood beside him;—“Be good, be virtuous, my lord—you must come to this.” He is described as never having been strong or healthy. “He had a slender uncompact frame, and a meagre face.” To his first wife he was devotedly attached, and her death produced “*The Monody*” to her memory, the most popular of all his compositions. He sought happiness with a second;—but “the experiment,” according to Dr. Johnson, “was unsuccessful.”

His prose works are numerous and all excellent. He was not only an upright statesman, but an honest historian, a judicious critic, a pleasant traveller, a clever political writer, and a graceful poet.

As a poet, however, Lord Lyttleton cannot claim a very high rank. Poetry was his amusement, and not his occupation—a means of relaxation, and not a serious pursuit. His compositions may be received as proofs of what he might have done, had he cultivated his natural taste and power, rather than as achievements that merit fame. Yet the “faint praise” of Johnson, that his poems “have nothing to be despised and little to be admired,” does not render justice to the writer. They are elegant and graceful, if neither vigorous nor inventive. He wrote as a statesman—prudent rather than enterprising—more careful to keep within the limits assigned by precedents, than to hazard a loftier flight. The Four Eclogues, entitled, “*The Progress of Love*,” are designed to be pastoral, but they have all the faults—affectedness, false glitter and absurdities—which the age appeared to consider more valuable than nature and truth. A few epistles, and a few songs, comprise the rest of his productions. The “*Advice to a Lady*,” and the “*Monody*,” are now perhaps the only two that retain their hold upon public favour. The former, we think his most valuable production. The style is exceedingly correct, and, indeed, refined; and there is more vigour to be found in it than in the other compositions of his leisure hours. It was written when he was young—bearing the date of 1731—and when probably he had permitted to his fancy a freer range and a wider scope than he thought advisable at a more advanced period. The “*Monody to the Memory of his Lady*” has obtained greater celebrity, and undoubtedly contains passages of considerable beauty and pathos. The sympathies of the reader are, however, continually jarred by references to the fawns and dryads of fable, and by intreaties to the muses to record her virtues and deplore her loss. We are forced into the notion, that he studied how to make sorrow graceful rather than natural, and that he wrote more with a view to immortalize his learning than his grief. Yet it is certain that he was deeply and fervently attached to his lady; and, according to all accounts, she was as he describes her, in a brief epitaph, of more value to her memory than the prolonged “*Monody*,”

“Made to engage all hearts and charm all eyes.”

women, like princes, and few real friends,  
All who approach them their own ends pursue :  
Lovers and ministers are seldom true :



Hence oft from reason heedless Beauty strays,  
 And the most trusted guide the most betrays :  
 Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,  
 When most ye tyrannize you're most abus'd.

\* \* \* \*

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great ;  
 A woman's noblest station is retreat ;  
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,  
 Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.  
 To rougher man, ambition's task resign ;  
 'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,  
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,  
 Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.  
 One only care your gentle breasts should move ;  
 Th' important business of your life is love :  
 To this great point direct your constant aim,  
 This makes your happiness, and this your fame.  
 Be never cool reserve with passion join'd ;  
 With caution choose, but then be fondly kind.  
 The selfish heart that but by halves is given  
 Shall find no place in love's delightful heaven ;  
 Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless :  
 The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame ;  
 Not loving first, but loving wrong, is shame.  
 Contemn the little pride of giving pain,  
 Nor think that conquest justifies disdain :  
 Short is the period of insulting power ;  
 Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,  
 Soon will resume the empire which he gave,  
 And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid and worthy to be blest,  
 Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess'd,  
 Feels every vanity in fondness lost,  
 And asks no power but that of pleasing most :  
 Her's is the bliss in just return to prove  
 The honest warmth of undissembled love ;  
 For her inconstant man might cease to range,  
 And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,  
 And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,  
 Let reason teach what passion fain would hide,  
 That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied.

Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,  
 If angry fortune on their union frown;  
 Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,  
 And cloy'd imagination cheat no more:  
 Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,  
 With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain,  
 And that fond love, which should afford relief,  
 Does but increase the anguish of their grief,  
 While both could easier their own sorrows bear  
 Than the sad knowledge of each others care.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven  
 Has equal love and easy fortune given,  
 Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done;  
 The prize of happiness must still be won;  
 And oft, the careless find it to their cost,  
 The lover in the husband may be lost:  
 The Graces might alone his heart allure;  
 They and the Virtues meeting must secure.

Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleasing dress  
 Of care for him and anxious tenderness,  
 From kind concern about his weal or wo  
 Let each domestic duty seem to flow.  
 The household sceptre if he bids you bear  
 Make it your pride his servant to appear:  
 Endearing thus the common acts of life  
 The mistress still shall charm him in the wife,  
 And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on  
 Before his eye perceives one beauty gone;  
 Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred, urn,  
 His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda! would your charms improve,  
 And form your heart to all the arts of love:  
 The task were harder to secure my own  
 Against the power of those already known,  
 For well you twist the secret chains that bind  
 With gentle force the captivated mind,  
 Skill'd ev'ry soft attraction to employ,  
 Each flatt'ring hope and each alluring joy.  
 I own your genius, and from you receive  
 The rules of pleasing which to you I give.

SAMUEL JOHNSON—whose name is so closely linked with the literature of his country—the events of whose “full life” have been related by so many biographers—was born at Litchfield, on the 7th of September, 1709. His father was a bookseller in that city; although he contrived to give his son a classical education, he was enabled to do little more than enter him at Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1728. His means being insufficient to maintain him there, he quitted it in August, 1731, became an usher to a school, and subsequently opened an academy in the vicinity of his birth-place. The attempt to better his fortune was unsuccessful. Having written a tragedy—“Irene”—he took the road to London and distinction, in company with David Garrick, some time his pupil, and always his friend; and commenced his “profesalon” as a public writer, distinguishing himself in every path of literature—as translator, philologist, lexicographer, moralist, historian, critic, poet, biographer, essayist, novelist, politician, dramatist, satirist—struggling with poverty and conquering fame.

His earlier days, his more advanced life, and indeed the close of his long and lauded career, was but a continual contest with pecuniary difficulties:—yet he was bold enough, and in mind independent enough, to write these memorable lines to Chesterfield, who had neglected him in his obscurity, and sought his acquaintance when in the zenith of his fame:—“Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it—till I am solitary and cannot impart it—till I am known and do not want it.” Still, want compelled Johnson to continue a literary jobber, willing to accept a single guinea from a bookseller, for a preface to some obscure work, or for a dedication to some titled Nothing.

At length, when Johnson was harassed in temper, and sunk in mind by his long contest with almost absolute want, in the year 1782 he obtained a pension of 300*l.* a-year. After this period, however, he produced little that was great—if we except “the Lives of the Poets,” partly published in 1779, and partly in 1781. For the selection he was not responsible; the work was a bookseller’s speculation, and the choice was determined by the likelihood of popularity.

On the 13th of December, 1784, in the 75th year of his age, he died, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

His person has been frequently described; it was large, robust, and unwieldy from corpulency. Of his limbs he is said never to have had the free and vigorous use; yet his strength was great, and his personal courage unquestionable. “His eyes,” says Mrs. Piozzi, “were so wild, so piercing, and at times so fierce, that fear was, I believe, the first emotion in the hearts of all his beholders.” In conversation, he was rude, intemperate, overbearing, and impatient of contradiction—fighting always for victory, and rarely for truth. Disappointment and penury had originally soured his temper: and in after life, the universal homage he exacted or received, was not calculated to soften or subdue it. Yet there are as abundant proofs of the value of the metal as of the ruggedness of the ore:—self-sacrificing to relieve the wants of others—warmly and actively benevolent—virtuous in example as well as in precept—grateful for services conferred, and always ready to attribute merit where it was due,—“he had nothing of the bear but his skin,” and was beloved by his friends almost to adoration.

With the vast mind and numerous productions of Dr. Johnson, however, we have here little to do. We have introduced him into this assemblage of British Poets, chiefly because, if absent, he would be missed from among them. The character of a poet is undoubtedly that in which he shines least. Indeed, except “London,” “the Vanity of Human Wishes,” and the Prologue on the Opening of Drury-lane, we can quote nothing of his beyond a few small scraps of paraphrases, translations, epistles, impromptus to friends, or his heavy and prosaic tragedy of “Irene,”—a mass of “unaffected elegance and chill philosophy.” His was not the soul of a poet—he was too much under the influence of reason. His verse is easy, correct, and sensible, but no more. He never dared to pass beyond the threshold of correctness, and consequently he did nothing either original or great.



JOHNSON.

FROM "LONDON, A POEM."

ON Thames's banks, in silent thought, we stood  
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood ;  
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza birth,  
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth ;  
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,  
And call Britannia's glories back to view ;  
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,  
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,  
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,  
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,  
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.  
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,  
Indignant Thales eyes the neighb'ring town.

\* \* \* \* \*

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, AT THE OPENING OF THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes  
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;  
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.  
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,  
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,  
To please in method, and invent by rule;  
His studious patience and laborious art,  
By regular approach assail'd the heart:  
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring bays,  
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.  
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,  
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,  
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame.  
Themselves they studied; as they felt they writ;  
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.  
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;  
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.  
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,  
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.  
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,  
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:  
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,  
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,  
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd;  
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,  
Till Declamation roar'd whilst Passion slept;  
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,  
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.  
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,  
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit;  
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,  
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,  
And mark the future periods of the stage?

Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,  
 New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;  
 Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet died,  
 On flying cars new sorcerers may ride:  
 Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)  
 Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by Fortune plac'd,  
 Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;  
 With every meteor of caprice must play,  
 And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.  
 Ah! let not Censure term our fate our choice,  
 The stage but echoes back the public voice;  
 The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,  
 For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,  
 As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;  
 'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence  
 Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense;  
 To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,  
 For useful mirth and salutary woe;  
 Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,  
 And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET, A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,  
 As on we toil from day to day,  
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,  
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,  
 See Levett to the grave descend,  
 Officious, innocent, sincere,  
 Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,  
 Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;  
 Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny  
 Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,  
 And hovering death prepar'd the blow,  
 His vig'rous remedy display'd  
 The pow'r of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,  
 His useful care was ever nigh,  
 Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,  
 And lonely Want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,  
 No petty gain disdain'd by pride,  
 The modest wants of ev'ry day  
 The toil of ev'ry day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,  
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;  
 And sure th' Eternal Master found  
 The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,  
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;  
 His frame was firm—his powers were bright,  
 Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,  
 No cold gradations of decay,  
 Death broke at once the vital chain,  
 And freed his soul the nearest way.

FROM THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

“ ENLARGE my life with multitude of days !”  
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays :  
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know  
 That life protracted is protracted woe.  
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,  
 And shuts up all the passages of joy :  
 In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,  
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r ;  
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,  
 He views, and wonders that they please no more ;  
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,  
 And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.

\* \* \* \* \*

The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,  
 Perplex the fawning niece, and pamper'd guest,

While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,  
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear :  
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence ;  
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,  
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,  
 And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,  
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;  
 But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,  
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;  
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,  
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;  
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,  
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime  
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;  
 An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,  
 And glides in modest innocence away ;  
 Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,  
 Whose night congratulating conscience cheers ;  
 The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend :  
 Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

Yet e'vn on this her load Misfortune flings,  
 To press the weary minutes' flagging wings ;  
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,  
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.  
 Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,  
 Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear ;  
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay,  
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;  
 New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,  
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,  
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,  
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,  
 Who set unclouded in the gulf of Fate.  
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,  
 By Solon caution'd to regard his end,  
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,  
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise !  
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,  
 And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

\* \* \* \* \*



JOHN ARMSTRONG was born in 1709, in the parish of Castleton, Roxburghshire, a parish of which his father was minister. He was educated at the university of Edinburgh, took his medical degree in 1732, and soon afterwards commenced the practice of his profession in London, "the proper place," says one of his biographers, "for a man of accomplishments." His success as a physician was by no means great; necessity, perhaps, as well as inclination, prompted the employment of his pen. Some medical pamphlets, and a licentious production in verse,—"the Economy of Love," which at a more matured age he "revised and corrected,"—were followed, in 1744, by the great work on which his reputation depends,—*"The Art of Preserving Health."* The publication of this poem was succeeded by one on "Benevolence," another on "Taste," and another entitled "Day," written in Germany, where the author was physician to the forces. From the year 1763 he continued to reside in London, cultivating intercourse with the Muses and their favourites, rather than striving to attain distinction in his professional career. He attributes his failure less to his natural indolence and inactivity than to a dislike to adopt the petty artifices by which popularity is achieved; "he could not intrigue with nurses, nor associate with the various knots of pert, insipid, well-bred, impertinent, good-humoured, malicious gossipers that are often found so useful in introducing a young physician into practice." It is certain, however, that he was indisposed to exertion in ways more worthy of greatness; and the portrait drawn of him by his friend Thomson, in the *"Castle of Indolence,"* affords collateral proof that he preferred a life of "lazy ease" to one of labour and excitement:—

"With him was sometimes join'd in silent walk  
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)  
One shyer still, who quite detested talk.

He never uttered word, save when first shone  
The glittering star of eve—thank heaven, the day is done."

Armstrong died in 1779; entitled to the gratitude of mankind for the useful lessons he had inculcated, in a form which renders them at once attractive and impressive.

It is unnecessary here to comment upon any of his productions, except that which established his fame, and alone sustains it. The work was one that required no ordinary skill, judgment, and genius. To describe the various ailments of the human frame, and the remedies suggested by knowledge and experience, in language at once clear, comprehensive, graceful, and poetical, appears a task so full of difficulties, that the reader must be made acquainted with the manner in which they have been overcome to be at all conscious of the triumph achieved by the physician-poet. *"The Art of Preserving Health"* is divided into four books; they treat of AIR, DIET, EXERCISE, and THE PASSIONS; and the object of the writer is to explain how much delight and enjoyment each is capable of yielding, but how necessary it is to give to each its proper direction, that each may work its natural and fitting purpose. If some of the topics are in themselves interesting and suited to verse, others would seem of a directly opposite character: loathsome diseases, disgusting habits, frightful appearances, are however so treated as to lose all that repulses, and indeed invite to the consideration how they are to be avoided. He commenced his work with a full consciousness of the difficulties against which he had to contend, striving

"In clear and animated song  
Dry philosophic precepts to convey,"

and he proceeded, in a clear and lucid style, setting aside all pedantic jargon, all the set phrases of the schools, to write so that what he wrote might be comprehended.

In pursuing, however, with firm purpose the main object of his design, he by no means overlooked the graces and descriptions that might impress upon the mind of the general reader the more weighty didactic truths it was his business to inculcate. The poem abounds in passages of exceeding beauty; the external appearances of nature are described with as much elegance as accuracy; and his comments on the workings of the human mind, when enslaved by habit or passion, are as vigorous as just. The meanest or most unpleasant topic upon which he treats becomes dignified and impressive; the naiads of renowned rivers rehearse the praises of a draught of water; and "perspiration" is so explained as to become absolutely picturesque.



ARMSTRONG.

FROM THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

WHAT does not fade? the tower that long had stood  
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,  
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer, Time,  
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.  
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,  
Descend : the Babylonian spires are sunk ;  
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.  
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,  
And tottering empires crush by their own weight.  
This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;  
And all those worlds that roll around the Sun,  
The Sun himself, shall die ; and ancient Night

Again involve the desolate abyss :  
 'Till the great FATHER through the lifeless gloom  
 Extend his arm to light another world,  
 And bid new planets roll by other laws.  
 For through the regions of unbounded space,  
 Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,  
 Being, in various systems, fluctuates still  
 Between creation and abhorr'd decay :  
 It ever did, perhaps, and ever will.  
 New worlds are still emerging from the deep ;  
 The old descending, in their turns to rise.

\* \* \* \* \*

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale  
 Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,  
 Not less delightful, the prolific stream  
 Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er  
 A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,  
 Swarms with the silver fry. Such, through the bounds  
 Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent ;  
 Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains ; such  
 The Esk, o'erhung with woods ; and such the stream  
 On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,  
 Liddel ; till now, except in Doric lays  
 Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,  
 Unknown in song ; though not a purer stream,  
 Through meads more flowery, more romantic groves,  
 Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood !  
 May still thy hospitable swains be blest  
 In rural innocence ; thy mountains still  
 Teem with the fleecy race ; thy tuneful woods  
 For ever flourish ; and thy vales look gay  
 With painted meadows, and the golden grain !  
 Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,  
 Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,  
 In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd :  
 Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,  
 With the well-imitated fly to hook  
 The eager trout, and with the slender line  
 And yielding rod solicit to the shore  
 The struggling panting prey : while vernal clouds  
 And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,  
 And form the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

\* \* \* \* \*

How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,  
 The disappointments, and disgusts of those  
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;  
 The precepts here of a divine old man  
 I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd  
 His manly sense, and energy of mind.  
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;  
 He still remember'd that he once was young :  
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy.  
 Him even the dissolute admir'd ; for he  
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,  
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,  
 Much more had seen : he studied from the life,  
 And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,  
 He pitied man : and much he pitied those  
 Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means  
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.  
 " Our aim is happiness ; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,"  
 He said ; " 'tis the pursuit of all that live :  
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.  
 But they the widest wander from the mark,  
 Who through the flowery paths of sauntering joy  
 Seek this coy goddess ; that from stage to stage  
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.  
 For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings  
 To counterpoise itself, relentless fate  
 Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds  
 Should ever roam : and were the fates more kind,  
 Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale :  
 Were these exhaustless, nature would grow sick,  
 And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain  
 That all is vanity, and life a dream.  
 Let nature rest : be busy for yourself,  
 And for your friend ; be busy even in vain,  
 Rather than tease her sated appetites.  
 Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys ;  
 Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.  
 Let nature rest : and when the taste of joy  
 Grows keen, indulge ; but shun satiety.

" 'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.  
 But him the least the dull or painful hours  
 Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,  
 And virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.

Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin ;  
 Virtue and sense are one ; and, trust me, still  
 A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.  
 Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)  
 Is sense and spirit with humanity :  
 'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;  
 'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.  
 Knaves fain would laugh at it ; some great ones dare ;  
 But at his heart the most undaunted son  
 Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.  
 To noblest uses this determines wealth ;  
 This is the solid pomp of prosperous days ;  
 The peace and shelter of adversity.  
 And if you pant for glory, build your fame  
 On this foundation, which the secret shock  
 Defies of envy and all-sapping time.  
 The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes  
 The vulgar eye ; the suffrage of the wise,  
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
 By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

" Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,  
 Is the best gift of Heaven : a happiness  
 That even above the smiles and frowns of fate  
 Exalts great Nature's favourites ; a wealth  
 That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.  
 Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd ;  
 Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,  
 Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.  
 But for one end, one much-neglected use,  
 Are riches worth your care ; (for Nature's wants  
 Are few, and without opulence supplied ;)  
 This noble end is, to produce the soul ;  
 To show the virtues in their fairest light ;  
 To make humanity the minister  
 Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the breast  
 That generous luxury the gods enjoy."

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage  
 Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught  
 Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ;  
 And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he preach'd.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a charm, a power that sways the breast,  
 Bids every passion revel or be still ;

Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves ;  
Can sooth distraction, and almost despair.  
That power is music : far beyond the stretch  
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage ;  
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,  
Who move no passion justly but contempt :  
Who, like our dancers, light indeed and strong,  
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.  
The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts ;  
Good heaven ! we praise them : we, with loudest peals,  
Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels ;  
And, with insipid show of rapture, die  
On ideot notes impertinently long.  
But he the muse's laurel justly shares,  
A poet he, and touch'd with heaven's own fire,  
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,  
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;  
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,  
In love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains  
Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast ;  
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;  
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.  
Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old  
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.  
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,  
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,  
And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;  
And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre,  
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;  
Sooth'd ev'n th' inexorable powers of hell,  
And half-redeem'd his lost Eurydice.  
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,  
Expels diseases, softens every pain,  
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague ;  
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd  
One Power of physic, melody and song.

RICHARD GLOVER was born in St. Martin's Lane, Cannon-street, in 1712. His father was a London merchant; and, although his verses procured for him an early reputation, he was prudent enough not to permit the attractions of the Muse to seduce him from the profitable study of the ledger. In 1737, he published "*Leonidas*," an epic poem in twelve books; it has long ceased to retain its hold on the favour of the public, but in his own day it obtained a very large share of popularity, passed through several editions; and procured his introduction to the society of all the leading wits of the age. As a citizen of London, he held a very prominent place; busied himself incessantly to promote its commercial interests; and became a valuable partizan of the Anti-Court party, then led by Lord Lyttleton, and headed by the Prince of Wales. In 1761, he was elected Member of Parliament for Weymouth; and as a zealous and active representative, was entitled to the gratitude of his country. The concluding years of his life were spent in calm retirement and learned ease; and he died at his house in Albemarle-street, in 1785.

Besides a few "miscellanies," and his tragedies "*Boadicea*" and "*Medea*," his only poetical productions are "*Leonidas*" and the "*Athenaid*," a sequel to it, printed after his death. It is admitted that much of the success which attended the publication of his poem arose out of the peculiar character of the times. "A zeal, or rather rage for liberty, prevailed in England: a constellation of great men, distinguished by their virtues as well as their talents, had set themselves in opposition to the Court; every composition that bore the sacred name of freedom recommended itself to their protection, and soon obtained possession of the public favour. Hence a poem founded on the noblest principles of liberty, and displaying the most brilliant examples of patriotism, soon found its way into the world." In proportion, however, as the political fever was subdued, the ardour of the lovers of poetry "sunk into a cold forgetfulness with regard to it;" and the writer lived to experience that sterling merit alone can secure a fame which is enduring. *Leonidas* is as a whole but a dull, heavy, and prosaic performance; although it contains many passages of great beauty and power. Lyttleton, in a laudatory piece of criticism, in which he compared the author to Milton, seems to have divined the cause of its failure;—"there never was an epic poem which had so near a relation to Common Sense."

The story is that of the hero of Thermopylæ; and the *Athenaid* is a poetical history of the subsequent wars between the Greeks and Persians; the design and result of which are thus explained by the concluding lines.

"Night drops her shade  
On thirty millions slaughter'd. Thus thy death  
*Leonidas* of Sparta was aveng'd."

Although it may be considered a task of no ordinary labour to peruse the twelve books of *Leonidas* and the thirty books of the *Athenaid*; and although the reader is perpetually wearied by the long and tame descriptions, lifeless characters, and tedious dialogues with which both the poems abound, he will be continually cheered by some passage of surpassing beauty, and lured on by the deep and exciting interest of a skilfully wrought story. The portrait of the hero is admirably drawn; and its moral grandeur is happily contrasted with that of Xerxes, the proud but mean leader of the millions who crushed the handful of patriots at Thermopylæ. The poet was especially fortunate in his management of the catastrophe; the death of the self-devoted band is never for a moment considered in any other light than that of an entire triumph; they fall amid heaps of their slaughtered enemies; but their blood has purchased the freedom of their country. Considerations of the glory they achieve and the liberty they win, bear away the reader from thought of what the victory has cost; and the poet has produced that which is produced so rarely, a sensation of delight when they perish, for whom his sympathies have been so long excited.

We have extracted one of the miscellaneous poems of Glover; it is, we think, among the most beautiful and pathetic ballads in the language; the compliment which the unfortunate Hosier pays to the successful Vernon has perhaps been rarely if ever surpassed.



GLOVER.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

As near Porto-Bello lying  
On the gently-swelling flood,  
At midnight, with streamers flying,  
Our triumphant navy rode;  
There while Vernon sat all glorious  
From the Spaniard's late defeat,  
And his crews with shouts victorious,  
Drank success to England's fleet :

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,  
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ;  
Then each heart with fear confounding,  
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,



All in dreary hammocks shrouded,  
Which for winding sheets they wore,  
And with looks by sorrow clouded,  
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,  
When the shade of Hosier brave  
His pale hands were seen to muster,  
Rising from their wat'ry grave :  
O'er the glimmering wave he bied him,  
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,  
With three thousand ghosts besides him,  
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, O heed, our fatal story,  
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,  
You, who now have purchas'd glory  
At this place where I was lost ;  
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin  
You now triumph free from fears,  
When you think on our undoing,  
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping  
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,  
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,  
These were English captains brave :  
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,  
Those were once my sailors bold,  
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,  
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,  
Did this Spanish town affright ;  
Nothing then its wealth defended  
But my orders not to fight :  
O ! that in this rolling ocean  
I had cast them with disdain,  
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,  
To have quell'd the pride of Spain ;

For resistance I could fear none,  
But with twenty ships had done  
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,  
Hast achiev'd with six alone.

Then the Bastimentos never  
Had our foul dishonour seen,  
Nor the sea the sad receiver  
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus like thee, proud Spain dismaying,  
And her galleons leading home,  
Though condemn'd for disobeying,  
I had met a traitor's doom.  
To have fallen, my country crying  
He has play'd an English part,  
Had been better far than dying  
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,  
Thy successful arms we hail ;  
But remember our sad story,  
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.  
Sent in this foul clime to languish,  
Think what thousands fell in vain,  
Wasted with disease and anguish,  
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending  
From their oozy tombs below,  
Through the hoary foam ascending,  
Here I feed my constant woe :  
Here the Bastimentos viewing,  
We recal our shameful doom,  
And our plaintive cries renewing,  
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning,  
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,  
If to Britain's shore returning,  
You neglect my just request ;  
After this proud foe subduing,  
When your patriot friends you see,  
Think on vengeance for my ruin,  
And for England sham'd in me.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE was born in 1714, at the Leasowes, in the parish of Hales-Owen, Shropshire; and was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford. Although he had previously published, anonymously, a small collection of poems, it was not until the year 1740 that the world heard of his name. "The Judgment of Hercules" was soon followed by "The School-mistress"—the actual picture, it is said, of an aged dame who taught him his letters; and subsequently, as leisure offered or inclination prompted, for he was not "of necessity a writer," he continued to woo the muse among the groves, within the bowers, and beside the running streams, to which he had given existence upon his "few paternal acres"—his rural farm of the Leasowes. The Poet converted his small domain into a mimic Arcadia; planting his walks in undulating curves; making water to run and murmur where it could be heard, and to stagnate where it could be seen; leaving intervals where the prospect was agreeable, and thickening the trees where some object was to be hidden; placing seats at convenient distances; and statues of sylvan deities, with appropriate inscriptions; with lakes, cascades, rustic bridges, alcoves, slopes, tree-clumps, "easy swells and hollows," hanging woods, dripping fountains, trickling rills, grottoes, niches of rock-work, green areas and arid spots—making it, in short, a scene of wild and cultivated beauty which realized the fictions of old romance. He succeeded in rendering it "the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful—a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers;" and gave a practical lesson in landscape gardening, of which ample use was afterwards made. The genius of the place influenced the mind of the Poet: and here, amid those gentle and solitary walks, leading a life which the wise and active call indolent, he produced his *Pastorals* and *Elegies*; works which, if they may not rank high among the productions of genius, are at least the best and happiest of the class to which they belong.

Unhappily, however, there is a darker side to this pleasant picture. The taste of Shenstone was expensive, and, in a worldly sense, unprofitable. "It brought clamours about him that overpowered the lamb's bleat and the linnet's song." He became involved in pecuniary difficulties; which probably hastened his death. He died in 1763, and was buried in the church-yard of his native village.

The character of the man and the Poet has been drawn by two faithful friends—Doddsley and Graves. His person was above the middle stature, largely and rather elegantly formed; his face seemed plain till you conversed with him, and then it grew very pleasing. In his disposition he was easy, generous and indolent; of a melancholy temperament, yet, at times, humorous and sprightly. One of the warmest eulogists of his planted Paradise has likened it to his mind—simple, elegant, and amiable.

As a Poet, his merit has been long established. His productions, if they are deficient in vigour and variety, are full of simplicity, delicacy, and pathos. "The School-mistress" is, perhaps, the most popular; but among his *Pastorals* there are many of exceeding elegance; and although they have been often "mocked at" as simple almost to absurdity, they speak to the heart and the affections, and are dear to both. We have abundant proof that the emotions of Shenstone, as we find them in his verse, were real; besides his own assertion, that he "felt very sensibly the affections he communicates," they bear the stamp of truth; and some passages of his life are the witnesses of it. He wooed and might have won; but prudence—unhappily, for it left him without an object of excitement to industry and exertion—forbade his allying to "poetry and poverty" the woman who had gained his heart. This unfortunate resolve not only left him without a comforter in his time of trouble, a counsellor in his moments of doubt and indecision, a companion in his hours of solitude and thought, a friend in his moments of higher aspirations or deeper despondencies,—it tinged all his feelings with repining melancholy—produced a longing after fame which he lacked the resolution to achieve;—and the beauties he had called into existence out of a barren waste lost more than half their attractions, because he was without the one to talk with of their beauty, and by whom to hear their beauty praised. He created a paradise—and beheld from it the prospect of a jail. Dr. Johnson emphatically says of him—"he was a lamp that spent its oil in blazing"—and he adds a melancholy comment—"If he had lived a little longer, he would have been assisted by a pension."



## SHENSTONE.

FROM THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In every village mark'd with little spire,  
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to Fame,  
There dwells in lowly shed, and mean attire,  
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name ;  
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame ;  
They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,  
Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame ;  
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,  
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe ;  
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
Though now so wide its waving branches flow ;

And work the simple vassals mickle woe;  
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,  
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;  
 And as they look'd they found their horror grew,  
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)  
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;  
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,  
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;  
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;  
 Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy  
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!  
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,  
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,  
 On which the tribe their gambols do display;  
 And at the door imprisoning-board is seen,  
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;  
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!  
 The noises intermixed, which thence resound,  
 Do Learning's little tenement betray;  
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,  
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield:  
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,  
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:  
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield  
 Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,  
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;  
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,  
 And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

\* \* \* \*

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;  
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;  
 'T was simple russet, but it was her own;  
 'T was her own country bred the flock so fair!  
 'T was her own labour did the fleece prepare;  
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,  
 Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;  
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,  
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;  
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,  
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;  
 Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear:  
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,  
 Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:  
 For never title yet so mean could prove,  
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

\* \* \* \*

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem  
 By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,  
 In which, when he receives his diadem,  
 Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,  
 The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd.  
 (The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)  
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;  
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,  
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to desery;  
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;  
 Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,  
 And some entice with pittance small of praise,  
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:  
 E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,  
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways:  
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,  
 'T will whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!  
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;  
 Their books of stature small they take in hand,  
 Which with pellucid horn secured are,  
 To save from finger wet the letters fair:  
 The work so gay that on their back is seen,  
 St. George's high achievements does declare;  
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,  
 Kens the forth-coming rod, displeasing sight, I ween!

\* \* \* \*

But now Dan, Phœbus gains the middle skie,  
 And Liberty unbars her prison-door;  
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
 And now the grassy cirque had cover'd o'er

With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar ;  
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,  
 Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore !  
 For well may freedom erst so dearly won,  
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,  
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers ;  
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,  
 For never may ye taste more careless hours  
 In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.  
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !  
 But most in courts where proud Ambition towers ;  
 Deluded wight ! who weens fair Peace can spring  
 Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### HUGHES'S PASTORAL BALLAD

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;  
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,  
 And my hills are white over with sheep.  
 I seldom have met with a loss,  
 Such health do my fountains bestow :  
 My fountains all border'd with moss,  
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.  
 Not a pine in my grove is there seen,  
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound :  
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
 But a sweet-brier entwines it around.  
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,  
 More charms than my cattle unfold ;  
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.  
 One would think she might like to retire  
 To the bower I have labour'd to rear ;  
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
 But I hasted and planted it there.  
 O how sudden the jessamine strove  
 With the lilac to render it gay !  
 Already it calls for my love,  
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,

What strains of wild melody flow !

How the nightingales warble their loves

From thickets of roses that blow !

And when her bright form shall appear,

Each bird shall harmoniously join

In a concert so soft and so clear,

As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;

I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :

But let me that plunder forbear,

She will say 't was a barbarous deed.

For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,

Who would rob a poor bird of its young :

And I lov'd her the more when I heard

Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold

How that pity was due to—a dove :

That it ever attended the bold ;

And she call'd it the sister of love.

But her words such a pleasure convey,

So much I her accents adore,

Let her speak, and whatever she say,

Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain

, Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs ?

Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,

These plains and this valley despise ?

Dear regions of silence and shade !

Soft scenes of contentment and ease !

Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,

If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phillida stray ?

And where are her grots and her bowers ?

Are the groves and the valleys as gay,

And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?

The groves may perhaps be as fair,

And the face of the valleys as fine ;

The swains may in manners compare,

But their love is not equal to mine.



THOMAS GRAY, the son of Philip Gray, a scrivener of London, was born in Cornhill, on the 26th of November, 1716. He received his education at Eton, under the care of his uncle, Mr. Antrobus, who was one of the College tutors; and when he left school, in 1734, was entered as a Pensioner at Peter House, in Cambridge, where he subsequently took a degree in Civil Law. Horace Walpole was his school-fellow at Eton, and his chum at Cambridge; and, in 1739, after five years' residence at the University, they travelled together upon the continent. In the course of their travel, a disagreement of temper arose, which separated them for five or six years. It is difficult to fancy any long continuance of agreement between the thoughtless vivacity of Walpole, and the pensive thoughtfulness of Gray. On the return of the latter to England, he again went to Cambridge, where, with a very few intervals of absence, he passed the remainder of his life. His writings, up to the period of his return, had been restricted to an occasional though very elegant Latin poem, and to those most delightful letters which are dated from abroad; but now, under the immediate influence of some domestic sorrows which fell upon him, he commenced his career as an English poet. His Odes to "Spring," on the "Prospect of Eton College," and to "Adversity," were succeeded by some Latin verses; and by the pleasant Ode on the Death of Walpole's Cat. The Elegy in a Country Church-yard, which next appeared, won for him at once a high reputation. Nothing could stir him, however, from his easy habits of scholastic luxury, and he did not write the more poetry because he found his poetry was ardently sought after. His muse, indeed, he suffered to glide into an idle sleep, while he himself dreamily read and thought, and wrote to his friends, with careless and inimitable grace, of all that he had been reading and thinking.

It was after some interval of public silence that his "Progress of Poetry" and "Bard" appeared. The unused singularity of their style startled the literary world. Some praised; some blamed; some spoke of them with an air of profound doubt; and some with the grave certainty of a regenerated Pindar. But all agreed that their author deserved the vacant office of Poet Laureate,—except Gray himself, who respectfully declined the proffered honour. After this his health became weak, and he resorted to travel. On his return he accepted the Professorship of History, but he found himself unequal to its duties, while the notion of neglecting them vexed still more his now rapidly declining health. Again he resorted to travel, and the memoirs of that last tour are among the most delightful of his writings. He died in 1771.

Gray had the reputation, in his time, of being the most learned scholar in Europe. He was, it is understood, equally and thoroughly acquainted with the elegant and the profound parts of science, and his taste in the fine arts was considered to be infallible. The only defect that has been remarked in the character of this excellent and virtuous man, was an affectation in delicacy, or rather effeminacy. He is described to have worn a muff at the University; and it has been said, that if he went to a coffee-house, he would tell the waiter, in a tone the most effeminate, to give him "that silly paper-book," meaning the Gentleman's Magazine. In this, however, may easily be discerned the conscious *gaucherie* of a scholastic man, exposing itself in the effort at concealment. Gray was never at home when he moved from the contemplative indolence of his closet. With the reputation of the most learned man in Europe, he added nothing to the stores of learning; and with a poetical faculty of a very high order, he suffered some twenty pages to include all his poetry. His hopes of Paradise have happily expressed his character and temper. "Be it mine to lie upon a sofa all day long, and read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon!"

Gray narrowly escaped the fame of the founder of a new "school" in poetry. His "Pindaric Odes" have passages of true inspiration, with snatches of that Gothic style, if it may be so called, which we have seen most eminently successful in our own day. These passages, however, do not redeem the poems, considered as models of the art, from a pedantic coldness into which Gray's indolent sense of the classical proprieties unfortunately betrayed him. His master-pieces accordingly are his humbler efforts: his Ode on Eton College, and his Elegy in the Country Church-yard;—which will be read and loved as long as the "still sad music of humanity" vibrates through the hearts of men.



GRAY.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the wat'ry glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade ;  
And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,  
 Ah, fields belov'd in vain,  
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
 A stranger yet to pain !  
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,  
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen  
 Full many a sprightly race  
 Disporting on thy margent green  
 The paths of pleasure trace,  
 Who foremost now delight to cleave  
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?  
 The captive linnet which enthal ?  
 What idle progeny succeed  
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
 Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent  
 Their murmuring labours ply  
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint  
 To sweeten liberty ;  
 Some bold adventurers disdain  
 The limits of their little reign,  
 And unknown regions dare desery :  
 Still as they run they look behind,  
 They hear a voice in every wind,  
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing, when possess'd ;  
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sunshine of the breast :  
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue ;  
 Wild wit, invention ever new,  
 And lively cheer of vigour born ;  
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims play!  
 No sense have they of ills to come,  
 Nor care beyond to-day.  
 Yet see how all around them wait  
 The ministers of human fate,  
 And black Misfortune's baleful train,  
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand  
 To seize their prey, the murderous band!  
 Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,  
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
 And Shame that skulks behind;  
 Or pining Love, shall waste their youth,  
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
 Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,  
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,  
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
 And grinning Infamy.  
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,  
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;  
 And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,  
 And moody Madness laughing wild  
 Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath  
 A grisly troop are seen  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their queen:  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That every labouring sinew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:  
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,  
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 The unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet ah ! why should they know their fate ?  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,  
 And happiness too swiftly flies.  
 Thought would destroy their Paradise.  
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

I.

AWAKE. Æolian lyre, awake,  
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.  
 From Helicon's harmonious springs  
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take ;  
 The laughing flowers that round them blow,  
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :  
 Now rolling down the steep amain,  
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :  
 The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.  
 Oh ! sovereign of the willing soul,  
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen cares,  
 And frantic passions, hear thy soft control :  
 On Thracia's hills the lord of war  
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command ;  
 Perching on the scepter'd hand  
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :  
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
 The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,  
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay,  
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,  
 On Cytherea's day,  
 With antic sports and blue-ey'd pleasures,  
 Frisking light in frolic measures;  
 Now pursuing, now retreating,  
 Now in circling troops they meet.  
 To brisk notes in cadence beating  
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
 Slow-melting strains their queen's approach declare :  
 Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay,  
 With arts sublime, that float upon the air,  
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :  
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move  
 The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

## II.

Man's feeble race what ills await,  
 Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !  
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?  
 Night, and all her sickly dews,  
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,  
 He gives to range the dreary sky :  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.  
 In climes beyond the solar road,  
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom  
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.  
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade  
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,  
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,  
 Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.  
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,  
 Glory pursue, and generous shame,  
 Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,  
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
 Or where Mæander's amber waves  
 In lingering labyrinths creep,  
 How do your tuneful echoes languish  
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?  
 Where each old poetic mountain  
     Inspiration breath'd around:  
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain  
     Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:  
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
     Left their Parnassus, for the Latian plains.  
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,  
     And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
 They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

## III.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,  
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,  
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
     To him the mighty mother did unveil  
 Her awful face: the dauntless child  
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.  
 "This pencil take," she said, "whose colours clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year:  
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!  
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;  
 Of Horror that, and thrilling fears,  
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."  
 Nor second he, that rode sublime  
     Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
     The secrets of th' abyss to spy.  
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time;  
 The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,  
 Where angels tremble, while they gaze,  
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,  
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.  
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,  
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
 Two coursers of ethereal race,  
 With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !  
 Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,  
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn  
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more—  
 Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit  
 Wakes thee now ? though he inherit  
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
 That the Theban eagle bear,  
 Sailing with supreme dominion  
 Through the azure deep of air :  
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray  
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun :  
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

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 THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

OWEN's praise demands my song,  
 Owen swift, and Owen strong ;  
 Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,  
 Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.  
 He nor heaps his brooded stores,  
 Nor all profusely pours ;  
 Lord of every regal art,  
 Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,  
 Squadrons three against him came ;  
 This the force of Éirin hiding,  
 Side by side as proudly riding,  
 On her shadow long and gay  
 Lochlin plows the watery way :  
 There the Norman sails afar  
 Catch the winds and join the war :  
 Black and huge along they sweep,  
 Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands  
 The dragon-son of Mona stands ;  
 In glittering arms and glory drest,  
 High he rears his ruby crest.

\* \* \* \*



WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester on the 25th of December, 1721. His father was a hatter, and an alderman of the city.\* He received his education under Dr. Burton, at Winchester, where his name may still be seen inscribed on the walls of the school-room. In 1740, he stood first on the list of scholars to be received in succession at New College, but there being no vacancy, he became a commenger of Queen's College, Oxford; which he suddenly quitted at the end of three years, having gained a reputation for "ability and indolence."

He arrived in London, to use the language of Johnson, "a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pocket." The mode of life which he adopted was by no means calculated to carry those projects into execution. A contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine* of some anecdotes respecting him, states, that on his arrival in the metropolis, he commenced a man of the town, spending all his time in the dissipations of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and the playhouses. That he was devoted at this time to a life of pleasure, may be gathered from Dr. Johnson's account of him. The poetical genius of Collins began to develop itself while he was a scholar at Winchester College. At Oxford he published his *Eclogues*; and, in December, 1743, his "Verses to Sir T. Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakspeare." But it was not until 1747, after a residence of nearly four years in London, that his *Odes* made their appearance. It has been stated, upon the authority of a person who was intimate with him at this time, that these imperishable productions were written to raise a present subsistence. They failed however to effect this object,—and the public, grossly insensible to their merits, suffered them to rest on the shelves of the publisher. A few years afterwards, when Collins received a legacy under his uncle's will, he purchased the whole remainder of the impression, and committed it to the flames. It was not until several years after his death that his poems began to attract popular attention. His value was estimated only when he was beyond the reach of praise or censure.

Clouds and darkness rest upon the latter years of the life of Collins. From what cause the distressing malady arose which embittered the remainder of his existence does not appear. It is not stated that any of his family had been affected with similar mental disease, nor is it intimated that the Poet himself, in his earlier life, had manifested any symptom of its approach. About the year 1750 his health began to decline, and with the view of restoring it he visited the continent; but without success. His bodily strength almost entirely failed him, and with it all his mental energy appeared to pass away. He was for some time in an asylum for lunatics; but subsequently returned to his birth-place, remained under the care of his sister, and in 1756 "death came to his relief."

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—1781—describes the Poet, with whom he was "intimately acquainted," as of "a moderate stature, of a light and clear complexion, with grey eyes." Dr. Johnson says, "his appearance was decent and manly; his knowledge considerable; his views extensive; his conversation elegant; and his disposition cheerful." His early struggles with pecuniary difficulty—when "doubtful of a dinner or trembling at a creditor"—perhaps shook his mind, and laid the foundation of that terrible malady which made him in his latter years "burthensome to himself," and deprived the world of many great things he had planned, and to the execution of which he was competent. His fate was a sad one; "while he studied to live, he felt no evil but poverty;" but when "he lived to study, his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities—disease and insanity."

The poetical productions of Collins fill but a few pages. Of late years they have been justly classed among the finest and most perfect compositions in the language. It is singular that his merit should not have been appreciated by his contemporaries: Cowper never heard of him until after his death; and Dr. Johnson, who knew and loved him, appears to be in no way surprised that fame should not have followed his publications. Posterity has made ample amends for the neglect it was his destiny to experience.

\* The autograph of Collins is copied from a deed signed by him and his two sisters, dated May 1, 1747, assigning to a person of the name of Crowcher, their interest in the house and premises in the East-street—the house in which the Poet was born.



COLLINS.

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O THOU ! who sitt'st a smiling bride  
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,  
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd :  
Who oft, with songs, divine to hear,  
Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,  
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword !  
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,  
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,  
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,  
Pleading for him, the youth who sinks to ground :

See, Mercy, see ! with pure and loaded hands,  
 Before thy shrine my country's Genius stands,  
 And decks thy altar still, though pierc'd with many a  
 wound !

---

 ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom e'en our joys provoke,  
 The fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,  
 And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey :  
 Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,  
 O'ertook him on his blasted road,  
 And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.  
 I see recoil his sable steeds,  
 That bore him swift to savage deeds,  
 Thy tender melting eyes they own ;  
 O maid ! for all thy love to Britain shewn,  
 Where Justice bars her iron tower,  
 To thee we build a roseate bower,  
 Thou, thou shalt rule our qucen, and share our monarch's  
 throne !

---

 ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,  
 Like thy own solemn springs,  
 Thy springs, and dying gales ;  
 O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd Sun  
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
 With brede ethereal wove,  
 O'erhang his wavy bed :  
 Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,  
 With short shrill shriek flits on by leathern wing,  
 Or where the beetle winds  
 His small but sullen horn,  
 As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :  
 Now teach me, maid compos'd,  
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,  
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,  
    As, musing slow, I hail  
    Thy genial lov'd return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows  
His paly circle, at his warning lamp  
    The fragrant hours, and elves  
    Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,  
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,  
    The pensive pleasures sweet  
    Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,  
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,  
    Whose walls more awful nod  
    By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,  
    That from the mountain's side  
    Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
    Thy dewy fingers draw  
    The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !  
    While Summer loves to sport  
    Beneath thy lingering light :

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,  
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
    Affrights thy shrinking train,  
    And rudely rends thy robes :

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,  
    Thy gentlest influence own,  
    And love thy favourite name !

- - -

## DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
 Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,  
 And rifle all the breathing Spring.  
 No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,  
 But shepherd lads assemble here,  
 And melting virgins own their love.  
 No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
 No goblins lead their nightly crew ;  
 The female fays shall haunt the green,  
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.  
 The red-breast oft at evening hours  
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,  
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.  
 When howling winds, and beating rain,  
 In tempests shake thy sylvan cell ;  
 Or 'midst the chase on every plain,  
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.  
 Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
 For thee the tear be duly shed ;  
 Belov'd, till life can charm no more ;  
 And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

## TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU, by Nature taught  
 To breathe her genuine thought,  
 In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong :  
 Who first on mountains wild,  
 In Fancy, loveliest child,  
 Thy babe, and Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song !  
 Thou, who with hermit heart  
 Disdain'st the wealth of art,  
 And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall :  
 But com'st a decent maid,  
 In Attic robe array'd,  
 O chaste, unboastful nymph ! to thee I call !

By all the honey'd store  
 On Hybla's thymy shore,  
 By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,  
 By her whose love-lorn woe,  
 In evening musings slow,  
 Soothed, sweetly sad, Electra's poet's ear :  
 By old Cephisus' deep,  
 Who spread his wavy sweep  
 In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,  
 On whose enamell'd side,  
 When holy Freedom died,  
 No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.  
 O sister meek of Truth,  
 To my admiring youth  
 Thy sober aid and native charms infuse !  
 The flowers that sweetest breathe,  
 Though beauty cull'd the wreath,  
 Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.  
 While Rome could none esteem  
 But virtue's patriot theme,  
 You loved her hills, and led her laureate band ;  
 But staid to sing alone  
 To one distinguish'd throne,  
 And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.  
 No more, in hall or bower,  
 The passions own thy power,  
 Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean ;  
 For thou hast left her shrine,  
 Nor olive more, nor vine,  
 Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.  
 Though taste, though genius, bless  
 To some divine excess,  
 Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole  
 What each, what all supply,  
 May court, may charm our eye,  
 Thou ! only thou canst raise the meeting soul !  
 Of these let others ask,  
 To aid some mighty task,  
 I only seek to find thy temperate vail :  
 Where oft my reed might sound  
 To maids and shepherds round,  
 And all thy sons, O Nature ! learn my tale.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, the son of a younger son of Sir James Smollett, of Bonhill, Renfrewshire, was born at Renton, in Dumbartonshire, in 1721. The "*Leven Water*," which he describes in one of the sweetest of his poems, laved the banks of his birth-place. He studied medicine at Glasgow, where he served his apprenticeship to a surgeon; but soon took his way southward, arrived in London, and obtained a situation as surgeon's mate in the navy. The reader of his immortal novels need not be reminded of the use he made of his ship-board experience; or how admirably he has delineated the various characters with whom his voyaging brought him into contact. He quitted the navy with disgust; and trusted to his pen for support; having however previously tried whether his profession could procure him bread. He settled as a physician at Bath, and issued an Essay, recommending its mineral waters. The attempt however was unsuccessful; "perhaps," according to one of his biographers, "because of his irritable and impatient temper, and his contempt for the low arts of finesse, servility, and cunning."

From 1746 to 1771 he continued to pursue the precarious life of a public writer—producing the great works, *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, &c.—his *History of England*—conducted the *Critical Review*, the *British Magazine*, and the *Briton*, periodical publications—wrote his *Travels in Italy and France*—*Tragedies and Comedies*—*Translations*—in short, labouring in every department of literature—which he selected and considered as his "profession," and occasionally relaxing from weightier employments, by the production of the few poetic pieces which place his name in the list of British Poets;—and at last dying, as men so circumstanced usually die—famous, but pennyless.

He had therefore to endure many of the vicissitudes to which a life of literary labour is invariably exposed. Of the millions he has delighted with the productions of his genius, how few are conscious of the perplexities, embarrassments, and necessities, by which their author was surrounded. Labour and anxiety did the work of years; "distemper and disquiet" followed the disappointments to which he was destined; a vain attempt to struggle with both led him to the continent. He wrote an account of his travels—"it was nothing but an account of his miserable feelings." He returned, and sought consolation and relief amid the glens and hills of his native country—we have no reason to think that he found either. Again—he journeyed to Italy; the lamp was exhausted. He died near Leghorn, on the 21st of October, 1771, in the 51st year of his age, and left his widow to struggle with penury in a foreign land. But, after his death, two costly monuments were erected to his memory; one where he was born, the other where he died. Such is too frequently the only recompense which genius receives from those who profess to worship it. Thousands are ready with their offerings, when they are no longer needed: a little timely aid might have prolonged the life of Smollett, and have added many other works to the long list which renders his name imperishable.

"In his person," it is said, "he was graceful and handsome; and in his air and manner there was a certain dignity which commanded respect. He possessed a loftiness and elevation of sentiment and character, without pride or haughtiness; for to his equals and inferiors he was ever polite, friendly, and generous." The booksellers were the only patrons of Tobias Smollett; and he appears to have acted upon his own principle:—

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,  
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye."

As a Poet, he occupies no very high station; although some of his productions will always find place among the choicest specimens of British poetry. They possess but little of the energy and spirit by which his prose writings are characterized. They are, however, full of grace and delicacy; and at times are not far distant from the sublime. "*Advice*," and "*Reproof*," two satires; the "*Ode to Independence*," the "*Tears of Scotland*," and the "*Ode to Leven Water*," are his only poems of any length, and even these contain but a few pages. Some of his lesser compositions are, however, full of feeling and grace.



SMOLLETT.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !  
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,  
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;  
Thy hospitable roofs no more  
Invite the stranger to the door ;  
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,  
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar  
His all become the prey of war ;  
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
Then smites his breast, and curses life.



Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:  
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;  
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,  
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,  
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?  
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.  
What foreign arms could never quell,  
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay  
No more shall cheer the happy day:  
No social scenes of gay delight  
Beguile the dreary winter night:  
No strains but those of sorrow flow,  
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,  
While the pale phantoms of the slain  
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh! baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,  
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!  
The sons against their fathers stood,  
The parent shed his children's blood.  
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,  
The victor's soul was not appeas'd;  
The naked and forlorn must feel  
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother doom'd to death,  
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,  
The bleak wind whistles round her head,  
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;  
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
She views the shades of night descend,  
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,  
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,  
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,  
Resentment of my country's fate  
Within my filial breast shall beat;

And, spite of her insulting foe,  
My sympathizing verse shall flow :  
“ Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !”

## ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,  
And tune the rural pipes to love ;  
I envied not the happiest swain  
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.  
Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;  
No torrents stain thy limpid source ;  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,  
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,  
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread ;  
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood  
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;  
The springing trout in speckled pride ;  
The salmon, monarch of the tide ;  
The ruthless pike, intent on war ;  
The silver eel, and mottled par.  
Devolving from thy parent lake,  
A charming maze thy waters make,  
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,  
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,  
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,  
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,  
And shepherds piping in the dale,  
And ancient Faith that knows no guile,  
And Industry imbrown'd with toil,  
And hearts resolv'd and hands prepar'd,  
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

MARK AKENSIDE, the son of a butcher in Newcastle-on-Tyne, was born in that town on the 9th of November, 1721. He received his education at the Newcastle Grammar-School, and afterwards graduated at the Universities of Edinburgh and Leyden, at which latter place, in 1744, he took the degree of Doctor in Medicine. Here also he formed that celebrated friendship with Mr. Dyson, which never afterwards knew interruption or abatement. Before his departure from Leyden, the poem of the *Pleasures of Imagination* had been completed, and on the arrival of the friends in London, it was sent to Dodsley, who, by the advice of Pope, paid for it the sum of one hundred and twenty pounds, and published it. Akenside was at once lifted into a high poetical repute, and paid the ordinary penalties of elevation. For some of his opinions he was severely attacked by Warburton, and for others Smollett held him up to public ridicule, as the physician in *Peregrine Pickle*. But, as the Poet's style of thinking was cast in the antique mould, so, too, was his personal character, and undeserved ridicule affected him less than most men. The intense interest with which he embraced the cause of popular principles in his day, served to keep him unburt by such attacks, as well as to sustain him through many private disappointments; and it was the consolation of Akenside's life, no less than it is the pride of his memory, that, "by ancient learning to the enlightened love of ancient freedom warm'd," he had never, in later years, to teach himself to consider those opinions vain, which, in his youth, he had held generous or noble.

"Nor shall e'er  
The graver tasks of manhood, or th' advice  
Of vulgar wisdom move me to disclaim  
Those studies, which possess'd me in the dawn  
Of life, and fix'd the colour of my mind"—

—was his exclamation in the last year of a life which had seen many changes, and, among them, that of the partner of those early studies, and the man to whom he felt most obliged on earth, seduced to the opposite opinions. The poems with which he kept up his fame, after his first great work, had generally some political bearing; and in 1745 he published ten odes, on different subjects, and in various styles. His "Hymn to the Naiads," and other incidental effusions, were subsequently published in Dodsley's *Miscellanies*. His professional career, meanwhile, may be briefly told. For a short time he settled at Northampton; he then removed, at his friend Mr. Dyson's entreaty, to Hampstead; and finally fixed himself in London. He was supported in his struggles into practice by an annuity of three hundred pounds a year from Mr. Dyson; but, after a time, his advancement was rapid, and he achieved the highest honours of his profession. He was physician to the queen, when, on the 23d of June, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age, he died.

The character of Akenside commanded deep respect from his contemporaries, and claims the same tribute from posterity. He was a true scholar, a gentleman, and a man of genius. His manners are described as cold, but his heart overflowed with the affections. Some of the irritation, under which he is said to have suffered occasionally, may probably be referred to the disagreeable associations which connected themselves with an accident of his youth, when one of his father's cleavers fell upon his foot, and slightly lamed him. His features were expressive and manly in a very high degree; his complexion was pale, his deportment solemn, and his dress remarkably precise.

The versification of Akenside yields to that of few poets; and few have excelled him in elevation of thought and general dignity of style. His "*Pleasures of Imagination*," however, was over-rated by his contemporaries. The Wartons were then too fresh in the newly-discovered beauties of Milton, to be able to discriminate Akenside with sufficient severity and exactness. For, as we may suppose that, to an audience newly-initiated into the material loveliness of the Greek mythology, an Italian madrigal, lavish in its commendation of the dwellers on Olympus, would possess many immediately startling charms—so, and within some such comparison, in relation to the high efforts of Milton, it is not to be denied, that the greater part of the "*Pleasures of Imagination*," as a purely poetical work, may be justly brought. Sufficient remains, however, with the help of his magnificent odes, to set an enduring seal to the reputation of Akenside, as one of the higher order of English poets.



## AKENSIDE.

FROM THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

Is aught so fair  
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,  
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the Morn,  
 In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair  
 As virtuous Friendship? as the candid blush  
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just?  
 The graceful tear that streams for others' woes?  
 Or the mild majesty of private life,  
 Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns  
 The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse  
 Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings  
 Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?

\* \* \* \* \*

Need I urge

Thy tardy thought through all the various round  
 Of this existence, that thy softening soul  
 At length may learn what energy the hand  
 Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide  
 Of passion, swelling with distress and pain  
 To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops  
 Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth  
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd  
 So often fills his arms ; so often draws  
 His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,  
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears ?  
 Oh ! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds  
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego  
 That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise  
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes  
 With Virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,  
 And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd  
 Which flies impatient from the village-walk  
 To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below  
 The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast  
 Some helpless bark ; while sacred Pity melts  
 The general eye, or Terror's icy hand  
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair ;  
 While every mother closer to her breast  
 Catches her child, and pointing where the waves  
 Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,  
 As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms  
 For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,  
 As now another, dash'd against the rock,  
 Drops lifeless down : O ! deemest thou indeed  
 No kind endearment here by Nature given  
 To mutual terror and Compassion's tears ?  
 No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,  
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers  
 To this their proper action and their end ?  
 —Ask thy own heart ; when at the midnight hour,  
 Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye,  
 Led by the glimmering taper, moves around  
 The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs  
 Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame  
 For Grecian heroes, where the present power  
 Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page,  
 Even as a father blessing, while he reads

The praises of his son. If then thy soul,  
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,  
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame ;  
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,  
When rooted from the base, heroic states  
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown  
Of curst Ambition : when the pious band  
Of youths who fought for freedom and their sires,  
Lie side by side in gore ; when ruffian Pride  
Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp  
Of public power, the majesty of rule,  
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,  
To slavish, empty pageants, to adorn  
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes  
Of such as bow the knee ; when honour'd urns  
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust  
And storied arch, to glut the coward age  
Of regal Envy, strew the public way  
With hallow'd ruins ; when the Muse's haunt,  
The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk  
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,  
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,  
Or female superstition's midnight prayer ;  
When ruthless Rapine from the hand of Time  
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow  
To sweep the works of glory from their base ;  
Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street  
Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,  
Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,  
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds  
That clasp the mouldering column ; thus defac'd,  
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills  
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear  
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm  
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove  
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,  
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car ;  
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste  
The big distress ? Or would'st thou then exchange  
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot  
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd  
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,  
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,  
And says within himself—' I am a king.

And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe  
 Intrude upon mine ear ? — The baleful dregs  
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught  
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,  
 Blest be the eternal Ruler of the world !  
 Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame  
 The native honours of the human soul,  
 Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.

\* \* \* \* \*

What then is taste, but these internal powers  
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive  
 To each fine impulse ? a discerning sense  
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust  
 From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross  
 In species ? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,  
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow ;  
 But God alone when first his active hand  
 Imprints the secret bias of the soul.  
 He, mighty parent ! wise and just in all,  
 Free as the vital breeze or light of Heaven,  
 Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain  
 Who journeys homeward from a summer day's  
 Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils  
 And due repose, he loiters to behold  
 The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds,  
 O'er all the western sky ; full soon, I ween,  
 His rude expression and untutor'd airs,  
 Beyond the power of language, will unfold  
 The form of beauty smiling at his heart,  
 How lovely ! how commanding ! But though Heaven  
 In every breast hath sown these early seeds  
 Of love and admiration, yet in vain,  
 Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,  
 Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,  
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope  
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,  
 Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.  
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores  
 Repay the tiller's labour ; or attend  
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce  
 The olive or the laurel.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh ! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid songs  
 Of Luxury, the syren ! not the bribes

Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils  
 Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave  
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store  
 Of Nature fair Imagination culls  
 To charm the enliven'd soul! What though not all  
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights  
 Of envied life; though only few possess  
 Patrician treasures or imperial state;  
 Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,  
 With richer treasures and an ampler state,  
 Endows at large whatever happy man  
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,  
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns  
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,  
 The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,  
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,  
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring  
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem  
 Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand  
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch  
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.  
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;  
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,  
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze  
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes  
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain  
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake  
 Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes  
 Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,  
 By this harmonious action on her powers,  
 Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft  
 In outward things to meditate the charm  
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home  
 To find a kindred order, to exert  
 Within herself this elegance of love,  
 This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers  
 Refine at length, and every passion wears  
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.  
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze  
 On Nature's form, where, negligent of all  
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port  
 Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd  
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind



Exalts her daring eye ; then mightier far  
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms  
 Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?  
 Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth  
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down  
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?  
 Lo ! she appeals to Nature, to the winds  
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,  
 The elements and seasons : all declare  
 For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd  
 The powers of man : we feel within ourselves  
 His energy divine : he tells the heart,  
 He meant, he made us to behold and love  
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb  
 Of life and being : to be great like him,  
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men  
 Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself  
 Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,  
 With his conceptions, act upon his plan ;  
 And form to his, the relish of their souls.

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FROM AN ODE TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND

Ye heroes, who of old  
 Did generous England Freedom's throne ordain ;  
 From Alfred's parent reign  
 To Nassau, great deliverer, wise and bold ;  
 I know your perils hard.  
 Your wounds, your painful marches, wintery seas,  
 The night estrang'd from ease,  
 The day by cowardice and falsehood vex'd,  
 The head with doubt perplex'd,  
 The indignant heart disdaining the reward  
 Which envy hardly grants. But, O renown,  
 O praise from judging heaven and virtuous men,  
 If thus they purchas'd thy divinest crown,  
 Say, who shall hesitate ? or who complain ?  
 And now they sit on thrones above :  
 And when among the gods they move

Before the sovran mind,  
 "Lo, these," he saith, "lo, these are they  
 Who to the laws of mine eternal sway  
 From violence and fear asserted human kind."

Thus honour'd while the train  
 Of legislators in his presence dwell ;  
 If I may aught foretell,  
 The statesman shall the second palm obtain.  
 For dreadful deeds of arms  
 Let vulgar bards, with undiscerning praise,  
 More glittering trophies raise :  
 But wisest heaven what deeds may chiefly move  
 To favour and to love ?  
 What, save wide blessings, or averted harms ?

Nor to the imbattled field  
 Shall the achievements of the peaceful gown  
 The green immortal crown  
 Of valour, or the songs of conquest yield.  
 Not Fairfax wildly bold,  
 While bare of crest he hew'd his fatal way,  
 Through Naseby's firm array,  
 To heavier dangers did his breast oppose  
 Than Pym's free virtue chose,  
 When the proud force of Strafford he controll'd.

But what is man at enmity with truth ?  
 What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind  
 When (blighted all the promise of his youth)  
 The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd ?  
 Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,  
 Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled swains,  
 Let menac'd London tell  
 How impious Guile made Wisdom base ;  
 How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place ;  
 And how unblest'd he liv'd, and how dishonour'd fell.

\* \* \* \* \*

NATHANIEL COTTON was born in 1721;—of the circumstances connected with his birth, parentage, and education, we have no account. He was bred to the profession of physic, and practised at St. Alban's, where he kept a house for the reception of persons afflicted with insanity. Cowper was for some time his patient; and in one of his letters he states, that the asylum was selected for him by his friends, not only because he had some slight acquaintance with the Doctor, but because of his skill as a physician, and "his well-known humanity and sweetness of temper;" his after communications describe Cotton as of exceeding amiability, gentleness, and piety. It was also his fate to attend Dr. Young during his last illness. Dr. Cotton died at St. Alban's, 1788.

Dr. Cotton has obtained admission into the collections of English Poetry; his merit has been largely allowed; and his popularity continues. His "Visions in Verse" have passed through several editions; and among his "Miscellanies" are to be found several which have stood the test of time;—it is, however, less to his poetical genius than to the soundness of his advice, the practical piety he inculcates, and the pure and benevolent principles he invariably advocates, that he is indebted for that general regard and esteem which may justly be considered as Fame. Of an upright, amiable, and generous nature, he afforded ample proofs; they are to be found not only in his poetical writings, but in his prose productions; his "Sermons," as the compositions of a layman, are plain, natural, and instructive, and may be perused with advantage by all classes of Christians; they are, indeed, so many "workings out" of a passage contained in one of his letters, written under the pressure of a grievous affliction: "For my own part, I am, and have long been, abundantly persuaded, that no system but that of Christianity is able to sustain the soul amidst all the difficulties and distresses of life. The consolations of philosophy are specious trifles at best: all cold and impotent applications to the bleeding heart!"

If we cannot claim for him a very high station among the poets of Great Britain, we are by no means disposed to push him aside from the prominent seat in which public opinion has placed him. If to be useful, in the best sense of the term, is to be great, Dr. Cotton may be classed above men far more richly gifted; and it is a proud and happy thing for a country when the contributions to its store of literature are only such as must tend to elevate its character and improve the social condition of its children. The "Visions in Verse" were expressly written "for the entertainment and instruction of younger minds;" and the object is admirably answered. We are not, however, compelled to limit our praise to the MATTER; there is considerable merit in the MANNER in which Dr. Cotton has conveyed his moral lessons to the old as well as to the young. His poems are distinguished for simplicity of style, and his taste was formed after the best models; he writes always with ease, frequently with grace, and at times with dignity and spirit. We may, indeed, and with strict justice, apply to him a passage from his own lines to Hervey, on his "Meditations:"—

" 'Tis thine, bright teacher, to improve the age;  
'Tis thine, whose life's a comment on thy page:  
Thy happy page! whose periods sweetly flow,  
Whose figures charm us, and whose colours glow:  
When artless piety pervades the whole,  
Refines the genius, and exalts the soul.  
For let the witling argue all he can,  
It is religion still that makes the man."

"The Fire-side" has always been a favourite. If it be tried by a severe test, it will scarcely be considered as possessing much poetic merit. The cause of its popularity is to be accounted for on other grounds. The poem is essentially English; it presents a picture such as no other country in the world can produce—the social quiet and domestic happiness so peculiarly our own. We have reason to know that he painted as he experienced and felt; that, when the partner who had for many years participated in his toils and troubles, and shared in his amusements and joys, was removed from him, and his "fire-side" was comparatively desolate, the hopes and feelings he had cherished in her society were his best consolations during the residue of his journey to that "sanctuary" for which he so earnestly longed, and which he so eloquently describes.

In folly's maze advance ;  
Though singularity and pride  
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,  
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire  
To our own family and fire,  
Where love our hours employs ;  
No noisy neighbour enters here,  
No intermeddling stranger near,  
To spoil our heartfelt joys.



If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies,  
And they are fools who roam.  
The world hath nothing to bestow,  
From our own selves our bliss must flow,  
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,  
When with impatient wing she left  
That safe retreat, the ark ;  
Giving her vain excursions o'er,  
The disappointed bird once more  
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
We, who improve his golden hours,  
By sweet experience know,  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good,  
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comfort bring ;  
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring  
Whence pleasures ever rise ;  
We'll form their minds with studious care,  
To all that's manly, good, and fair,  
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,  
They'll joy our youth, support our age,  
And crown our hoary hairs ;  
They'll grow in virtue every day,  
And thus our fondest loves repay,  
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys ! they're all our own,  
While to the world we live unknown,  
Or by the world forgot :  
Monarchs ! we envy not your state,  
We look with pity on the great,  
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;  
But then, how little do we need,  
For nature's calls are few !

In this the art of living lies,  
To want no more than may suffice,  
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content  
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,  
Nor aim beyond our power ;  
For, if our stock be very small,  
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,  
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,  
Patient when favours are denied,  
And pleas'd with favours given ;  
Dear Cloe, this is wisdom's part,  
This is that incense of the heart,  
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,  
Since winter-life is seldom sweet ;  
But, when our feast is o'er,  
Grateful from table we'll arise,  
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,  
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go ;  
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe  
With cautious steps we'll tread ;  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble, or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,  
And cheer our dying breath ;  
Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel whisper peace,  
And smooth the bed of death.

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Has mounded into beauty many a tower  
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,  
Was only terrible."

The great defect of the poem is the want of that which the subject imperatively called for—simplicity—"divine Simplicity," whom the Poet invokes, and to whom he dedicates his "verse," but evidently without estimating her character or appreciating her qualities. The edition of 1796 contains an ample commentary on the four books, by Dr. Burgh; it is, for the most part, an assemblage of self-evident truths, and unnecessary as an appendage to the volume, inasmuch as those who read the poem will but little need the prose explanations of its meaning, and those who do not cultivate acquaintance with the Poet will not be very likely to court it with his prosaic friend. This work, however, is not considered the most beneficial to the fame of Mason; it is founded more upon his two tragedies and his odes. Of Gray he was a fervent admirer; and we do not overpraise him, if we say, that the mantle of the higher genius descended upon the competitor he loved—at least, Mason is the last of our poets who successfully studied in the school of which Gray was the great master.



## MASON.

ODE ON THE FATE OF TYRANNY.

**OPPRESSION** dies : the Tyrant falls :  
The golden City bows her walls !  
    **JEHOVAH** breaks th' Avenger's rod.  
The Son of Wrath, whose ruthless hand  
Hurl'd Desolation o'er the land,  
**Has** run his raging race, has clos'd the scene of blood.  
Chiefs arm'd around behold their vanquish'd Lord ;  
Nor spread the guardian shield, nor lift the loyal sword.

He falls ; and earth again is free.  
Hark ! at the call of Liberty,  
    All Nature lifts the choral song.  
The Fir-trees, on the mountain's head,  
Rejoice thro' all their pomp of shade ;  
The lordly Cedars nod on sacred Lebanon :

B B



Tyrant! they cry, since thy fell force is broke,  
Our proud heads pierce the skies, nor fear the woodman's stroke.

Hell, from her gulph profound,  
Rouses at thine approach; and, all around,  
Her dreadful notes of preparation sound.  
See, at the awful call,  
Her shadowy Heroes all,  
Ev'n mighty Kings, the heirs of empire wide,  
Rising, with solemn state, and slow,  
From their sable thrones below,  
Meet, and insult thy pride.  
What, dost thou join our ghostly train,  
A fitting shadow light, and vain?  
Where is thy pomp, thy festive throng,  
Thy revel dance, and wanton song?  
Proud King! Corruption fastens on thy breast;  
And calls her crawling brood, and bids them share the feast.

Oh Lucifer! thou radiant star;  
Son of the Morn; whose rosy car  
Flam'd foremost in the van of day:  
How art thou fall'n, thou King of Light!  
How fall'n from thy meridian height!  
Who saidst the distant poles shall hear me, and obey.  
High, o'er the stars, my sapphire throne shall glow,  
And, as JEHOVAH's self, my voice the heav'ns shall bow.

He spake, he died. Distain'd with gore,  
Beside you yawning cavern hoar,  
See, where his livid corse is laid.  
The aged Pilgrim passing by,  
Surveys him long with dubious eye;  
And muses on his fate, and shakes his reverend head,  
Just heav'ns! is thus thy pride imperial gone?  
Is this poor heap of dust the King of Babylon?

Is this the Man, whose nod  
Made the Earth tremble: whose terrific rod  
Levell'd her loftiest cities? Where He trod,  
Famine pursu'd, and frown'd;  
Till Nature groaning round,  
Saw her rich realms transformed to deserts dry;  
While at his crowded prison's gate,

Grasping the keys of fate,  
 Stood stern Captivity.  
 Vain Man ! behold thy righteous doom ;  
 Behold each neighb'ring monarch's tomb ;  
 The trophied arch, the breathing bust,  
 The laurel shades their sacred dust :  
 While thou, vile Out-cast, on this hostile plain,  
 Moulder'st, a vulgar corse, among the vulgar slain.

No trophied arch, no breathing bust,  
 Shall dignify thy trampled dust :  
 No laurel flourish o'er thy grave.  
 For why, proud King ! thy ruthless hand  
 Hurl'd Desolation o'er the land,  
 And crush'd the subject race, whom Kings are born to save :  
 Eternal Infamy shall blast thy name,  
 And all thy sons shall share their impious Father's shame.

Rise, purple Slaughter ! furious rise ;  
 Unfold the terror of thine eyes ;  
 Dart thy vindictive shafts around :  
 Let no strange land a shade afford,  
 No conquer'd nations call them Lord ;  
 Nor let their cities rise to curse the goodly ground.  
 For thus JEHOVAH swears ; no Name, no Son,  
 No remnant shall remain of haughty Babylon.

Thus saith the righteous Lord :  
 My Vengeance shall unsheath the flaming sword ;  
 O'er all thy realms my fury shall be pour'd.  
 Where yon proud city stood,  
 I'll spread the stagnant flood ;  
 And there the Bittern in the sedge shall lurk,  
 Moaning with sullen strain ;  
 While, sweeping o'er the plain,  
 Destruction ends her work.  
 Yes, on mine holy mountain's brow,  
 I'll crush this proud Assyrian foe.  
 Th' irrevocable word is spoke.  
 From Judah's neck the galling yoke  
 Spontaneous falls, she shines with wonted state ;  
 Thus by MYSELF I swear, and what I swear is Fate.

THOMAS WARTON was born at Basingstoke, Hampshire, in 1728. His father, who was vicar of that parish, was also a poet, and had been Professor of Poetry at Oxford; and his brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, was also advantageously known to the world as another "worshipper of the Muses." Warton entered at Trinity College, took his Master's degree in 1750, and was soon afterwards elected a Fellow. His first advantageous appearance before the public was in 1749, when he published "the Triumph of Iais," in answer to Mason, who had sent forth a poetical attack upon the loyalty of the university to which Warton belonged, and the principles to which he was attached. In 1747 he was appointed to the Professorship of Poetry, and, having taken holy orders, he successively held the livings of Kiddington in Oxfordshire, and Hill Farrance in Somersetshire. In 1785, upon the death of Whitehead, he received the Laureateship, and for the first time for a very long period the office was respectably filled. His successors have been as unworthy of it as his predecessors had been; until the laurel was bestowed upon the accomplished poet and excellent man who at present wears it, the name of Warton is the only one, during a century and a half, that rescues the title of Poet Laureate from contempt.

He died of paralysis in 1790, within the walls of his College, where he was interred.

His character was in every way that of a good man. His person is said to have been unwieldy and ponderous, and his countenance somewhat inert; but he was full of wit and humour, was "wont to set the table in a roar," and was pleasant and kindly to an extreme. His lofty mind delighted to unbend; he could be merry with children as well as grave with the wise. "He was," says one of his biographers, "a liberal scholar, an agreeable companion, a warm philanthropist, a disinterested Christian, and an amiable man." He was, however, happily circumstanced for a life of useful, profitable, and yet pleasant labour. Amid the silence of academic bowers he had leisure to think; and in the richly stored libraries of a dozen colleges he could give his thoughts weight. He was freed from all anxiety as to that care for the morrow—what they shall eat and what they shall put on—which presses so heavily upon less fortunate professors of literature. His fancy was never checked by prudence as to the every-day wants that must be supplied.

His works are numerous, extensive, and embrace a vast variety of subjects,—Biography, Topography, Antiquities, and Criticism. As an historian, his reputation is founded on his "History of English Poetry," a work which will always be conspicuous for elegance of composition, acuteness of criticism, and depth of research. It is however of too dry a character to invite the general reader; treating, for the most part, of the darker ages of our poetry, and affording but little insight into the character of that with which acquaintance is more eagerly desired. The "History" is carried down no further than the reign of Elizabeth.

We are here to consider him only as a poet, and are disposed to place him high among those who must be characterised by the equivocal distinction of *minor*. His compositions are numerous, but he undertook no subject of length. His mind was so saturated with learning, that its own wealth appears to have been lost amid the stores to which he had had access; if, however, we meet with little that is altogether original, we encounter nothing that is absolutely borrowed. The tone and character of our older and better poets pervade his writings; but this must be attributed to an overabundance of thought, the produce of reading and reflection, rather than to a poverty of invention. Like the great men of past ages among whom he lived, he was a most attentive and accurate observer of nature, and his descriptions of scenery have all the truth, and beauty, and vividness of the older bards. In 1777 he gathered his various poems, which had been scattered among several collections, and published them; and although he had previously established his character as a severe and searching critic, the publication did no injury to his fame. They are numerous, and embrace a vast variety of topics;—they are sentimental, humorous, descriptive, and panegyric. His Odes upon Royal Birth Days are, however, free from that over-strained praise which is usually satire in disguise. He lauds the king, as in duty bound, but he does not make him a Deity; he glorifies his country, as he ought, but he does not describe it as omnipotent and infallible. He had taste as well as genius; and in his personal character, as well as in the character of his writings, both of prose and poetry, may be compared with the poet by whom, in our day, the laurel is worn.



WARTON.

FROM AN ODE TO SUMMER.

BUT when mild Morn, in saffron stole,  
First issues from her eastern goal,  
Let not my due feet fail to climb  
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,  
Whence nature's universal face  
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;  
The misty streams that wind below,  
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;  
The groves and castled cliffs appear  
Invested all in radiance clear;  
O! every village charm beneath!  
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!

O beauteous rural interchange !  
 The simple spire, and elmy grange !  
 Content, indulging blissful hours,  
 Whistles o'er the fragrant flow'rs,  
 And cattle, rous'd to pasture new,  
 Shake jocund from their sides the dew.  
 'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,  
 Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild :  
 Whene'er I view thy genial scenes,  
 Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens,  
 What fires within my bosom wake,  
 How glows my mind the reed to take !  
 What charms like thine the muse can call,  
 With whom 'tis youth and laughter all ;  
 With whom each field's a paradise,  
 And all the globe a bow'r of bliss !  
 With thee conversing all the day,  
 I meditate my lightsome lay.  
 These pedant cloisters let me leave,  
 To breathe my votive song at eve  
 In valleys where mild whispers use,  
 Of shade and stream to court the muse,  
 While wand'ring o'er the brook's dim verge,  
 I hear the stock dove's dying dirge.

\* \* \* \* \*

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE, AT ANSLEY HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,  
 I soothe to peace my pensive mind ;  
 And while, to shade my lowly cave,  
 Embowering elms their umbrage wave ;  
 And while the maple dish is mine,  
 The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine ;  
 I scorn the gay licentious crowd,  
 Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still  
 The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;  
 Fast by my couch, congenial guest,  
 The wren has wove her mossy nest ;

From busy scenes, and brighter skies,  
To lurk with innocence, she flies :  
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,  
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,  
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,  
And every opening primrose count,  
That trimly paints my blooming mount ;  
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,  
That grace my gloomy solitude,  
I teach in winding wreaths to stray  
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,  
I ope my brass-embossed book,  
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed  
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed :  
Then as my taper waxes dim,  
Chaunt, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn ;  
And at the close, the gleams behold  
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,  
Who but would smile at guilty state ?  
Who but would wish his holy lot  
In calm Oblivion's humble grot ?  
Who but would cast his pomp away,  
To take my staff, and amice gray ;  
And to the world's tumultuous stage  
Prefer the blameless hermitage ?

## ODE TO THE FIRST OF APRIL.

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woos  
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse  
The boisterous boy the fair denies,  
Or with a scornful smile complies.

Mindful of disaster past,  
And shrinking at the northern blast,  
The sleety storm returning still,  
The morning hoar, and evening chill ;

Reluctant comes the timid Spring.  
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,  
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,  
That clothe the garden's southern bound :  
Scarce a sickly straggling flower,  
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower :  
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps  
From the dark dell's entangled steep ;  
O'er the fields of waving broom  
Slowly shoots the golden bloom :  
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale  
Tinctures the transitory gale.  
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,  
Where the vegetable blaze  
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,  
Every chequer'd charm is flown ;  
Save that the lilac hangs to view  
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land  
The beans their new-born ranks expand :  
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades  
Thinly the sprouting barley shades :  
Fringing the forest's devious edge,  
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge ;  
Or to the distant eye displays  
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,  
Skims in haste the village green ;  
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,  
The screaming plovers idly spring :  
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,  
Explores awhile the tepid noon :  
And fondly trusts its tender dyes  
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient frozen shower,  
If a cloud should haply lower,  
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,  
Mute on a sudden is the lark ;  
But when gleams the sun again  
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,  
And from behind his watery veil  
Looks through the thin descending hail ;  
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,  
Salutes the blithe return of light,

And high her tuneful track pursues  
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows  
Widely waving oaks enclose  
The mote of yonder antique hall,  
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;  
And to the toils of nature true,  
Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,  
The lonely poet loves to mark  
How various greens in faint degrees  
Tinge the tall groups of various trees;  
While, careless of the changing year,  
The pine cerulean, never sere,  
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,  
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

\* \* \* \* \*

His free-born vigour yet unbroke  
To lordly man's usurping yoke,  
The bounding colt forgets to play,  
Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,  
And stretch'd among the daisies pied  
Of a green dingle's sloping side:  
While far beneath, where Nature spreads  
Her boundless length of level meads,  
In loose luxuriance taught to stray  
A thousand tumbling rills inlay  
With silver veins the vale, or pass  
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,  
Midst her pensive solitude,  
Fancy, with prophetic glance,  
Sees the teeming months advance;  
The field, the forest, green and gay,  
The dappled slope, the tilded hay;  
Sees the reddening orchard blow,  
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;  
Sees June unfold his glossy robe  
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;  
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,  
And plenty load her ample horn.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH, the son of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was born in Ireland in 1729, and in 1749 took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in Trinity College. He afterwards removed, as a medical student, to the Edinburgh University, where, after a residence of three years, he found himself involved in pecuniary difficulties, which drove him abroad. For four years he travelled on foot through various parts of the continent, subsisting on the kindness of peasants, whom he pleased by playing music to, and of monks, whom he interested by his learning. On his return to England, he succeeded in getting into a chemist's shop as an assistant; and he was employed afterwards successively as usher to an academy, a corrector of the press, a reviewer, and a writer for a newspaper. In the latter character he attracted the notice of Dr. Johnson, who was in the zenith of his influence and fame, and who thereafter served him in times of great distress. It was on one of these occasions, when persecuted by his landlady for rent, that the manuscript of the *Vicar of Wakefield* was produced, and carried off to a bookseller by Johnson, who brought back sixty pounds. This exquisite fiction, however, was not trusted to the press till after the appearance of the poem of the *Traveller*, which at once fixed the reputation of Goldsmith, and gave him a foremost rank among the literary men of his time. From this, to the period of his death, he had a ready market for every thing he wrote, and received excellent prices from the booksellers. It was after achieving the most unequivocal success in almost every department of literature, and while planning new successes, that an untimely stroke of illness arrested him. He died on the 4th of April, 1774.

The reader who would know Oliver Goldsmith as he lived, must resort to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. In those pleasant pages we are permitted to see him still. His bloom-coloured coat is as fresh there as when he wore it first. We still see him, after he has come from the Pantocchini to sup with Mr. Burke, breaking his shins in his attempt to exhibit to the company how much better he could jump over a stick than the puppets. Poor, dear, awkward, delightful Goldsmith! It was his fate to make every one happy but himself; for his heart was as keenly sensitive as it was gentle and sincerely true, and as his manners were unstudied. He never discovered the way to keep a shilling in his pocket, yet managed, in the midst of his own worst necessities, to relieve the necessities of others. He is said to have been a bad converser, and Garrick describes him as one

"For shortness call'd Noll,  
Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll."

—but we suspect this to be only another of the many obvious rivalries for Johnson's good graces, which were played off among the Doctor's circle. Goldsmith keenly felt too much gratitude for Johnson's early services to resent even the most unjust shape of exclusion which the worship of his flatterers at times assumed, or it is clear that he had the power to do it. Some of the happiest things reported by Boswell are the sayings of "Goldy;" and by the patronising air of the reporter, with his utter unconsciousness of their point and excellence, their effect is increased amazingly. Posterity has oddly reversed the positions of Mr. James Boswell and "my friend Goldsmith," since they used to meet in Old Bond-street, or at Sir Joshua's.

Oliver Goldsmith is one of the most various and the most pleasing of English writers. He touched upon every kind of excellence, and that with such inimitable grace, that, where he failed of originality most, he had ever a freshness and a charm. When Dr. Johnson said of him that he touched nothing which he did not adorn, he seems to intimate what is perfectly true respecting his genius, that it was not famous so much for its originality, as for its power of investing an old subject with its own new and peculiar graces. In this is the beauty of his poetry. The general power of his mind, and his reach of observation, are illustrated strikingly in his poetical character of Burke, which the result proved to have been prophetic. His versification is remarkably elegant and sweet.

Goldsmith is described as ugly in his personal appearance. Here, probably, was the secret of what was thought to have been his vanity.



## GOLDSMITH.

FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;  
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school:  
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
But all the blooming flush of life is fled :  
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;  
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;  
She only left of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain ;  
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.  
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;  
But in his duty prompt, at ev'ry call,  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all :  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,

He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,  
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;  
Ev'n children follow'd, with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;  
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,  
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest:  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heav'n.  
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!  
Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,  
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame,  
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;  
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;  
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,  
Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well;  
Farewell! and O! where'er thy voice be tried,  
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,  
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;  
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,  
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;

Teach him that states, of native strength possess,  
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;  
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;  
 While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,  
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

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 FROM THE TRAVELLER.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;  
 And plac'd on high above the storm's career,  
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear;  
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,  
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,  
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?  
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain  
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?  
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,  
 These little things are great to little man;  
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind  
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.  
 Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd,  
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,  
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,  
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,  
 For me your tributary stores combine;  
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,  
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,  
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,  
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;  
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,  
 Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies;  
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small;  
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find  
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,  
 Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,  
 May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,  
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know?  
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone  
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;  
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
 And his long nights of revelry and ease:  
 The naked Negro, panting at the Line,  
 Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,  
 Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave,  
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.  
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,  
 His first, best country, ever is at home.  
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,  
 And estimate the blessings which they share,  
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find  
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind:  
 As diff'rent good, by Art or Nature giv'n  
 To diff'rent nations, makes their blessings ev'n.

## STANZAS ON WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly  
 And finds too late that men betray,  
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,  
 What art can wash her guilt away?  
 The only art her guilt to cover,  
 To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,  
 To give repentance to her lover,  
 And wring his bosom—is, to die.

## SONG.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,  
 Still importunate and vain,  
 To former joys recurring ever,  
 And turning all the past to pain;  
 Thou, like the world, th' oppress oppressing,  
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!  
 And he who wants each other blessing,  
 In thee must ever find a foe.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM was born in 1729, in Dublin, where his father was a wine merchant. He gave early indications of genius, and produced a successful drama at the age of seventeen. This circumstance, however, was an unhappy one; it procured him free access to the theatres, and he was degraded into a green-room lounge. In the end, he agreed with a manager of a strolling company to enter "the profession;" became an itinerant player in England; and continued, during his life, to endure the bitter privations, disappointments and degradations, universally attendant upon such a career. Nature, which had endowed his mind with some of her rarest qualities, had been chary of her personal gifts. Neither his voice nor his figure was such as promised to be attractive on the stage. He soon found that his choice had been an evil one, but was too proud to acknowledge his transgression, and seek the shelter of his paternal roof. This was not, however, pride only, but independence; for when offered a home with an industrious brother, he refused it; the occupation he had chosen for its glare he soon adopted of necessity, and travelled to various towns of England. In 1762, while at Edinburgh, he became first distinguished as a poet. For several years afterwards he continued to issue poems on various subjects; and, in 1766, they were collected into a volume, and published by subscription. It was inscribed to David Garrick, in a few simple lines, and with a degree of taste unusual to the poets of that age: "according to the ideas the author has conceived of Mr. Garrick's delicacy and good sense, a single period in the garb of flattery would certainly offend him." He died at Newcastle, in 1773, in the house of a generous printer, to whose liberality he had been often indebted.

His character appears to have been that of an indolent, amiable man. Although exposed to various vicissitudes, he preserved an honest name; and obtained, without ever forfeiting, the good opinion of many persons of worth and reputation. His friend, Robert Fergusson, honoured his memory; and recorded the leading points of his disposition and his muse:

"To many a fanciful spring  
His lyre was melodiously strung:  
While fairies and fawns in a ring  
Have applauded the swain as he sung.  
To the cheerful he usher'd his smiles,  
To the woeful his sigh and his tear;  
A condoler with want and her tolls  
When the voice of oppression was near."

Cunningham not only found admirers during his own time—he has found them even in ours. His great merit, perhaps, is that he was never ambitious of attempting that which presented more than ordinary difficulties. All his compositions are of a simple and unpretending character:—the themes he selected are to be found in the common paths of life, but they are such as the man of genius only observes and turns to account. An ordinary person passes by unnoticed objects which attract the attention, and, it may be, excite the admiration of him who is an observer of nature and her works:

"Nothing is lost on him who sees  
With an eye that feeling gave."

The "good in every thing," which those of more elevated faculties perceive and take advantage of, produces a profitable harvest:

"The attentive mind  
By this harmonious action on her powers,  
Becomes herself harmonious."

The Poems of Cunningham will, therefore, always continue to give enjoyment to the reader who can derive it from faithful transcripts of nature. They are, for the most part, pastoral: and are more correctly so styled than most of the productions that have been sent forth under the misapplied title. The simplicity so prominent in his poems was perfectly natural and unstudied. The writer saw things as they were—saw them certainly with a kindly and gentle mind, and he described as he felt. He produced nothing of any length, and, as we have intimated, nothing that can be characterized as great.



### CUNNINGHAM.

MAY-EVE: OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam  
Steals softly through the night,  
To wanton with the winding stream,  
And kiss reflected light.  
To beds of state go balmy sleep,  
( 'Tis where you've seldom been )  
May's vigil whilst the shepherds keep  
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,  
In rosy chaplets gay,  
Till morn unbar her golden gate,  
And give the promis'd May.

D D



Methinks I hear the maids declare,  
 The promis'd May, when seen,  
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,  
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,  
 We'll rouse the nodding grove;  
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,  
 And hail the maid I love:  
 And see—the matin lark mistakes,  
 He quits the tufted green:  
 Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,  
 Where midnight fairies rove,  
 Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,  
 Or tune the reed to love.  
 For see, the rosy May draws nigh:  
 She claims a virgin queen;  
 And hark, the happy shepherds cry  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

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MORNING.

IN the barn the tenant cock,  
 Close to partlet perch'd on high,  
 Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)  
 Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,  
 Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:  
 And the peeping sun-beam, now,  
 Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,  
 Plaintive where she prates at night;  
 And the lark, to meet the morn,  
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,  
 See the chatt'ring swallow spring;  
 Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,  
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top  
     Gently greets the morning gale :  
 Kidlings, now, begin to crop  
     Daisies, on the dewey dale.  
 From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,  
     (Restless till her task be done)  
 Now the busy bee's employ'd  
     Sipping dew before the sun.  
 Trickling through the crevic'd rock,  
     Where the limpid stream distills,  
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock  
     When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.  
 Colin's for the promis'd corn  
     (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)  
 Anxious ;—whilst the huntsman's horn,  
     Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.  
 Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,  
     On the white emblossom'd spray !  
 Nature's universal song  
     Echoes to the rising day.

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## A SONG, SENT WITH A ROSE.

YES, every flower that blows  
     I pass'd unheeded by,  
 Till this enchanting rose  
     Had fix'd my wand'ring eye ;  
 It scented every breeze,  
     That wanton'd o'er the stream,  
 Or trembled through the trees,  
     To meet the morning beam.  
 To deck that beauteous maid,  
     Its fragrance can't excel,  
 From some celestial shade  
     The damask charmer fell ;  
 And as her balmy sweets  
     On Chloe's breast she pours,  
 The queen of Beauty greets  
     The gentle queen of Flowers.

---

WILLIAM FALCONER was the son of a barber in Edinburgh, and was born in 1730. He was bred to the sea, and passed his boyhood on board a Leith trader. But it would appear that his choice was determined by necessity rather than will—that he was,

"By severe decree,  
Condemned reluctant to the faithless sea."

Subsequently he served on board a merchant vessel—the *Britannia*. She was wrecked in the Levant, off Cape Colonna, and the whole of the crew perished, except Falconer and two other mariners. To this event the world is indebted for "The Shipwreck,"—a poem that stands at the head of the class to which it belongs. The perils he encountered he has described, and to the agonies he endured he has given adequate expression. His work has, therefore, truth for its foundation;—"The Shipwreck" is the result of experience. The author was, moreover, a skilful seaman; and the details of the storm, and the awful circumstances that followed it, are given with a degree of accuracy and technicality of which none but a practised sailor was capable. It was published in 1762; immediately attracted attention, and led to the writer's appointment as a midshipman in the navy, and subsequently to the office of purser in the *Glory* frigate. His leisure was then occupied in the production of a marine Dictionary. He also enlisted in the corps of political combatants, and issued a poem, "The Demagogue," in which he attacked Churchill and his party. It is written in a manly and energetic style, and contains passages that may be compared with the best of his more vigorous and skilful opponent. These, with the exception of some lines to the memory of the Prince Frederick of Wales, an ode to the Duke of York on his departure from England, a ballad, and a song of no great merit, are all the productions of the muse of Falconer.

In September 1769, he embarked for India, in the *Aurora*. In December the vessel touched at the Cape, pursued her voyage, and was never heard of afterwards. The author of "The Shipwreck" was therefore doomed to perish by a calamity which he so eloquently depicts. Whether he suddenly sunk in the great deep, or, as it may be, remained for days struggling with the storm, or perhaps upon some frail raft battling with the ocean, can never be ascertained.

"The Shipwreck" has been always popular, and will remain so while British sympathies are excited by the hazards of those who,

"Sweep through the deep  
While the stormy tempest blows."

It is a clear, accurate, and able description of the peculiar perils of a seaman's life, the duties he has to perform, and the hopes which his situation perpetually excites. The writer was an "able seaman;" but he was more. The theme of his muse was "new to epic lore;" and it required a mind of no common order to deal with it. Later times have sufficiently shown that the cabin of a ship may be made the school of literary excellence; but a century ago it was a startling circumstance to find a mariner producing elegant and vigorous verse. Falconer, although he has given abundant proof that he had read and studied the poets who preceded him, was an ORIGINAL writer, for his subject was original and daring. The *Shipwreck* is not confined to the topic most prominent in it; it contains several fine descriptions of scenery,—the characters of the officers are drawn by a masterly pencil,—and the episode of Palemon and Anna is exquisitely wrought. The Storm and the Wreck are necessarily the principal incidents of the poem. They are described with exceeding minuteness;—the accuracy of the writer is indeed one of the marvels of his work; yet the details never weary, they grow naturally out of the subject. There is at the same time a rare degree of vigour thrown into the interesting story. Its faults are, that he so continually alludes to classic names and associations, called up though they are by the seas and shores of Greece—and that the speeches of the captain and his mates are too prolonged, considering the perilous position in which they were placed. It is also perhaps opposed to probability, that Palemon should have been sent by his "rough parent" on ship-board, with the father of the maid, from whom the voyage was designed to estrange the "love-sick youth." The *Shipwreck*, however, amply merits the popularity it received and retains.




### FALCONER.

FROM THE SHIPWRECK.

Now borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,  
Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps :  
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,  
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.  
For this assault should either quarter feel,  
Again to flank the tempest she might reel.  
The steersmen every bidden turn apply ;  
To right and left the spokes alternate fly.  
Thus when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,  
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear ;  
Indignant they retire, and long oppose  
Superior armies that around them close ;

Still shield the flanks ; the routed squadrons join ;  
And guide the flight in one embodied line :  
So they direct the flying bark before  
Th' impelling floods that lash her to the shore.  
As some benighted traveller, through the shade,  
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd ;  
While prowling savages behind him roar,  
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—  
High o'er the poop th' audacious seas aspire,  
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.  
As some fell conqueror, frantic with success,  
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress ;  
So, while the wat'ry wilderness he roams,  
Incens'd to sevenfold rage the tempest foams ;  
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,  
Shrill through the cordage howls, with notes of woe.  
Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,  
Growl from afar a deaf and hollow groan !  
The ship's high battlements, to either side  
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide :  
Her joints unhing'd, in palsied languors play,  
As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.  
The skies, asunder torn, a deluge pour ;  
The impetuous hail descends in whirling shower.  
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,  
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.  
Th' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,  
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade ;  
Now, flashing round intolerable light,  
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.  
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,  
When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head.  
It seem'd the wrathful angel of the wind  
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd ;  
And here, to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,  
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd.  
And lo ! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,  
Th' enflaming sulphur flashing from his wings !—  
Hark ! his strong voice the dreadful silence breaks ;  
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes !  
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,  
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge :  
There all aghast the shivering wretches stood,  
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood.



Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,  
And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame ;  
Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,  
And nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,  
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light.  
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,  
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.  
But ah ! the force of numbers strives in vain,  
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.

But lo ! at last from tenfold darkness born,  
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.  
Hail, sacred vision ! who, on orient wing,  
The cheering dawn of light propitious bring !  
All nature smiling, hail'd the vivid ray,  
That gave her beauties to returning day :  
All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,  
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descri'd.  
For now in front her trembling inmates see  
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.  
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,  
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,  
The nymph ador'd resigns her blooming charms,  
To bless with love some happier rival's arms.  
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,  
That tore Æneas from her arms away ;  
That saw him parting, never to return,  
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.  
O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,  
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight !  
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,  
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign :  
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam  
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme !

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,  
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise :  
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,  
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green.  
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,  
And all their skill relentless fates oppose.

\* \* \* \* \*

ought to induce the reader to desire a more intimate acquaintance with the amiable and graceful poet. He wrote also a series of Moral Eclogues and Oriental Eclogues—and in these we think he failed. He had evidently caught the infection at that period so perilous to genius; and laboured to mix up rural images and characters with names, events, and personages utterly foreign to them. Collins had, in some degree, succeeded in so wild an experiment; but even his higher powers of mind were insufficient to render popular a plan so incongruous. In his own time it was startling to find a Quaker among the sons of song; and it may be that this circumstance added somewhat to the popularity he obtained. Apart from this consideration, however, his merits will be readily acknowledged; his poems will be admired by all to whom the gentler virtues are dear, and who derive their greatest enjoyments from true and natural descriptions of objects.

"—— not too wise nor good,  
For human nature's daily food."

That on each other seem to throng,  
And mix in many a varied form ;  
While, bursting now and then between,  
The moon's dim misty orb is seen,  
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blast the forests bend,  
And thick the branchy ruin lies,  
And wide the shower of foliage flies ;  
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,  
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er,  
And foaming on the rocky shore,  
Whose caverns echo to their roar.



The sight sublime enrapt my thought,  
 And swift along the past it strays,  
 And much of strange event surveys,  
 What history's faithful tongue has taught,  
 Or fancy form'd, whose plastic skill  
 The page with fabled change can fill  
 Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy,  
 That rends another's breast with pain?  
 O hapless he, who, near the main,  
 Now sees its billowy rage destroy!  
 Beholds the foundering bark descend,  
 Nor knows, but what its fate may end  
 The moments of his dearest friend!

---

 PRIVATEERING.

How custom steels the human breast  
 To deeds that nature's thoughts detest!  
 How custom consecrates to fame  
 What reason else would give to shame!  
 Fair Spring supplies the favouring gale,  
 The naval plunderer spreads his sail,  
 And ploughing wide the wat'ry way,  
 Explores with anxious eyes his prey.

The man he never saw before,  
 The man who him no quarrel bore,  
 He meets, and avarice prompts the fight;  
 And rage enjoys the dreadful sight  
 Of decks with streaming crimson dy'd,  
 And wretches struggling in the tide,  
 Or, 'midst th' explosion's horrid glare,  
 Dispers'd with quivering limbs in air.

The merchant now on foreign shores  
 His captur'd wealth in vain deplores;  
 Quits his fair home, O mournful change!  
 For the dark prison's scanty range;  
 By plenty's hand so lately fed,  
 Depends on casual alms for bread;  
 And with a father's anguish torn,  
 Sees his poor offspring left forlorn.

And yet, such man's misjudging mind,  
 For all this injury to his kind,  
 The prosperous robber's native plain  
 Shall bid him welcome home again ;  
 His name the song of every street,  
 His acts the theme of all we meet,  
 And oft the artist's skill shall place  
 To public view his pictur'd face !

If glory thus be earn'd, for me  
 My object glory ne'er shall be ;  
 No, first in Cambria's loneliest dale  
 Be mine to hear the shepherd's tale !  
 No, first on Scotia's bleakest hill  
 Be mine the stubborn soil to till !  
 Remote from wealth, to dwell alone,  
 And die, to guilty praise unknown !


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 CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD, happiest stage of life !  
 Free from care and free from strife,  
 Free from memory's ruthless reign,  
 Fraught with scenes of former pain ;  
 Free from fancy's cruel skill,  
 Fabricating future ill ;  
 Time, when all that meets the view,  
 All can charm, for all is new ;  
 How thy long-lost hours I mourn,  
 Never, never to return !

Then to toss the circling ball,  
 Caught rebounding from the wall ;  
 Then the mimic ship to guide  
 Down the kennel's dirty tide ;  
 Then the hoop's revolving pace  
 Through the dusty street to chase ;  
 O what joy !—it once was mine,  
 Childhood, matchless boon of thine !—  
 How thy long-lost hours I mourn,  
 Never, never to return !

---



CHARLES CHURCHILL was born in 1731, in Vine street, in the parish of St. John's Westminster,—the parish of which his father was curate and lecturer. He was educated at Westminster School, and gave early tokens of that genius, and, unhappily, also of that irregularity, by which his subsequent career was so remarkably distinguished. He married at the age of seventeen; entered into holy orders, the want of a degree having been dispensed with, and was appointed to a small curacy in Somersetshire. In 1758, his good father died; and, as a mark of respect for his memory, the parishioners appointed his son to succeed him. At this period, his character and habits were in keeping with his sacred profession; he laboured to increase his income by giving lessons in the classics; attended with punctuality to his parochial duties; and, in the pulpit, it is said, was "plain, rational, and emphatic." It is certain, however, that his "good intentions" were not long retained; but that he eagerly desired to find a more ready path to celebrity than the church held out to him. Pecuniary embarrassments too surrounded him; and while he looked to achieve fame, he also fancied he might obtain fortune. In 1760, his friend and school-fellow Lloyd, published with success his poem of "The Actor;" Churchill, whose poetical talent had until then lain dormant, took the hint, and a few months afterwards "The Rosciad," the most famous of all his works, made its appearance. The object he desired was accomplished; he bounded at once from obscurity to distinction; and—as the booksellers had refused to purchase his manuscript for five guineas, and it was consequently printed at his own cost—money came with reputation. He immediately threw off the "inconvenient restraints" of his order; and that the world might see how much he despised them, appeared in public with a blue coat, a gold-laced waistcoat, a laced hat, and ruffles; "got drunk, frequented stews, and, giddy with false praise, thought his talents a sufficient atonement for all his follies." The result was, of course, a formal complaint on the part of his parishioners, and a resignation of his cure. During the four years that followed, his poems were sent forth with amazing rapidity; the Apology to the Critical Reviewers, Night, the Prophecy of Famine, the Epistle to Hogarth, the Ghost, the Conference, the Duellist, the Author, Gotham, the Candidate, the Farewell, the Times, Independence, and the Journey—followed in quick succession. In the year 1764, during a visit to his friend Wilkes, at Boulogne, he died, in the thirty-third year of his age, and was buried at Dover; the grave-stone which records his death gives endurance to a falsehood:—

"Life to the last enjoy'd—here Churchill lies."

The dissipated career of Churchill could not have been a happy one; the last words he uttered—"What a fool I have been!"—supply the best comment on his epitaph.

Churchill "blazed the comet of a season;" he is now forgotten; or remembered rather as one to be shunned for his evil example, than admired for the brilliancy of his genius, and the dazzling glory of his course. It is by no means surprising that nearly all which is now known of him is his name. "He was," says M. D'Israeli, "a spendthrift of fame, and enjoyed all his revenue while he lived. Posterity owes him little, and pays him nothing." He wrote only for his own age;—all his compositions are satires—satires not general, but personal; and, as few of his heroes have made mankind their debtors, they have long since ceased to interest us either for praise or blame. Passages of manly sense and sound morality may, indeed, be selected from his poems; but almost invariably his muse was stimulated either by private pique or party prejudice. He was incapable of taking any enlarged view of an object, or of considering it beyond the limited circle to which his own interests confined him; and when he stood forth as a public censor, his own character was known to be most liable to censure, and his own conduct most needing the lash. He seems to have been conscious that he was not writing for immortality; his compositions were flung from him crude and unfinished, as if he considered them but as so many necessary acknowledgments for the tax of half-a-crown, which it was his custom to levy for each of them. The exaggerated praise he received not only corrupted his morals, but impaired his mind; and, probably, if he had lived a few years longer, he would have out-lived his reputation.



## CHURCHILL.

FROM AN EPISTLE TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

'Tis a rank falsehood ; search the world around  
There cannot be so vile a monster found,  
Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall  
Of that gross guilt which you impute to all.  
Approv'd by those who disobey her laws,  
Virtue from Vice itself extorts applause ;  
Her very foes bear witness to her state ;  
They will not love her, but they cannot hate.  
Hate Virtue for herself ! with spite pursue  
Merit for merit's sake ! Might this be true  
I would renounce my nature with disdain,  
And with the beasts that perish graze the plain ;

Might this be true, had we so far fill'd up  
 The measure of our crimes, and from the cup  
 Of guilt so deeply drank, as not to find,  
 Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg, behind,  
 Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball,  
 And Providence in justice crush us all.  
 None but the damn'd, and amongst them the worst,  
 Those who for double guilt are doubly curst,  
 Can be so lost ; nor can the worst of all  
 At once into such deep damnation fall ;  
 By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,  
 Which e'en in hell must be a work of time.  
 Cease, then, thy guilty rage, thou wayward soul !  
 With the foul gall of discontent o'errun ;

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

## FROM THE ROSCIAD.

*[The character of Fribble was intended for Mr. Filpatrick, a person who had rendered himself remarkable by his activity in the playhouse riots of 1763, relative to the taking half prices. He was the hero of Garrick's Fribblesiad.]*

WITH that low cunning, which in fools supplies,  
 And amply, too, the place of being wise,  
 Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave  
 To qualify the blockhead for a kuave ;  
 With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms,  
 And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,  
 Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,  
 By vilest means pursues the vilest ends, .  
 Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,  
 Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night ;  
 With that malignant envy, which turns pale,  
 And sickens, even if a friend prevail,  
 Which merit and success pursues with hate,  
 And damns the worth it cannot imitate ;  
 With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,  
 Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,  
 Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—  
 What's basely done, should be done safely too ;  
 With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,  
 Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,  
 Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading Vice's snares,  
 She blunder'd on some virtue unawares ;  
 With all these blessings, which we seldom find  
 Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,

A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,  
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,  
Came simp'ring on ; to ascertain whose sex  
Twelve sage, impanell'd matrons would perplex.  
Nor male, nor female ; neither, and yet both ;  
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth ;  
A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait ;  
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate ;  
Fearful it seem'd, though of athletic make,  
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake  
Its tender form, and savage motion spread,  
O'er its pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.

Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,  
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays ;  
Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,  
Of special merit, though of little note ;  
For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed  
That what it wrote, none but itself should read ;  
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,  
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause ;  
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,  
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the chair ;  
And, with an awkward briskness not its own,  
Looking around, and perking on the throne,  
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,  
Known but to few, or only known by name,  
Plain Common-Sense appeared, by Nature there  
Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair.

\* \* \*

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,  
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,  
Sat Shakspeare.—In one hand a wand he bore,  
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore ;  
The other held a globe, which to his will  
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill :  
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,  
And look'd through Nature at a single view :  
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,  
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll ;  
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,  
And, passing Nature's bounds, was something more.

\* \* \*

WILLIAM COWPER, the son of the Rev. Doctor Cowper, and grand nephew to the Lord Chancellor Cowper, was born on the 15th of November, 1731, in the Rectory, at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, of which his father was the then incumbent. The mother of the poet, one of the most tender and affectionate of women, was a descendant of the famous Doctor Donne, and connected otherwise with some of the oldest and noblest families of England. She died when her son was only six years old, but he has immortalized her memory in one of his most beautiful poems; and such was the impression her tenderness had made, that, fifty years after her death, and after all the miseries that had bent their weight upon him, he observed to one of his friends, that scarcely a day had passed in which he did not think of her. At the age of six, Cowper was sent from home to a boarding school, though his infancy is said to have been "delicate in no common degree," and his constitution to have discovered, even at that early age, its morbid tendencies. From this school he was removed to Westminster, where he formed friendships with Lloyd, Churchill, Colman, and Cumberland; and from the sixth form at Westminster he was removed to a solicitor's office in London, where he had for a fellow-clerk the after Lord Chancellor Thurlow. On leaving this office, in 1752, he took chambers in the Middle Temple, of which Inn he had some years before been entered as a member; two years afterwards he was called to the bar; in 1756 he lost his father; and three years after his father's death he received an appointment as Commissioner of Bankrupts, and moved into the Inner Temple. Love and literature, however, now occupied him far more than law;—he fell in love with one of those cousins with whom, in one of his delightful letters, he describes himself and Lord Thurlow as "giggling and making giggle" in his uncle's house in Southampton Row; and he amused himself with contributing light literature to the Magazines and Clubs that were set on foot in those days by Bonnell Thornton, Colman, Lloyd, and Hill. But his love was not fortunate; his literature only left him more dissatisfied with his fitness for a professional life; and his original tendencies to a morbid melancholy fearfully increased upon him. In 1763 he was placed with Doctor Cotton, a physician of St. Alban's. He never afterwards enjoyed perfect health; and his disorder was not lessened by the conduct of certain of the religious residents of Olney. When he had any rest he wrote poetry; and in 1782 his first volume appeared. A second appeared in 1785, and towards the close of his life he undertook a translation of Homer, with a view to occupy and relieve his mind with labour. He produced a great work, but he had experienced little or no relief. He died in misery, on the 25th of April, 1800.

Much misplaced comment has been made on the miseries of Cowper. His was not a "religious madness;" and to call it so is an unjust reproach to the best interests and objects of religion. His sufferings are not, after all, to be referred to the action of ordinary causes. He was, with a constitutional disposition to madness in the first instance, the victim of his poetical temperament. It was this which, in the absence of its natural outlet, (for, as we have seen, he wrote little or no poetry during the first forty years of his life,) pushed what might otherwise have been ordinary sensations, to the verge of agony or rapture. His madness may be described as the result of that pre-existing faculty of Imagination, which, when the slightest object is presented to the agitated senses, instantly distorts it to the shape of what they fear. And this feeling was the necessity, as well as the bane, of the life of Cowper. A portion of the stuff of which his existence was made, it might yet have been conducted to a healthful issue, had his delicate infancy known the peacefulness and security of home, or the constant tenderness of a wise and watchful mother. If Cowper had begun his way in gladness, despondency and madness would not have followed.

Cowper is one of the most delightful of poets, as he was the most affectionate and just-hearted of men. His worst weakness is yet elegant and amiable, his bitterness is always charitable, and nothing can be finer than his bursts of honest and virtuous indignation. His feeling of social beauty and enjoyment is not surpassed, perhaps not equalled, by any other poet in the language; his sense of natural imagery is unerringly true; and his feeling of domestic comfort gave him a wonderful power of domestic pathos. His satires are invariably excellent, and not less severe, because they are tempered with the manners of a gentleman.



COWPER.

FROM THE TASK.

**HARD-FARING race!**

They pick their fuel out of ev'ry hedge,  
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquench'd  
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide  
Their flutt'ring rags, and shows a tawny skin,  
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.  
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more  
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,  
Conveying worthless dross into its place;  
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.

\* \* \* \* \*



There is a pleasure in poetic pains,  
 Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,  
 Th' expedients and inventions multiform,  
 To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms  
 Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—  
 T' arrest the fleeting images, that fill  
 The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,  
 And force them sit, till he has pencill'd off  
 A faithful likeness of the forms he views ;  
 Then to dispose his copies with such art,  
 That each may find its most propitious light,  
 And shine by situation, hardly less  
 Than by the labour and the skill it cost ;  
 Are occupations of the poet's mind  
 So pleasing, and that steal away the thought  
 With such address from themes of sad import,  
 That, lost in his own musings, happy man !  
 He feels th' anxieties of life, denied  
 Their wonted entertainment, all retire.  
 Such joys has he that sings. But ah ! not such,  
 Or seldom such, the hearers of his song.  
 Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps  
 Aware of nothing arduous in a task  
 They never undertook, they little note  
 His dangers or escapes, and haply find  
 Their least amusement where he found the most.  
 But is amusement all ? Studios of song,  
 And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,  
 I would not trifle merely, though the world  
 Be loudest in their praise, who do no more.  
 Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay ?  
 It may correct a foible, may chastise  
 The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,  
 Retrench a sword-blade, or displace a patch ;  
 But where are its sublimer trophies found ?  
 What vice has it subdued ? whose heart reclaim'd  
 By rigour, or whom laugh'd into reform ?  
 Alas ! Leviathan is not so tam'd :  
 Laugh'd at, he laughs again ; and stricken hard,  
 Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,  
 That fear no discipline of human hands.  
 The pulpit, therefore, (and I name it fill'd  
 With solemn awe, that bids me well beware  
 With what intent I touch that holy thing,)—

The pulpit, (when the sat'rist has at last,  
 Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,  
 Spent all his force, and made no proselyte,)—  
 I say the pulpit (in the sober use  
 Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)  
 Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall stand,  
 The most important and effectual guard,  
 Support, and ornament, of virtue's cause.  
 There stands the messenger of truth : there stands  
 The legate of the skies !—His theme divine,  
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.  
 By him the violated law speaks out  
 Its thunders ; and by him, in strains as sweet  
 As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,  
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life  
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
 That he is honest in the sacred cause.  
 To such I render more than mere respect,  
 Whose actions say, that they respect themselves.  
 But loose in morals, and in manners vain,  
 In conversation frivolous, in dress  
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ;  
 Frequent in park with lady at his side,  
 Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes ;  
 But rare at home, and never at his books.  
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card ;  
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round  
 Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor ;  
 Ambitious of preferment for its gold,  
 And well prepar'd, by ignorance and sloth,  
 By infidelity and love of world,  
 To make God's work a sinecure ; a slave  
 To his own pleasures and his patron's pride.  
 From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,  
 Preserve the church ! and lay not careless hands  
 On sculls, that cannot teach, and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,  
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,  
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace  
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.  
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;

In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,  
 And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,  
 And natural in gesture; much impress'd  
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
 May feel it too; affectionate in look,  
 And tender in address, as well becomes  
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.  
 Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?  
 The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,  
 And then skip down again; pronounce a text;  
 Cry—Hem; and reading what they never wrote  
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,  
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!

\* \* \* \*

I seek divine simplicity in him,  
 Who handles things divine; and all besides,  
 Though learn'd with labour, and though much admir'd  
 By curious eyes and judgments ill-inform'd,  
 To me is odious as the nasal twang  
 Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,  
 Misled by custom, strain celestial themes  
 Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-bestridden.  
 Some decent in demeanour while they preach,  
 That task perform'd, relapse into themselves;  
 And having spoken wisely, at the close  
 Grow wanton, and give proof to ev'ry eye,  
 Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not!  
 Forth comes the pocket mirror.—First we stroke  
 An eyebrow; next compose a straggling lock;  
 Then with an air most gracefully perform'd  
 Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,  
 And lay it at its ease with gentle care,  
 With handkerchief in hand depending low:  
 The better hand more busy gives the nose  
 Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye  
 With op'ra glass, to watch the moving scene,  
 And recognize the slow retiring fair.—  
 Now this is fulsome; and offends me more  
 Than in a churchman slovenly neglect  
 And rustic coarseness would. A heav'nly mind  
 May be indiff'rent to her house of clay,  
 And slight the hovel as beneath her care;

But how a body so fantastic, trim,  
And quaint, in its deportment and attire,  
Can lodge a heav'nly mind—demands a doubt.

He, that negotiates between God and man,  
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns  
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware  
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful  
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;  
To break a jest, when pity would inspire  
Pathetic exhortation; and t' address  
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,  
When sent with God's commission to the heart!  
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip  
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,  
And I consent you take it for your text,  
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.  
No: he was serious in a serious cause,  
And understood too well the weighty terms,  
That he had tak'n in charge. He would not stoop  
To conquer those by jocular exploits,  
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.

\* \* \* \* \*

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK, THE GIFT  
OF MY COUSIN ANN BODHAM.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"  
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it,) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!  
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.  
I will obey, not willingly alone,  
But gladly, as the precept were her own:

And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?  
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.  
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,  
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!  
Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,  
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,  
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.  
By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,  
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.  
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
Till, all my stock of infant-sorrow spent,  
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,  
But though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,  
Children not thine have trod thy nurs'ry floor;  
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd  
In scarlet-mantle warm, and velvet cap,  
'Tis now become a history little known,  
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.  
Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair,  
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,  
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd  
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;

The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd  
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd!  
 All this, and more endearing still than all,  
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,  
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,  
 That humour interpos'd too often makes;  
 All this still legible in mem'ry's page,  
 And still to be so to my latest age,  
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may;  
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
 Not scorn'd in heav'n, though little notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,  
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,  
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
 I prick'd them into paper with a pin,  
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)  
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?  
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
 Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—  
 But no—what here we call our life is such,  
 So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,  
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast  
 (The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)  
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,  
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,  
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
 While airs impregnated with incense play  
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;  
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,  
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"  
 And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide  
 Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.  
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
 Always from port withheld, always distress'd—  
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,  
 Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,  
 And day by day some current's thwarting force  
 Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.

Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he !  
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth  
 From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth ;  
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies.  
 And now farewell—Time unrevok'd has run  
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.  
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
 I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again ;  
 To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,  
 Without the sin of violating thine ;  
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,  
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—  
 Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me left.

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VERSES SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS  
 SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey,  
 My right there is none to dispute ;  
 From the centre all round to the sea,  
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
 O Solitude ! where are the charms,  
 That sages have seen in thy face ?  
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
 I must finish my journey alone,  
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,  
 I start at the sound of my own.  
 The beasts that roam over the plain,  
 My form with indifference see ;  
 They are so unacquainted with man,  
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,  
 O, had I the wings of a dove,  
 How soon would I taste you again !

My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth,  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word !  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.  
But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard,  
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more.  
My friends, do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me ?  
O tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !  
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-winged arrows of light.  
When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there ;  
But alas ! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair ;  
Even here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.  
There's mercy in every place,  
And mercy, encouraging thought !  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.



ERASMUS DARWIN was born at Elton, near Newark, Nottinghamshire, in 1732. He studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards at Edinburgh, where he took his medical degree. In the year 1756 he settled as a physician at Lichfield; where, and afterwards at Derby, he pursued his professional career with considerable success. It was late in life when he sought to achieve fame in the service of the Muses; he had indeed cultivated a natural taste for poetry, and occasionally satisfied his circle of friends of his ability to compose agreeable verses; but he knew that a poetic reputation, though flattering, is by no means profitable; and until he felt his station as a physician perfectly secure, he did not venture to commit his compositions to the press. In 1781, he published the first part of his "Botanic Garden." In 1789 and 1792 the other two parts appeared. His only other production of any note is "The Temple of Nature."—This was printed after his death, and is but a weak echo of his greater poem. Darwin was twice married, and died in 1802.

The person and character of Dr. Darwin were both singular. On his first visit to Lichfield he is described as of a thick and clumsy form, with heavy and ungainly limbs; much seared with the small-pox; and stuttering exceedingly. Twenty years afterwards he is pictured with "hard features on a rough surface; older in appearance than in reality." His personal defects were in part redeemed by his wit and talents; yet both in awkwardness of person and unamiability of mind he resembled Dr. Johnson, whom he greatly disliked. Both were despots in habit, intolerant of opposition, and sarcastic to an extreme; but the great genius of the native of Lichfield was not the prerogative of him who resided there.

Dr. Darwin was an avowed sceptic;—a coarse mind, rude habits, and an ungenerous disposition were in him uncontrolled by religion; he was naturally uncourteous, boisterous, and tyrannical, and the coldness of his creed did not soften his temper or subdue his passions. "He dwelt so much and so exclusively on second causes, that he too generally seems to have forgotten there is a first." This defect in his philosophy is also the great defect of his poetry. He writes in a clear, sensible, and manly style, with a strong desire of communicating information in an attractive form, and some of his Episodes are both interesting and affecting, but he rarely warms into enthusiasm, excites the imagination, or touches the heart; he is indeed seldom more than merely satisfactory. His poem consists of two parts—the first contains the Economy of Vegetation, and the Second the Loves of the Plants; both are accompanied by learned, interesting, and useful explanatory notes. The plants are personified, and the descriptions are full of gorgeous beauty; their habits are given in a clear and lucid manner, so as to fix themselves upon the memory.

The Goddess of Botany descends to earth to receive the welcome of Spring; and the four elements, represented by gnomes, water-nymphs, sylphs, and nymphs of fire, are in attendance to do her bidding. To each class she gives the allotted task—and the enumeration of their several duties forms the first four cantos of the poem. It will be at once perceived that this plan gives the author abundant opportunities for introducing descriptions of all objects in nature or in art: he has availed himself of them; and tells not only of the wonders of earth, sea, and sky, but of the uses to which science has applied them. Thus, when the Botanic Queen reminds her gnomes that they have seen subterranean fires producing clay—a compliment is conveyed to Mr. Wedgwood, who brought the manufacture of it to such perfection in England; and immortality is promised even to his "medallions." In the second part, the Loves of the Plants, the allegory is carried still farther—every flower and shrub is personified: the Sun-flower becomes a dervise, and leads his train to worship the sun; the Mimosa is a shrinking nymph; and the Mistletoe a spirit seeking her lovers among the clouds. This division of the work abounds in episodes—relieving its more scientific details, and producing the effects of so many interesting stories in carrying the reader untired through the whole. Thus, the Orchis Morio, the parent root of which shrivels up and dies, as the young shoot flourishes, is transformed into a fond mother, nourishing her infant at the cost of her own life;—and the fable is illustrated by the story of a wounded deer flying with her fawn to the woodlands, and by the history of a soldier's wife, who, watching with her babe the distant battle, is mortally wounded by a random shot.

DARWIN.

FROM THE BOTANIC GARDEN.

So stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,  
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight,  
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife  
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;  
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,  
And view'd his banner, or believ'd she view'd.  
Pleas'd with the distant roar, with quicker tread  
Fast by his hand one lisp'ing boy she led;  
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm  
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;  
While round her brows bright beams of honour dart,  
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.

—Near and more near the intrepid beauty press'd,  
 Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;  
 Saw on his helm, her virgin-hands inwove,  
 Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;  
 Heard the exulting shout, "They run! they run!"  
 "Great God!" she cried, "He's safe! the battle's won!"  
 —A ball now hisses through the airy tides,  
 (Some Fury wing'd it, and some demon guides!)  
 Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,  
 Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;  
 The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,  
 Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.—  
 —"Ah me!" she cried, and sinking on the ground,  
 Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound;  
 "Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!  
 Wait, gushing life, oh, wait my love's return!  
 Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!—  
 The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war!—  
 Oh, spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age!—  
 On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"—  
 Then with weak arms her weeping babes caress'd,  
 And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.  
 From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,  
 Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;  
 Eliza's name along the camp he calls,  
 Eliza echoes through the canvass walls;  
 Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,  
 O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,  
 Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,  
 Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!—  
 —Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,  
 With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds:—  
 "Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,  
 "Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand;  
 Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers press'd,  
 And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast;  
 Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—  
 Why do you weep?—Mamma will soon awake."  
 —"She'll wake no more!" the hopeless mourner cried,  
 Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands, and sigh'd:  
 Stretch'd on the ground awhile entranc'd he lay,  
 And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay;  
 And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,  
 And all the father kindled in his heart;

"Oh, Heavens!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive;  
 These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"—  
 Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson vest,  
 And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching breast.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now, Philanthropy! thy rays divine  
 Dart round the globe from Zembla to the Line;  
 O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,  
 Like northern lustres o'er the vault of night.  
 From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crown'd,  
 Where'er mankind and misery are found,  
 O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,  
 Thy Howard journeying seeks the house of woe.  
 Down many a winding step to dungeons dank,  
 Where anguish wails aloud, and fetters clank;  
 To caves bestrew'd with many a mouldering bone,  
 And cells, whose echoes only learn to groan;  
 Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose,  
 No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows,  
 He treads, inemulous of fame or wealth,  
 Profuse of toil, and prodigal of health,  
 With soft assuasive eloquence expands  
 Power's rigid heart, and opes his clenching hands;  
 Leads stern-ey'd Justice to the dark domains,  
 If not to sever, to relax the chains;  
 Or guides awaken'd Mercy through the gloom,  
 And shows the prison, sister to the tomb!—  
 Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife,  
 To her fond husband liberty and life!—  
 —The spirits of the good, who bend from high  
 Wide o'er these earthly scenes their partial eye,  
 When first, array'd in Virtue's purest robe,  
 They saw her Howard traversing the globe;  
 Saw round his brows her sun-like glory blaze  
 In arrowy circles of unwearied rays;  
 Mistook a mortal for an angel-guest,  
 And ask'd what seraph-foot the earth imprest.  
 —Onward he moves!—disease and death retire,  
 And murmuring demons hate him, and admire.

ROBERT LLOYD, whose father was one of the masters of Westminster School, was born in 1733. Having passed with considerable distinction through the usual routine of education, he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, although celebrated as a wit, he obtained but little credit for discretion. He took his degree in 1755, and became an usher to his father, an employment, however, little consonant to his taste or satisfying to his ambition, and which he soon relinquished in disgust. He describes himself as one—

" Whom Pleasure first a willing Poet made,  
And Folly spoilt by taking up the trade."

His school-fellow, and subsequently his friend and continual associate, Churchill, was one of his lures into the world; he became "an author by profession," launched into the extravagancies, endured the vicissitudes, and paid the penalties which dissipation invariably exacts—self-reproach, a ruined constitution, and an early grave.

Although he had previously and on several occasions appeared in print, it was not until 1760 that his fame was at all commensurate with his desires. "The Actor" established it, and gave to Churchill the hint of the *Rosciad*, by which it was eclipsed. In 1762 he became editor—it may almost be said *author*--of the *St. James's Magazine*; degenerated into a mere literary drudge, caring only to supply the necessities of the moment,—at length found himself in a jail,—and, on the 15th Dec. 1764, died of a broken heart, at the age of thirty-one.

Lloyd was an accomplished scholar; his facility in composition was so great as to have been an evil; his memory was singularly tenacious; his talents were varied, and he was not an idler; yet he perished before his mind can be said to have attained its vigour: "piltied by few, by more despaired;" deserted by his friends, and affording a remarkable illustration of the words of the Psalmist, "The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmities, but a wounded spirit who can bear?"

He is described as possessing many of the qualities which are unhappily often found united with moral defects, and which contribute to lessen the rigour with which irregularities are regarded. He was gentle, amiable, generous, and a most agreeable companion. It is added that he had a grateful heart, and fully appreciated the kindnesses he received. His connexion with Churchill, which, if it did not originate, contributed mainly to his unhappy and disreputable career, was, indeed, so unselfish and generous, as to be a remarkable exception to that almost universal rule which describes virtue and friendship as inseparable. Lloyd, while in jail, was supported by Churchill out of his slender means, and survived him but a few weeks. When the death of Churchill was communicated to him, he took to his bed, fell into a state of despondency, and soon died. The drama of their lives was not however yet finished. Miss Patty Churchill, who is said to have possessed much of her brother's sense, spirit, and genius, was betrothed to Lloyd, whom she soon followed to the grave.

The character of the writer is also that of his productions; they are distinguished by a graceful looseness, at times terse and energetic, and then slovenly and inaccurate. Occasionally he boasts of the indifference with which he regards life, and the troubles he inherits with it; and then exhibits the restlessness of a better spirit under the stings of self-reproach. His friend Wilkes describes him as content to scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welsh poney, and leaving the fury of the enraged steed, and the daring flights of the sacred mountain, to the sublimer genius of Churchill. His chief excellence was in dressing up an old thought in a "new, neat, and trim manner;" yet he has afforded abundant proof that he had fancy and vigour enough to justify higher efforts, had his mind been more wisely directed.

The poems he has left us are for the most part ephemeral; addressed to persons and referring to subjects which have ceased to interest us. He was, as we have said, either led by inclination, or compelled by circumstances, to care for no labour that did not produce an immediate recompense. The topics which engaged "the Town" were therefore those that suggested subjects for his pen. It is, however, to his honour that his rhymed compliments, of which he was sufficiently lavish, are addressed to such men as Garrick, Hogarth, Thornton, Colman, Churchill,—men worthy of praise,—and that few or none of them have been laid upon the shrine of wealth or title.



## LLOYD.

### THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,  
Now wishes for the rural shade,  
And buckles to his one-horse chair,  
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;  
While wedg'd in closely by his side,  
Sits madam, his unwieldy bride,  
With Jackey on a stool before 'em,  
And out they jog in due decorum.  
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,  
How all the country seems to smile!  
And as they slowly jog together,  
The cit commends the road and weather;

While madam doats upon the trees,  
And longs for every house she sees,  
Admires its views, its situation,  
And thus she opens her oration :—

“ What signify the loads of wealth,  
Without that richest jewel, health ?  
Excuse the fondness of a wife,  
Who doats upon your precious life !  
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,  
Is more than human strength can bear.  
One may observe it in your face—  
Indeed, my dear, you break apace ;  
And nothing can your health repair  
But exercise and country air.

Sir Traffic has a house, you know,  
About a mile from Cheney-row ;  
He's a good man, indeed 'tis true,  
But not so warm, my dear, as you ;  
And folks are always apt to sneer—  
One would not be out-done, my dear ! ”

Sir Traffic's name so well applied  
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride ;  
And Thrifty, who had all his life  
Paid utmost deference to his wife,  
Confess'd her arguments had reason,  
And, by th' approaching summer season,  
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,  
And purchases his country box.

Some three or four miles out of town,  
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)  
He fixes on his choice abode,  
Not half a furlong from the road :  
And so convenient does it lay,  
The stages pass it ev'ry day :  
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,  
To have a house so near the city !  
Take but your places at the Boar,  
You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,  
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,  
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,  
With all the fuss of moving over ;  
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred !  
And wanton in my lady's head.

Well to be sure, it must be own'd,  
 It is a charming spot of ground ;  
 So sweet a distance for a ride,  
 And all about so countrified !  
 'Twould come but to a trifling price  
 To make it quite a paradise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,  
 With Chinese artists, and designers,  
 Produce their schemes of alteration,  
 To work this wond'rous reformation.  
 The useful dome, which secret stood  
 Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,  
 The trav'ler with amazement sees  
 A temple, Gothic or Chinese,  
 With many a bell and tawdry rag on,  
 And crested with a sprawling dragon ;  
 A wooden arch is bent astride  
 A ditch of water, four feet wide,  
 With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,  
 From Halfpenny's exact designs.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now from Hyde-Park Corner come  
 The gods of Athens and of Rome.  
 Here squabby Cupids take their places  
 With Venus and the clumsy Graces ;  
 Apollo there, with aim so clever,  
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever ;  
 And there without the power to fly,  
 Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The Villa thus completely grac'd,  
 All own that Thrifty has a taste ;  
 And Madam's female friends and cousins,  
 With Common-council-men by dozens,  
 Flock every Sunday to the seat,  
 To stare about them, and to eat.



JAMES BEATTIE was born in 1735, in the parish of Lawrence-Kirk, Kincardineshire; where his father kept a small shop and rented a little farm. Having been educated at a parochial school, he obtained a bursary at the Marischal College, Aberdeen; and in 1753 was appointed schoolmaster of a parish near his native village, at the foot of the Grampian mountains; here he continued during four years, nursing, in his solitude, the thoughts that were to become the property of mankind. In 1758, he became usher in the grammar school of Aberdeen; and in 1760 published a volume of "Original Poems and Translations." At the age of 26, he obtained the chair of Moral Philosophy, in the Marischal College,—an appointment which he held for forty years. His "Essay on Truth," published in 1770, obtained a rapid and extensive popularity; soon afterwards appeared the first part of the "Minstrel;" the second part of which was not issued until 1774. Its merit was at once appreciated; it immediately raised the author into the first ranks of fame. Soon after its publication he paid a visit to London: his society was eagerly sought; the University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws; and the King having honoured the Poet with an audience, bestowed upon him a pension of 200*l.* a year. Thus distinguished, having realised his early dreams of glory,—having climbed "the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," esteemed by his friends, admired by all, and possessed of an "elegant competence," the author of the *Minstrel* was far from happy. The worm had long been gnawing at his heart. His home was one of entire sadness. His wife was afflicted with mental derangement; in 1790, he lost his eldest son, a young man of rare promise, who had been conjoined with him in the Professorship; in 1796, his only remaining son died; these successive shocks not only ruined his constitution, but affected his mind. He was released from life in 1803.

The character of Dr. Beattie is almost without a blemish; and it received ample justice from his contemporaries.

"The *Minstrel*" may be classed among the most popular of our English poems. Of all the works of Dr. Beattie it is unquestionably the best, whether we consider the plan or the execution: the language is extremely elegant; the versification harmonious; it exhibits the richest poetic imagery, with a delightful flow of the most sublime, delicate, and pathetic sentiments; it breathes the spirit of the purest virtue, the soundest philosophy, and the most exquisite taste. The praise of his friend and biographer, Sir William Forbes, has been echoed by critics less biased by personal affection; Gray lauded it with a warm and disinterested energy; it was stamped with the approval of all who in his own day sat in the seats of literary judgment; and posterity has sanctioned the verdict which gave to it immortality.

It is written in the Spenserian stanza, and is avowedly an attempt to imitate the author of the *Fairy Queen*, not only in the measure of his verse, but in the "harmony and simplicity, and variety of his composition." According to the author, "his design was to trace the progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a *Minstrel*." There is no question (indeed he admits as much) that in the character of Edwin he desired to picture his own early thoughts, impressions, and aspirations; and thus in describing his own, pictured those of all who are born poets—born, that is to say, with those talents and sensibilities which, with the assistance of even a very slight education, invariably find vent in poetry. Edwin is but one of that "certain cast" to which the writer refers—and those who can comprehend the poetic temperament will be at no loss to understand how it was that a boy "should take pleasure in darkness or a storm, in the noise of thunder or the glare of lightning; should be more gratified with listening to music at a distance than with mixing in the merriment occasioned by it." In the second part of the poem, the Poet still manifests a disposition to identify his hero with himself; takes him out of the school of nature and places him in his own—that of moral philosophy: and it is perhaps difficult to say how he would have succeeded if he had carried out his original design, by adding a third canto "introducing some foreign enemy as invading his country, in consequence of which the '*Minstrel*' was to employ himself in rousing his countrymen to arms."



### BEATTIE.

FROM THE MINSTREL.

WHEN the long-sounding curfew from afar  
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,  
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,  
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.  
There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale;  
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,  
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,  
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,  
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering aisles along.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,  
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,  
 To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,  
 Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;  
 And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep  
 A vision brought to his entranced sight.  
 And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep  
 Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,  
 With instantaneous gleam, illum'd the vault of night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch  
 Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;  
 And forth an host of little warriors march,  
 Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.  
 Their look was gentle, their demeanor bold,  
 And green their helms, and green their silk attire;  
 And here and there, right venerably old,  
 The long-rob'd minstrels wake the warbling wire,  
 And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,  
 A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;  
 The little warriors doff the targe and spear,  
 And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.  
 They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;  
 To right, to left, they thrud the flying maze;  
 Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance  
 Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays  
 Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

\* \* \* \* \*

But who the melodies of morn can tell?  
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;  
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;  
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried  
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide  
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;  
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;  
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,  
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;  
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;  
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!  
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;

Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;  
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;  
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;  
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,  
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!  
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!  
 O for the voice and fire of seraphim,  
 To sing thy glories with devotion due!  
 Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,  
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;  
 And held high converse with the godlike few,  
 Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,  
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence! ye, who snare and stupefy the mind,  
 Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!  
 Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,  
 Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,  
 And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!  
 Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime  
 First gave you form! Hence! lest the Muse should deign,  
 (Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme,)  
 With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,  
 Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!  
 Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,  
 Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.  
 O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,  
 Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide;  
 Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,  
 For well I know wherever ye reside,  
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,  
 As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,  
 Save when against the winter's drenching rain,  
 And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.  
 Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,  
 Her legends when the beldame 'gan impart,  
 Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,  
 Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;  
 Much he the tale admir'd, but more the tuneful art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale ;  
 And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd ;  
 Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,  
 And sing enamour'd of the nut-brown maid ;  
 The moonlight revel of the fairy glade ;  
 Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,  
 And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,  
 'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,  
 Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,  
 A gentler strain the beldame would rehearse,  
 A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,  
 The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.  
 O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce  
 That heart, by lust of lucre scar'd to stone ?  
 For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,  
 To latest times shall tender souls bemoan  
 Those hopeless orphan babes by thy fell arts undone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all  
 In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,  
 Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,  
 From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,  
 Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.  
 Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly,  
 To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refin'd,  
 Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy,  
 When with the charm compar'd of heavenly melancholy !

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?  
 Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn :  
 Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt  
 Of solitude and melancholy born ?  
 He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.  
 The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine ;  
 Mope o'er the schoolman's pceevish page ; or mourn,  
 And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine ;  
 Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd ;  
 Song was his favourite and first pursuit.

The wild harp rang to his advent'rous hand,  
 And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.  
 His infant Muse, though artless, was not mute :  
 Of elegance as yet he took no care ;  
 For this of time and culture is the fruit ;  
 And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare :  
 As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,  
 Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,  
 By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,  
 He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.  
 Whate'er of lore tradition could supply  
 From gothic tale, or song, or fable old,  
 Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.  
 At last, though long by penury controll'd,  
 And solitude, her soul his graces 'gan unfold,

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,  
 For many a long month lost in snow profound,  
 When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,  
 And in their northern cave the storms are bound ;  
 From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,  
 Torrents are hurl'd ; green hills emerge ; and lo,  
 The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd ;  
 Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go ;  
 And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.

Here pause, my gothic lyre, a little while ;  
 The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.  
 But on this verse if Montague should smile,  
 New strains ere long shall animate thy frame ;  
 And her applause to me is more than fame ;  
 For still with truth accords her taste refin'd.  
 At lucre or renown let others aim,  
 I only wish to please the gentle mind,  
 Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human kind.

JOHN LANGHORNE was born in 1735, at Kirkby-Stephen, in Westmoreland. His father was a clergyman, who died when the Poet was young, and left him and his brother to the care of their mother. He was educated at Appleby, and entered his name at Clare-Hall, Cambridge; but his circumstances probably precluded a residence at the University, and he never obtained any degree. His earlier years were occupied in discharging the duties of a private tutor, and as assistant at the free-school of Wakefield; but he succeeded in entering holy orders, obtained a curacy; and subsequently, in 1767, the Rectory of Blagdon, in Somersetshire, and a Prebend's stall of Wells. After the year 1764, he resided permanently in London, having been appointed to the curacy and lectureship of St. John's, Clerkenwell, and the preachernship of Lincoln's Inn; here he had the reputation of a popular preacher and of a most industrious writer—publishing sermons, translations, letters, memoirs, and poems, and contributing to some of the leading periodical works of the day. His translation of Plutarch's Lives is the best known of his prose works; in this he had the assistance of his brother.

In the year 1767 he became a country magistrate; and the opportunities afforded by his office he turned to account in his "Country Justice," the characters in which we may easily imagine to have been sketched from the life. The poem was published in three parts, at three different periods.

He died at Blagdon in 1779, having been twice married, and having lost both his wives in child-birth.

There are many evidences of the upright, liberal, and amiable character of Langhorne. As a magistrate he was active and useful. His mind, if not of the highest order, was richly and happily endowed. He was an accomplished scholar, an eloquent preacher, a sensible and agreeable writer of prose, and an elegant and graceful—if not a refined or vigorous—poet. There are few subjects capable of poetry which he has left untouched. Hymns, sonnets, odes, addresses to royalty, elegies, fables, pastorals, ballads, songs and translations:—to this long list of his productions we may add tragedy. He even dared to draw pen in defence of the Scotch when attacked by the keen weapon of Churchill.

The "Country Justice" is, perhaps, the most perfect and valuable of his poetical works. It records the simple annals of the poor—is full of humour and abounds in pathos—and there runs through it a rich vein of kindness that speaks strongly for the goodness of the Poet's heart. He commences by a retrospect of the lamentable state of freedom in England, dwells upon the value of the appointment of justices; then draws the character which a justice ought to bear, enumerates the reasons why he should lean to the side of mercy and make allowances for the errors of poor human nature. His apology for the vagrant is a delicious bit—

"The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears;"

and his appeals for protection of the poor are admirable.

His tale, "Owen of Carron," was the last of his works. It is founded upon the ancient and more pathetic ballad of "Gil Morrice," and records the story of a Highland maid, who gives her heart to one who is not chosen for her, and whose rival procures his assassination.

But, as we have intimated, it is rather sound practical sense, gentle and amiable thoughts, or the results of experience learnt with a kindly reading in the great school of the world—the actual and every day world—in the form of easy and agreeable verse, than the exercise of the high and enduring attributes of the poet, which have given fame to the name of Langhorne. He rarely warms into enthusiasm. "Tenderness," says one of his biographers, "seems to have been his peculiar characteristic;" but even this quality rarely assumes the winning and impressive influence that touches the heart.

The great defects of his poetry arise from the redundancy of ornament which he appeared to consider essential in producing a vivid impression upon the mind of his reader. He is rarely content to picture nature in her own plain but most attractive garb; and often fails in his attempts to lead votaries to her shrine by dressing her in tinsel and false jewels, the worthlessness of which is at once perceived.



LANGHORNE.

FROM THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

THE gipsy-race my pity rarely move ;  
Yet their strong thirst of liberty I love.

\* \* \* \* \*

For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves  
The tawny father with his offspring roves ;  
When summer suns lead slow the sultry day,  
In mossy caves, where welling waters play,  
Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid sky,  
With this in ragged luxury they lie.  
Oft at the sun the dusky elfins strain  
The sable eye, then snuggling, sleep again ;  
Oft as the dews of cooler evening fall,  
For their prophetic mother's mantle call.



Far other cares that wand'ring mother wait,  
 The mouth, and oft the minister of fate !  
 From her to hear, in ev'ning's friendly shade,  
 Of future fortune, flies the village-maid,  
 Draws her long-hoarded copper from its hold ;  
 And rusty halfpence purchase hopes of gold.

\* \* \* \* \*

Seest thou afar yon solitary thorn,  
 Whose aged limbs the heath's wild winds have torn ?  
 While yet to cheer the homeward shepherd's eye,  
 A few seen straggling in the evening sky !  
 Not many suns have hasten'd down the day,  
 Or blushing moons immers'd in clouds their way,  
 Since there, a scene that stain'd their sacred light,  
 With horror stopp'd a felon in his flight ;  
 A babe just born that signs of life exprest,  
 Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeless breast.  
 The pitying robber, conscious that, pursu'd,  
 He had no time to waste, yet stood and view'd ;  
 To the next cot the trembling infant bore,  
 And gave a part of what he stole before ;  
 Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear,  
 He felt as man, and dropp'd a human tear.

Far other treatment she who breathless lay,  
 Found from a viler animal of prey.

Worn with long toil on many a painful road,  
 That toil increas'd by nature's growing load,  
 When evening brought the friendly hour of rest,  
 And all the mother throng'd about her breast,  
 The ruffian officer oppos'd her stay,  
 And, cruel, bore her in her pangs away,  
 So far beyond the town's last limits drove,  
 That to return were hopeless had she strove.  
 Abandon'd there—with famine, pain and cold,  
 And anguish, she expir'd—the rest I've told.

“ Now let me swear—for by my soul's last sigh,  
 That thief shall live, that overseer shall die.”

Too late!—his life the generous robber paid,  
 Lost by that pity which his steps delay'd !  
 No soul-discerning Mansfield sat to hear,  
 No Hertford bore his prayer to mercy's ear ;  
 No liberal justice first assign'd the jail,  
 Or urg'd, as Camplin would have urg'd, his tale..

The living object of thy honest rage,  
 Old in parochial crimes, and steel'd with age,  
 The grave churchwarden !—unabash'd he bears  
 Weekly to church his book of wicked prayers ;  
 And pours, with all the blasphemy of praise,  
 His creeping soul in Sternhold's creeping lays !

\* \* \* \*

ODE TO THE RIVER EDEN.

BEAUTIFUL Eden ! parent stream,  
 Yet shall the maids of memory say,  
 (When, led by fancy's fairy dream,  
 My young steps trac'd thy winding way)  
 How oft along thy mazy shore,  
 That many a gloomy alder bore,  
 In pensive thought their poet stray'd ;  
 Or, careless thrown thy bank beside,  
 Beheld thy dimly waters glide,  
 Bright through the trembling shade.

Yet shall they paint those scenes again,  
 Where once with infant joy he play'd,  
 And bending o'er thy liquid plain,  
 The azure worlds below survey'd :  
 Led by the rosy-handed hours,  
 When time tripp'd o'er yon bank of flowers,  
 Which in thy crystal bosom smil'd ;  
 Though old the god, yet light and gay,  
 He flung his glass and scythe away,  
 And seem'd himself a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near  
 Would whisper to thy murmurs free ;  
 Yet rustling seems to soothe mine ear,  
 And trembles when I sigh for thee.  
 Yet seated on thy shelving brim,  
 Can fancy see the naiads trim  
 Burnish their green locks in the sun ;  
 Or at the last lone hour of day,  
 To chace the lightly glancing fay,  
 In airy circles run.

But, Fancy, can thy mimic power  
 Again those happy moments bring?  
 Canst thou restore that golden hour,  
 When young Joy wav'd his laughing wing?  
 When first in Eden's rosy vale,  
 My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,  
 The vow sincere, devoid of guile!  
 While Delia in her panting breast,  
 With sighs the tender thought suppress,  
 And look'd as angels smile.

O goddess of the crystal bow,  
 That dwell'st the golden meads among;  
 Whose streams still fair in memory flow,  
 Whose murmurs melodise my song!  
 Oh! yet those gleams of joy display,  
 Which brightening glow'd in fancy's ray,  
 When near the lucid urn reclin'd,  
 The dryad, Nature, bar'd her breast,  
 And left, in naked charms imprest,  
 Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of memory fair  
 No more in golden visions play;  
 No friendship smooths the brow of care,  
 No Delia's smile approves my lay.  
 Yet, love and friendship lost to me,  
 'Tis yet some joy to think of thee,  
 And in thy breast this moral find—  
 That life, though stain'd with sorrow's showers,  
 Shall flow serene, while virtue pours  
 Her sunshine on the mind.

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INSCRIPTION ON A STUDY DOOR.

O THOU that shalt presume to tread  
 This mansion of the mighty dead,  
 Come with the free, untainted mind;  
 The nurse, the pedant leave behind;  
 And all that superstition, fraught  
 With folly's lore, thy youth has taught—  
 Each thought that reason can't retain—  
 Leave it, and learn to think again.

Yet, while thy studious eyes explore,  
 And range these various volumes o'er,  
 Trust blindly to no fav'rite pen,  
 Remembering authors are but men.  
 Has fair Philosophy thy love?  
 Away! she lives in yonder grove.  
 If the sweet Muse thy pleasure gives,  
 With her, in yonder grove, she lives:  
 And if Religion claims thy care,  
 Religion, fled from books, is there.  
 For first from nature's works we drew  
 Our knowledge, and our virtue too.

## TO A RED-BREAST.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,  
 Welcome to my humble shed!  
 Courtly domes of high degree  
 Have no room for thee and me;  
 Pride and pleasure's fickle throng  
 Nothing mind an idle song.  
 Daily near my table steal,  
 While I pick my scanty meal.  
 Doubt not, little though there be,  
 But I'll cast a crumb to thee;  
 Well rewarded, if I spy  
 Pleasure in thy glancing eye:  
 See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,  
 Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.  
 Come, my feather'd friend, again,  
 Well thou know'st the broken pane.  
 Ask of me thy daily store:  
 Go not near Avaro's door;  
 Once within his iron hall,  
 Woful end shall thee befall.  
 Savage!—He would soon divest  
 Of its rosy plumes thy breast;  
 Then, with solitary joy,  
 Eat thee, bones and all, my boy!

WILLIAM HAYLEY was born at Chichester, Sussex, in 1745. He was educated at Eton. In 1763, he entered at Trinity Hall, Cambridge; and, three years afterwards, placed his name on the books of the Middle Temple, but without any serious intention of studying the law. Soon after his birth he lost his father; but his excellent mother devoted the whole of her energies to forward his interests in life. Under her judicious management his small paternal estate at Earham, near his birth-place, became sufficient to secure an "elegant competence;" she took especial care that the soundest education should be placed within his reach; and she fostered that love of poetry and desire for literary distinction which secured to him a prominent station among the writers of his country.

His first publication of any importance was "A Poetical Epistle to an eminent Painter"—Romney: this appeared in 1778. Two years afterwards he published his "Essay on History." In 1781 he issued his "Triumphs of Temper;" and, in 1783, his "Essay on Epic Poetry." The Essay on Painting, the Triumphs of Music, and the Essay on Sculpture, with a few meagre Miscellanies, and his "Plays," make up the list of his poetical productions. He died at Felpham, Sussex, in 1820.

Hayley began his career with the loftiest notions of the fame he was destined to achieve. As the Drama appeared the readiest mode of obtaining popularity, he resolved on commencing as a dramatic writer—contenting himself with the prospect of producing "two plays every year," and with receiving an annual "thousand pounds," in addition to the celebrity they would procure for him. He wrote therefore several dramatic pieces; but altogether failed in realizing either of the two objects by which he was stimulated to exertion. His poetical "Essays" "on Painting," "on History," and "on Epic Poetry," however, were more successful—they were praised in terms glowing enough to have turned a steadier brain. It was said of him that he had "the fire and the invention of Dryden, the wit and ease of Prior, and that if his versification was a degree less polished than Pope, it was more various." We look in vain through these "Essays" for something that may seem to justify compliments so exaggerated as to appear satire in disguise; and with the exception of a few passages, we find them dull, tedious, and prosaic. The publication of "the most fanciful and the most fortunate of his works," at once established Hayley as the most popular of living poets. On the death of Warton the Laureateship was "graciously offered" to him, and "as graciously declined." His society was eagerly sought by all the leading men of his time; he received compliments from historians and philosophers, as well as poets; and, for a long period, was hailed as "chiefest" of the age. The mind of Hayley was not of a high order; and it is therefore scarcely to be wondered at that he became a spoiled and pampered man—spoiled by the world, which so vastly overrated his powers. The fame that is not built on a firm foundation, falls rapidly to decay; a few years after he had soared to the meridian, saw him on the decline. He who had been estimated far too highly, was shortly to be depreciated much lower than his real value. When describing the fame of Hume as "a waxen fabric," he characterised his own. "The Triumphs of Temper" is now the only one of his productions of which even the title is remembered; and although scarcely meriting the sweeping condemnation of Byron, as—

—— "For ever feeble, and for ever tame,"

the reader of it will be surprised rather at the popularity it obtained than at the neglect it has experienced. His motive in composing this work, he has himself explained. "His observation," he said, "of the various effects of *SPLEEN* on the female character, induced him to believe that he might render essential service to social life, if his poetry could induce his young and fair readers to cultivate the gentle qualities of the heart, and maintain a constant flow of good humour." And he adds, that the production owed its existence to an incident which actually occurred. The hint of the poem was avowedly taken from the Rape of the Lock; it is made up of similar machinery, and similar spirits are chosen, as guardians, to watch over and guide the destiny of the "lovely, engaging, and accomplished" Serena, the heroine, who is conducted through various perils, into the happy home of a youth, chosen by herself, her sire, and the deities who ruled her fate.



# HAYLEY.

FROM AN ESSAY ON PAINTING.

ART with no common gifts her Gainsborough grac'd,  
 Two different pencils in his hand she plac'd ;  
 This shall command, she said, with certain aim,  
 A perfect semblance of the human frame ;  
 This, lightly sporting on the village green,  
 Paint the wild beauties of the rural scene.

\* \* \* \*

Oh ! let the Sisters, who, with friendly aid,  
 The Grecian lyre, and Grecian pencil sway'd,  
 Who join'd their rival powers with fond delight,  
 To grace each other with reflected light,  
 Let them in Britain thus united reign,  
 And double lustre from that union gain !

\* \* \* \*



## FROM AN ESSAY ON EPIC POETRY.

For me, who feel, whenc'er I touch the lyre,  
My talents sink below my proud desire ;  
Who often doubt, and sometimes credit give,  
When friends assure me that my verse will live ;  
Whom health too tender for the bustling throng  
Led into pensive shade and soothing song ;  
Whatever fortune my unpolish'd rhymes  
May meet, in present or in future times,  
Let the blest art my grateful thoughts employ,  
Which soothes my sorrow and augments my joy ;  
Whence lonely peace and social pleasure springs,  
And friendship dearer than the smile of kings !  
While keener poets, querulously proud,  
Lament the ills of poesy aloud,  
And magnify, with irritation's zeal,  
Those common evils we too strongly feel,  
The envious comment and the subtle style  
Of specious slander, stabbing with a smile ;  
Frankly I wish to make her blessings known,  
And think those blessings for her ills atone :  
Nor would my honest pride that praise forego,  
Which makes malignity yet more my foe.

If heartfelt pain e'er led me to accuse  
The dangerous gift of the alluring Muse,  
'Twas in the moment when my verse imprest  
Some anxious feelings on a mother's breast.

O thou fond Spirit, who with pride hast smil'd,  
And frown'd with fear on thy poetiç child,  
Pleas'd, yet alarm'd, when in his boyish time  
He sigh'd in numbers, or he laugh'd in rhyme ;  
While thy kind cautions warn'd him to beware  
Of penury, the bard's perpetual snare ;  
Marking the early temper of his soul,  
Careless of wealth, nor fit for base control :  
Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more  
Than ever child to parent ow'd before,  
In life's first season, when the fever's flame  
Shrunk to deformity his shrivell'd frame,  
And turn'd each fairer image in his brain  
To blank confusion and her crazy train,

'Twas thine, with constant love, through ling'ring years,  
 To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears;  
 Day after day, and night succeeding night,  
 To turn incessant to the hideous sight,  
 And frequent watch, if haply at thy view  
 Departed reason might not dawn anew.  
 Though medicinal art, with pitying care,  
 Could lend no aid to save thee from despair,  
 Thy fond maternal heart adher'd to hope and prayer:  
 Nor pray'd in vain; thy child from powers above  
 Receiv'd the sense to feel and bless thy love;  
 O might he thence receive the happy skill,  
 And force proportion'd to his ardent will,  
 With Truth's unfading radiance to emblaze  
 Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise!

Nature, who deck'd thy form with Beauty's flowers,  
 Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers;  
 Taught it with all her energy to feel  
 Love's melting softness, Friendship's fervid zeal,  
 The generous purpose and the active thought,  
 With Charity's diffusive spirit fraught;  
 There all the best of mental gifts she plac'd,  
 Vigour of judgment, purity of taste,  
 Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,  
 Kindness to earth, and confidence in heaven.

While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,  
 Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul;  
 Nor will the public with harsh rigour blame  
 This my just homage to thy honour'd name;  
 To please that public, if to please be mine,  
 Thy virtues train'd me—let the praise be thine.

Since thou hast reach'd that world where love alone,  
 Where love parental can exceed thy own;  
 If in celestial realms the blest may know  
 And aid the objects of their care below,  
 While in this sublunary scene of strife  
 Thy son possesses frail and feverish life,  
 If heaven allot him many an added hour,  
 Gild it with virtuous thought and mental power,  
 Power to exalt, with every aim refin'd,  
 The loveliest of the arts that bless mankind!

\* \* \* \* \*



## FROM THE TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

WHY art thou fled, O blest poetic time,  
 When fancy wrought the miracles of rhyme ;  
 When, darting from her star-encircled throne,  
 Her poet's eye commanded worlds unknown ;  
 When, by her fiat made a mimic god,  
 He saw existence waiting on his nod,  
 And at his pleasure into being brought  
 New shadowy hosts, the vassals of his thought,  
 In joy's gay garb, in terror's dread array,  
 Darker than night, and brighter than the day ;  
 Who, at his bidding, through the wilds of air,  
 Rais'd willing mortals far from earthly care,  
 And led them wandering through his wide domain,  
 Beyond the bounds of nature's narrow reign ;  
 While their rapt spirits, in the various flight,  
 Shook with successive thrills of new delight ?  
 Return, sweet season, grac'd with fiction's flowers,  
 Let not cold system cramp thy genial powers !  
 Shall mild morality in garb uncouth,  
 The housewife garb of plain and homely truth,  
 Robb'd by stern method of her rosy crown,  
 Chill her faint votaries by a wintry frown ?  
 No ; thou sweet friend of man, as suits thee best,  
 Shine forth in fable's rich-embroider'd vest !  
 O make my verse thy vehicle, thy arms,  
 To spread o'er social life thy potent charms !  
 And thou, Sophrosyne, mysterious sprite !  
 If haply I may trace thy steps aright,  
 Roving through paths untrod by mortal feet,  
 To paint for human eyes thy heavenly seat,  
 Shed on my soul some portion of that power,  
 Which sav'd Serena in the trying hour,  
 To bear those trials, which, however hard,  
 As bards all tell us, may befall the bard ;  
 The fop's pert jest, the critic's frown severe,  
 Learning's proud cant, with envy's artful sneer,  
 And, the vext poet's last and worst disgrace,  
 His cold blank bookseller's rhyme-freezing face.  
 Hence ! ye dark omens, that to Spleen belong,  
 Ye shall not check the current of my song,

While Beauty's lovely race, for whom I sing,  
Fire my warm hand to strike the ready string.

As quiet now her lightest mantle laid  
O'er the still senses of the sleeping maid,  
Her nightly visitant, her faithful guide,  
Descends in all her empyrean pride;  
That fairy shape no more she deigns to wear,  
Whose light foot smooths the furrow plough'd by care  
In mortal faces, while her tiny spear  
Gives a kind tingle to the caution'd ear.

Now, in her nobler shape, of heavenly size,  
She strikes her votary's soul with new surprise.  
Jove's favourite daughter, arm'd in all his powers,  
Appear'd less brilliant to th' attending hours,  
When, on the golden car of Juno rais'd,  
In heavenly pomp the queen of battles blaz'd.  
With all her lustre, but without the dread  
Which from her arm the frowning Gorgon shed,  
Sophrosyne descends, with guardian love,  
To waft her gentle ward to worlds above.

From her fair brow a radiant diadem  
Rose in twelve stars, and every separate gem  
Shot magic rays, of virtue to control  
Some passion hostile to the human soul.

Round her sweet form a robe of æther flow'd,  
And in a wondrous car the smiling spirit rode;  
Firm as pure ivory, it charm'd the sight  
With finer polish and a softer white.

The hand of beauty, with an easy swell,  
Scoop'd the free concave like a bending shell;  
And on its rich exterior, art display'd  
The triumphs of the power the car convey'd.

Here, in celestial tints, surpassing life,  
Sate lovely gentleness, disarming strife;  
There, young affection, born of tender thought,  
In rosy chains the fiercer passions caught:  
Ambition, with his sceptre snapt in twain,  
And avarice, scorning what his chests contain.  
Round the tame vulture flies the fearless dove;  
Soft innocence embraces playful love;  
And laughing sport, the frolic child of air,  
Buries in flowers the sinking form of care.

\* \* \* \* \*

WILLIAM JONES was born in London in 1746. His father, a native of Anglesey, was an eminent mathematician, and distinguished by the esteem of Newton and Halley; he died in 1749, and left the future care of the education of the son to his mother, a woman in every way qualified to discharge so arduous a duty. She lived to see her labours amply repaid: he became as distinguished for virtues as for learning. When but seven years old he was sent to Harrow school; even then, such was the rare promise of his childhood, that his master is said to have described him as "a boy of so active a mind, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would find the way to fame and riches." He found the way to both.

In 1764 he was entered at University College, Oxford, and two years afterwards obtained a Fellowship. From this period until 1783, when he was appointed one of the judges of the supreme court of judicature at Calcutta, he was continually occupied in pursuing knowledge through paths the most difficult, and where it could then have been sought only by men of large genius as well as active industry. In college he became master of all the usual scholastic acquirements, and commenced the study of Oriental Literature, in which he subsequently so much excelled. He succeeded in acquiring a thorough knowledge of eight languages; studied attentively, and made considerable progress, in eight more; and obtained some acquaintance with twelve others. His learning was not like the sand which "receives the shower" and yields nothing in return. He published a *Treatise on Oriental Poetry*, and other works on the languages of the East; composed a tragedy, and employed himself in "decyphering Chinese;" translated "the Greek Orations of Isæus, in cases relating to succession to doubtful property;" published a French letter to a French traveller, who had spoken disrespectfully of the University of Oxford; commenced a *History of Turkey*, and sketched the plan of an epic poem; translated into French, from an Eastern MSS., the Life of Nadir Shah; wrote in Latin "*Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry*;" and produced an *Essay on the "Law of Bailments*;" and in the midst of these weightier studies, learned music, dancing, fencing, riding; became a skilful chess player; travelled on the continent; wrote several elegant poems;—in fact, so labouring, and with so much success, as to realize our notions of "the admirable Crichton;" for his mind was elegant as well as vigorous; and the variety of its application appears little short of a miracle.

In 1774 he was called to the bar; but his desires turned towards India. His appointment to office in that country was the consummation of long and fondly-cherished hopes. It secured to him that advantage, without which taste is an affliction and genius a curse—Independence. It afforded opportunities of completing the vast works he had commenced, and of searching among the rich but neglected stores of another world; it was in fact giving reality to that which had been, comparatively, but a gorgeous dream.

In December, 1783, he entered on his judicial functions at Calcutta. From this period, to his death, he continued to labour with astonishing industry. In 1794 he was attacked with inflammation of the liver, of which he unhappily died, in the April of that year. His country has recorded his name as one of the "worthies" to whom she is indebted for equal honour and advantage.

The poetry of Sir William Jones is, as we have intimated, the produce of leisure hours rather than the results of any serious purpose. He had the praise of "adorning every thing he touched;" the driest topics he rendered elegant and attractive; and when he turned his thoughts to subjects more capable of embellishment, he could scarcely have failed in "clothing them with beauty." As a poet, however, he cannot be described as great. His poems are, for the most part, translations, or paraphrases of ideas formed elsewhere. His original productions fill but a few pages. His mind appears to have been so deeply imbued with Oriental lore, and so fervent was his admiration of the mysteries of Brahminical idolatry, that he imagined he might create interest for subjects which never could excite sympathy; the allegories he borrowed from the East appear only absurd to the English reader; and the gorgeous drapery in which the Indian deities are arrayed, seem ungraceful and unnatural. Except, therefore, "The Persian Song to Hafiz," and one or two of less importance, the poems of Sir William Jones are forgotten.



JONES.

SONG OF HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight ;  
And, bid these arms thy neck infold ;  
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,  
Would give thy poet more delight  
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,  
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy ! let yon liquid ruby flow,  
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,  
Whate'er the frowning zealots say :—  
Tell them their Eden cannot show  
A stream so clear as Rocrabad,  
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.



O ! when these fair, perfidious maids,  
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,  
Their dear destructive charms display ;—  
Each glance my tender breast invades,  
And robs my wounded soul of rest ;  
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow ;  
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,  
New lustre to those charms impart ?  
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,  
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,  
Require the borrow'd gloss of art ?

Speak not of fate :—ah ! change the theme,  
And talk of odours, talk of wine,  
Talk of the flow'rs that round us bloom :—  
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream :  
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,  
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,  
That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame  
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy ;  
For her how fatal was the hour,  
When to the banks of Nilus came  
A youth so lovely and so coy !

But ah, sweet maid ! my counsel hear,—  
(Youth should attend when those advise  
Whom long experience render sage,)  
While music charms the ravish'd ear ;  
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,  
Be gay ; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard !  
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still :  
Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?  
Yet say, how fell that bitter word  
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,  
Which naught but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,  
Whose accents flow with artless ease,

Like orient pearls at random strung :  
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;  
But O ! far sweeter, if they please  
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

## SONG.

SWEET as the rose that scents the gale,  
Bright as the lily of the vale,  
Yet with a heart like summer hail,  
Marring each beauty thou bearest.

Beauty like thine, all nature thrills ;  
And when the moon her circle fills,  
Pale she beholds those rounder hills,  
Which on the breast thou wearest.

Where could those peerless flow'rets blow ?  
Whence are the thorns that near them grow ?  
Wound me, but smile, O lovely foe,  
Smile on the heart thou tearest.

Sighing, I view that cypress waist,  
Doom'd to afflict me till embrac'd ;  
Sighing, I view that eye too chaste,  
Like the new blossom smiling.

Spreading thy toils with hands divine,  
Softly thou wavest like a pine,  
Darting thy shafts at hearts like mine,  
Senses and soul beguiling.

See at thy feet no vulgar slave,  
Frantic, with love's enchanting wave,  
Thee, ere he seek the gloomy grave,  
Thee, his blest idol styling.

JOHN LOGAN, the son of a Scottish farmer, was born in the parish of Pala, Mid Lothian, in 1748. He was educated for the Church, at the University of Edinburgh, and was appointed one of the ministers of South Leith, in 1773, having already obtained some reputation as a poet, and by his edition of the works of his friend and contemporary, Michael Bruce. In 1779 he delivered a series of lectures on the Philosophy of History; their merit was considered sufficient to justify him in becoming a candidate for the Professorship of Universal History, in the University; but the attempt unhappily failed. In 1781 he collected and published his poems; their success was such as to encourage him to attempt the production of a tragedy; he selected for his subject the Charter of Runnymede, and it was accepted at Covent Garden. The Lord Chamberlain, however, thought fit to prohibit the performance, under a groundless pretence that the Barons of King John were made to speak too freely of wrongs that still continued unredressed. Moreover, his parishioners took offence at his unclerical connexion with the stage. He resigned his charge and flung himself into the great vortex, London.

In London, he adopted literature as a profession; existed, in exceeding wretchedness, during three years; and died in December, 1788. "He perished," says Mr. D'Israeli, in his *Calamities of Authors*, "not of penury, but a broken heart." He had been disappointed in his hopes of fame; his ambition had led to naught; and he had become a prey to that melancholy which so frequently visits, in its severest form, those who are least fitted to contend against it. "Logan," observes the writer we have quoted, "had the disposition of a poetic spirit not cast in a common mould; with fancy he combined philosophy, and adorned philosophy with eloquence; while no student had formed a loftier feeling of the character of a man of letters."—He found that his favourite objects and his fondest hopes were barren and neglected; after the failure of his schemes of literary ambition, his periods of depression became more frequent and less under his control, and he was unhappily led to obtain temporary relief by resorting to the bottle:—

"And what was difficult, and what was dire,  
Yields to your prowess and superior stars;  
The happiest you of all that ere were mad,  
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last."

The claims of Logan to be admitted among the acknowledged poets of Great Britain are by no means large, if they are estimated only by the number of his productions. It is, indeed, surprising that the encouragement his earlier efforts received did not lead to some of higher aim and more enduring character. A dozen miscellaneous poems—a few hymns, written with a view to amend the psalmody of the Scottish Church—his tragedy of "Runnymede," a work of no very sterling merit—and a collection of unfinished fragments—comprise the list of his contributions to our store of national wealth. Among his poems, however, there are some of exceeding beauty; they are characterized by strength, vigour in conception, and elegance of diction; frequently indeed he compresses his ideas so as to give a volume in a sentence, and startles the reader by the immensity of thought that follows in its train. The few subjects upon which he occupied his pen are well chosen; and whatever fault the Scottish Presbyters could find with the eccentricity of his conduct, they could urge none against the moral of his writings—they are worthy of the purest divine that ever undertook the sacred office.

His "Ode to the Cuckoo" is one of the sweetest poems in the language. Logan has been charged with having stolen this composition from the posthumous manuscripts of Bruce, the collecting and editing of which were committed to his care. His claim to it, however, is not only supported by internal evidence, but the charge was never advanced against him while he was alive to repel it. Among his other poems may be named the Odes to Spring, to Women, and to Men of Letters, and his pathetic ballad of "The Braes of Yarrow." His "Hymns" were failures, like all attempts to convert into rhyme the noble language of the Psalmist. To say that he has succeeded better than others have done, is saying very little. Those who are familiar with the original can never be satisfied with a copy.



LOGAN.

THE PRAES OF YARROW.

“ THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream !  
When first on them I met my lover ;  
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !  
When now thy waves his body cover !  
For ever now, O Yarrow stream !  
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;  
For never on thy banks shall I  
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow !

“ He promised me a milk-white steed,  
To bear me to his father's bowers ;  
He promised me a little page,  
To 'squire me to his father's towers :

L L



He promised me a wedding ring,—  
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—  
Now he is wedded to his grave,  
Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow!

“ Sweet were his words when last we met;  
My passion I as freely told him!  
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
That I should never more behold him!  
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;  
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;  
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,  
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

“ His mother from the window look'd,  
With all the longing of a mother;  
His little sister weeping walk'd  
The green-wood path to meet her brother:  
They sought him east, they sought him west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough;  
They only saw the cloud of night,  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

“ No longer from thy window look,  
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!  
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!  
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!  
No longer seek him east or west,  
And search no more the forest thorough;  
For, wandering in the night so dark,  
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

“ The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
No other youth shall be my marrow;  
I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.”  
The tear did never leave her cheek,  
No other youth became her marrow;  
She found his body in the stream,  
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

## ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !  
Thou messenger of Spring !  
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear ;  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood  
To pull the primrose gay,  
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom  
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear ;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !  
We'd make, with joyful wing,  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Companions of the Spring.

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LADY ANNE LINDSAY, the eldest daughter of James Earl of Balcarrais, was born on the 8th of December, 1750. In 1793 she married Sir Andrew Barnard, librarian to George the Third, and the person to whom Dr. Johnson addressed his celebrated Letter on the formation of a Library. Sir Andrew died 27th of October, 1807, and his Lady, on the 8th of May, 1825, without leaving any issue.

Her celebrated song, "Auld Robin Gray," was written about the year 1772. Its origin is simply this.—Lady Anne Lindsay was, to use her own expression, "passionately fond" of an ancient Scottish melody, called "The bridegroom gait when the sun gaed down." This air was sung to her by an aged person at Balcarrais, with the old and rather free-spoken words. Her sister Margaret had just married, and left Balcarrais with her husband for London: she was melancholy on this occasion, and endeavoured to amuse herself by attempting a few poetical trifles. "I longed to sing old Sophy's air," Lady Barnard writes to Sir W. Scott, July 1823, "to different words, and give its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it." To do this, Lady Anne imagined a heroine, oppressed her with many misfortunes, sent her Jamie to sea, broke her father's axe, made her mother fall sick, and gave her "Auld Robin Gray" (the name of a *hard* at Balcarrais) for a lover. She wished then to load her (poor thing) with a fifth sorrow; and while attempting to effect this in her closet, she called on her little sister, afterwards Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near her, to help her to another misfortune. "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little girl; and Lady Anne immediately killed the cow, and completed her song. "Auld Robin Gray" became immediately popular. At the bedside of Balcarrais, and amongst the neighbouring peasantry, the song was always called for. "I was pleased in secret," says Lady Barnard, "with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing any thing, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret." The song now wanted the name of an author; the words were an air of antiquity. Robin Gray was soon, therefore, attributed to David Rizzio, the unfortunate minstrel of Mary Queen of Scots, and as such was considered as a great curiosity. Soon, however, this notion was thrown aside; and some inquisitive person boldly offered in the public newspapers a reward of twenty guineas to any person who would ascertain the authorship past a doubt. "I was persecuted," writes Lady Barnard, "to avow whether I had written it or not, or say where I had got it." In the mean time, an ambassador from the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, in the person of Mr. Jerminham, their Secretary, paid her a visit, and endeavoured to entrap the truth from her in a way she "took amiss." Nothing was gained from this visit:—"had he asked the question obligingly," Lady Barnard writes, "I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially." In July 1823, however, Lady Barnard acknowledged the authorship in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, and sent him two continuations of the song, which she had written long after the song itself. In these, Auld Robin Gray falls sick, confessing that he stole the cow in order to force Jenny to marry him, and dying, leaves what he has to the young couple, who are, of course, immediately united. One of these "Continuations" we have given.

The ballad, with the continuations, and the letter acknowledging the authorship, were privately printed by Sir Walter Scott, as a contribution to the Bannatyne Club.

Sir Walter added to the ballad the following verse; in which it will be perceived he has borrowed an idea from the Continuation:—

"Nae langer she wept, her tears were a' spent,  
Despair it was come, and she thought it content;  
She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,  
And she droop'd like a lily broke down by the hail."

Such is the interesting history of one of the most pathetic and affecting compositions that has ever been penned. It is a most perfect picture; the characters of the sad drama—for such it is—seem actually before us as we read: it would be difficult to peruse it without the interruptions of sobs and tears; and perhaps it may be taken as the most entire triumph of simple poetry which the English language presents.



## BARNARD.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,  
When a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane;  
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,  
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride  
But saving ae crown piece, he'd naething else beside.  
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;  
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,  
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;  
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—  
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin;  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,  
 Said, "Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me!"

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;  
 But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:  
 His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?  
 Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is me!

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,  
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;  
 They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;  
 And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,  
 When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,  
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,  
 Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';  
 Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa.  
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
 For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;  
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.  
 But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
 For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me.

## THE CONTINUATION.

THE wintry days grew lang, my tears they were a' spent;  
 May be it was despair I fancied was content.  
 They said my cheek was wan; I cou'd na look to see—  
 For, oh! the wee bit glass, my Jamie gaed it me.

My father he was sad, my mother dull and wae;  
 But that which griev'd me maist, it was Auld Robin Gray;  
 Though ne'er a word he said, his cheek said mair than a',  
 It wasted like a brae o'er which the torrents fa'.

He gaed into his bed—nae physic wad he take;  
 And oft he moan'd and said, "It's better, for her sake."  
 At length he look'd upon me, and call'd me his "ain dear,"  
 And beckon'd round the neighbours, as if his hour drew near.

"I've wrong'd her sair," he said, "but ken't the truth o'er late;  
It's grief for that alone that hastens now my date;  
But a' is for the best, since death will shortly free  
A young and faithful heart that was ill match'd wi' me.

"I loo'd, and sought to win her for mony a lang day;  
I had her parents' favour, but still she said me nay;  
I knew na Jamie's luvie; and oh! it's sair to tell—  
To force her to be mine, I steal'd her cow mysel!

"O what cared I for Crummie! I thought of nought but thee,  
I thought it was the cow stood 'twixt my luvie and me.  
While she maintain'd ye a', was you not heard to say,  
That you would never marry wi' Auld Robin Gray?

"But sickness in the house, and hunger at the door,  
My bairn gied me her hand, although her heart was sore.  
I saw her heart was sore—why did I take her hand?  
That was a sinfu' deed! to blast a bonnie land.

"It was na very lang ere a' did come to light;  
For Jamie he came back, and Jenny's cheek grew white.  
My spouse's cheek grew white, but true she was to me;  
Jenny! I saw it a'—and oh, I'm glad to dee!

"Is Jamie come?" he said; and Jamie by us stood—  
"Ye loo each other weel—oh, let me do some good!  
I gie you a', young man—my houses, cattle, kine,  
And the dear wife hersel, that ne'er should hae been mine."

We kiss'd his clay-cold hands—a smile came o'er his face;  
"He's pardon'd," Jamie said, "before the throne o' grace.  
Oh, Jenny! see that smile—forgi'en I'm sure is he,  
Wha could withstand temptation when hoping to win thee?"

The days at first were dowie; but what was sad and sair,  
While tears were in my ee, I kent mysel nae mair;  
For, oh! my heart was light as ony bird that flew,  
And, wae as a' thing was, it had a kindly hue.

But sweeter shines the sun than e'er he shone before,  
For now I'm Jamie's wife, and what need I say more?  
We hae a wee bit bairn—the auld folks by the fire—  
And Jamie, oh! he loo's me up to my heart's desire.

THOMAS CHATTERTON, the posthumous son of the master of a free school in Bristol, was born in that city, on the 20th of November, 1752. He left the Bristol charity school in 1767, and was bound apprentice to a Mr. Lambert, a scrivener. His occupation here was laborious and servile, and he slept with his master's foot-boy. One by one, during the year 1768, and under circumstances which our space will not permit us even to advert to, he produced what he called the original manuscripts of the poems of Thomas Rowley. Gentlemen of Bristol afterwards beset him for participation in his fancied stores, flattered him for what they got, and left him only the more miserable for their flatteries. Mr. Lambert's friends were his friends, but he still slept with Mr. Lambert's foot-boy. In a desperate effort to escape such drudgery he made that remarkable application to Horace Walpole, which was defeated by his own pride, and the too late regretted coldness of Walpole. The taint of insanity which he appears to have inherited from his father now showed itself in an attempt he made upon his life, and Mr. Lambert dismissed him. Free at last, he turned his thoughts with impetuous hope to London.

The rest of Chatterton's melancholy story is told in the letters he afterwards wrote to his mother and sister. Within four short months his London career began and closed, yet it witnessed all the most fitful extremes of hope and despair. In the hectic gale with which he struggles to conceal the latter feeling from his poor friends, and in the buoyant certainty of greatness to which he shows himself lifted by the most trifling success, his letters are models of the profoundest pathos. The "seething brains and shaping fantasies, which apprehend more than cooler reason can," were indeed Chatterton's; but these, we cannot help thinking, included also in his case qualities which redeem his short and unhappy life from the more ordinary class of literary miseries. His pride and his honour never deserted him. He did not die after descending to make his talents instruments of evil to others, or of disgrace to himself. Panting and jaded as he was, and pursued to the extremest verge by the dogs of hunger and necessity, literature still remained a refreshment and a hope to him, when madness suddenly terminated all. His poison draught is not to be compared to Boyse's blanket, or to the prison of Savage, or even to the loaf of the starving Otway. The last letter he wrote to his sister, a fortnight before his death, had honest pride and hope in it. He would not "humble" himself, he said, for any fortune. "I must be among the great." He had now removed from his lodgings in Shoreditch to Mrs. Angel's, a sash-maker, in Brook-street, Holborn. Great darkness rests over the few remaining days of his existence. His mother and sister still received small unnecessary presents, which kept up their hopes, and they little thought that the giver was at that time in want of the necessities of life. Invitations to dinner and supper he invariably declined, that he might not seem to stand in need of them. On the 24th of August, 1770, according to his landlady's account, "as she knew he had not eaten any thing for two or three days, she begged he would take some dinner with her, but he was offended at her expressions, which seemed to hint he was in want, and assured her he was not hungry." In the evening of the same day he swallowed arsenic in water, and on the 25th of August, 1770, was found dead in his room, near a table covered with the scraps of papers he had destroyed. A verdict of insanity was returned, and the body, unclaimed by any friends, and unknown where he had lived, was buried in a shell in the burying ground of Shoe-lane workhouse. So perished in his pride, by a sudden fit of madness, this "marvellous boy."

The "Poems of Rowley" are proved, beyond doubt, to have been the work of Chatterton, though it is strange that, to the last, he would never distinctly avow them. The extracts we have made will enable the reader to judge somewhat of their vigour, their learning, their facility and sweetness, and the rich abundance of their thought. The fragment "from Goddwynn" is prodigiously fine. Any criticism on the writings of Chatterton, however, would be misplaced. The lovers of poetry have chiefly to regret the loss of the great things he would have done. His person, like his genius, was premature. Though only seventeen when he died, he had a manliness, a dignity, and a singular power of address, far beyond his years. His mouth was marked with the deep lines of sensibility and thought, and his eyes, though grey, were remarkably piercing.



## CHATTERTON.

### ELINOURE AND JUGA

**ONNE** Rudborne bank twa pynynge maydens sate,  
 Their tears faste dryppeynge to the waterre cleere ;  
 Ecchone bementynge for her absente mate,  
 Who at Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthynge speare.  
 The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre  
 Dydde speke acroole, wythe languishment of eyne.  
**Lyche** droppes of pearlie dew, lemed the quyvryng brine.

### ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga ! heare mie dernie plainte,  
 To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte in stele ;  
 O mai ne sanguen steine the whyte rose payncte,

M M



Mai good Seyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte wele.  
 Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feelee;  
 See ! see ! upon the ground he bleedynge lies  
 Inhild some joice of lyffe, or else mie deare love dies.

JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe, on thys daise-cy'd banke,  
 Where melancholych broods, we wylle lamente;  
 Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke:  
 Lyche levynde okes in eche the odher bente,  
 Or lyche forlettenn halles of merrimente,  
 Whose gastlie mitches holde the train of fryghte,  
 Where lethale ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

ELINOURE.

No moe the myszynette shall wake the morne,  
 The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;  
 No more the amblynge palfrie and the horne  
 Shall from the lessel rouze the foxe awaie;  
 I'll seeke the foreste all the lyve-longe daie;  
 All nete amonge the gravde chyrche glebe wyll goe,  
 And to the passante Spryghtes lecture mie tale of woe.

JUGA.

Whan mokie cloudis do hange upon the leme  
 Of leden moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte;  
 The tryppeygne faeries weve the golden dreme  
 Of selyness, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;  
 Then (botte the scynctes forbydde!) gif to a spryte  
 Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll hold dysstraughte  
 Hys bledeynge claie colde corse, and die eche daie ynn  
 thoughte.

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can shewe!  
 Thou limed ryver, on thie linche maie bleede  
 Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie waterres flowe,  
 And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!  
 Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade,  
 To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,  
 Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the plain.

Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,  
 Or wayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;  
 Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees,  
 To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.

There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were  
 slayne,  
 Distraughte theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes syde,  
 Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves, and dyde.

## THE MYNSTRELLES SONGE, FROM AELLA.

O! SYNGE untoe mie roundelaie,  
 O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,  
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,  
 Lycke a reynyng ryver bee;  
     Mie love ys dedde,  
     Gon to hys death-bedde,  
     Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,  
 Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,  
 Rodde hys face as the mornyng lyghte,  
 Cald he lyes ynn the grave belowe;  
     Mie love ys dedde,  
     Gon to hys death-bedde,  
     Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,  
 Quyeke ynn daunce as thought canne bee,  
 Defe hys taboure, codgelle stote,  
 O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:  
     Mie love ys dedde,  
     Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
     Al under the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,  
 In the briered delle belowe;  
 Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synges,  
 To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;  
     Mie love ys dedde,  
     Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
     Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes omne hie;  
 Whytterre ys mie true loves shroude;  
 Whytterre yanne the mornyng skie,  
 Whytterre yanne the evenyng cloude;

Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere uponne mie true loves grave,  
 Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,  
 Nee on hallie seyncte to save  
 Al the celness of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gone to hys death-bedde,  
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dente the brieres  
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre,  
 Ouphante fairie, lyghte your fyres,  
 Heere mie bodie still schalle be.

Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gon to hys death-bedde,  
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,  
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;  
 Lyfe and all ytts goode I scorne,  
 Daunce bic nete, or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gon to hys death-bedde,  
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes  
 Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.  
 I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.  
 Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

## ÆLLA, ATTE WATCHETTE.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a stede!  
 I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;  
 Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,  
 I wylle awaie, and die wythynne her syghte.  
 Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle wynges for flyghte,  
 Swefte as mie wyshe, and, as mie love ys stronge.

The Danes have wrought mee myckle woe ynne fyghte,  
 Inne kepeynge mee from BIRTHA'S armes so longe.  
 O! whatte a dome was myne, sythe masterie  
 Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode leme myne  
 eie!

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!  
 Some tymes the samme thyng wyll both bane and blesse?  
 On tyme encaledede, yanne bie the same thyng warmed,  
 Estroughted foorthe, and yanne ybroghten less.  
 'Tys BIRTHA'S loss whyche doe mie thoughts possesse;  
 I wylle, I must awaie: whie staies mie stede?  
 Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,  
 Whyche couracys yn hastie journies nede.  
 O heavens! I most awaie to BYRTHA'S eyne,  
 For yn her looks I fynde mie beyng doe entwyned.

## CHORUS, FROM GODDWYNN.

WHAN freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,  
 To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,  
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde,  
 A gorie anlace bye her honge.  
 She daunced onne the heathe;  
 She hearde the voice of deathe;  
 Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,  
 In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale;  
 She hearde onflemed the shriekynge voice of woe,  
 And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.  
 She shooke the burled speere,  
 On hie she jeste her sheelde,  
 Her foemen all appere,  
 And flizze alonge the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes,  
 Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre.  
 Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes,  
 Chafes with hys yronne feete and soundes to war.  
 She syttes upon a rocke,  
 She bendes before hys speere,  
 She ryses from the shocke,  
 Wioldynge her owne yn ayre.

Harde as the thonder doth she drive ytte on,  
 Wytte scillye wymples gies ytte to hys crowne,  
 Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddynge sheelde ys gon,  
 He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld, arist,  
 Hys feerie heaulme noddynge to the ayre,  
 Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyste.

\* \* \* \* \*

AN EXCELLENTE BALADE OF CHARITE.

IN Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,  
 And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie ;  
 The apple rodded from its palie greene,  
 And the mole peare did bende the leafy spraie,  
 The peece chelandri sung the livelong daie ;  
 'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,  
 And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose defte aumerce.

The sun was glemeing in the middle of daie,  
 Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken blue,  
 When from the sea arist in dreare arraie  
 A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,  
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,  
 Hiltring attenes the sunnis fetive face,  
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,  
 Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covente lede,  
 A hapless pilgrim moneynge did abide,  
 Pore in his viewe, ungentle in his weede,  
 Longe bretful of the miseries of neede,  
 Where from the hailstone coulede the almer flie ?  
 He had no housen there, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed face, his sprighte there scanne ;  
 Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd, deade !  
 Haste to thie church-glebe-house ashrewed manne !  
 Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde,  
 Cale, as the claie which will gre on thie hedde,  
 Is charitic and love aminge highe elves ;  
 Knightis and barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;  
 The forswat meadowes smethe, and drenche the raine;  
 The comyng ghastness do the cattle pall,  
 And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;  
 Dashde from the cloudes the waters flotte againe;  
 The welkin opes; the yellow levynne flies;  
 And the hot fierie smothe in the wide lowings dies.

Liste; now the thunder's rattling clymmynge sound  
 Sheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,  
 Shakes the high spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,  
 Still on the gallard care of terroure hanges;  
 The winds are up; the lofty elmen swanges;  
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,  
 And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stonen showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere thac watrie plaine,  
 The abbate of Seyncte Godwine's convente came;  
 His chapournette was drented with the reine,  
 And his pencte gyrdle met with mickle shame;  
 He aynewarde tolde his bederoll at the same;  
 The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,  
 With the mist almes craver neere to the holme to bide.

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,  
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;  
 His autremete was edged with golden twynne,  
 And his shoone pyke a loversd mighte have binne;  
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:  
 The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte,  
 For the horse millanare his head with roses dighte.

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim saide,  
 O let me waite within your covente dore,  
 Tille the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,  
 And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer;  
 Helpless and ould am I alas! and poor;  
 Ne house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche!  
 All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, reply'd the abbate, cease your dinne;  
 This is no season almes and prayers to give;  
 Mie porter never lets a faietour in;  
 None touche mie rynges who not in honour live.

And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did stryve,  
 And shettyng on the grounde his glairie raie,  
 The abbatte spurrd his steede, and eftsoones roadde awaie.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde;  
 Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;  
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;  
 His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene;  
 A Limitoure he was of order scene;  
 And from the pathwaie side then turned bee,  
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,  
 For Sweet Seyncte Marie and your order sake.  
 The limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,  
 And did theroute a groate of silver take;  
 The mister pilgrim dyd for halline shake.  
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe thie care;  
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we bare.

But ah! unhailie pilgrim, lerue of me,  
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde,  
 Here take my semecope, thou art bare I see;  
 Tis thyne; the seynctes will give me mie rewarde.  
 He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.  
 Virgynne and hallie seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,  
 Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man powre.

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ON HAPPINESSE, BY WILLIAM CANYNGE.

MAIE Selynesse on erthes boundes bee hadde?  
 Maie yt adyghte yn human shape bee founde?  
 Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,  
 Or quite eraced from the scaunce-layd grounde,  
 Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?  
 Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,  
 Lyve to ytself, and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,  
 As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,  
 To ope the dore to Selynesse ys thyne,  
 And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.  
 Doer of the soule thyng ne hath thee scene;  
 In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,  
 Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selynesse.

## RESIGNATION.

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky ;  
Whose eye this atom globe surveys ;  
To thee, my only rock, I fly,  
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,  
The shadows of celestial light,  
Are past the power of human skill,—  
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,  
When anguish swells the dewy tear,  
To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,  
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee  
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,  
Omniscience could the danger see,  
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain ?  
Why drooping seek the dark recess ?  
Shake off the melancholy chain,  
For God created all to bless.

But ah ! my breast is human still ;  
The rising sigh, the falling tear,  
My languid vitals' feeble rill,  
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,  
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow ;  
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,  
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,  
Which on my sinking spirit steals,  
Will vanish at the morning light,  
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.



ROBERT BURNS, the son of William Burness, a Scottish peasant, was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a clay built cottage, raised by his father's own hands, on the banks of the Doon, in the county of Ayr. Misfortunes thwarted his first efforts to get the means of subsistence in the world; and, in 1786, after vainly trying the business of flax-dressing in Irvine, and of farming at Mosgiel, he had resolved to banish himself abroad,—when the extraordinary reception given to a volume of poems, which he published by the aid of a subscription, and with the hope of its profits turning out sufficient to carry him over the Atlantic, arrested this intention. Invitations to Edinburgh poured in upon the peasant poet, and to Edinburgh he went. He was received with patronizing enthusiasm. In the splendid parties of the Gordons, the Montgomeries, and the Hamiltons, he was caressed and feasted; but at the close of some brilliant day, after handing a jewelled duchess to her carriage, had to trudge his way through dingy alleys to his own obscure lodging, with his share of a deal table, a sanded floor, and a chaff bed, at eighteen-pence a week. This was the ingenious mode adopted by the Scotch aristocracy, to impress upon Burns, with every available advantage of contrast, the peculiarity of his social rank. It was a bitter lesson, and was never forgotten. Meanwhile, nothing could be more calm, more manly, or unaffected, than had been the Poet's reception of the vulgar wonder he inspired. With the profits of a second and very large edition of his poems he lent two hundred pounds to his brother Gilbert, to enable him to mend himself in the world and support his mother, and he then took the farm of Ellisland. He left behind him in disgust the cold faces which had repelled him on his second visit to Edinburgh; but it was not without a saddened and rebuked spirit that he entered on his new toils. A situation in the Excise, of the value of thirty-five pounds a year, was sent after him, won by the intercession of some nobleman from that government, a principal member of which had already expressed, in bad verses, what was meant to be an enthusiastic appreciation of the proposed exciseman's genius. Affairs went badly with Burns at Ellisland, and he had soon little consolation left beyond the still surviving hopes of the excellent and virtuous girl whom he had married, Jean Armour. He gave up the farm and removed to Dumfries, and from this to the close of his life, he quarrelled with smugglers, gauged beer barrels, suffered all sorts of mortifications, and wrote immortal verses. A final trial was reserved for him. His political opinions having been unfavourably represented to the authorities, he was driven to a hard struggle to retain his miserable situation in the Excise, and only kept it at last on the understanding that he would strictly attend to an accompanying official instruction, that his business was to act and not to think. *The business of Burns to act and not to think!* On the 21st of July, 1796, after narrowly escaping a prison in the midst of his last illness, Burns died.

The person of Burns, in his youth, was tall and sinewy. "The man," says his last and best biographer, Mr. Allan Cunningham, "differed little from the lad. . . . He had a slight stoop of the neck, betokening a holder of the plough; and a lock or so of his dark waving hair was tied carelessly behind with two casts of narrow black ribbon. His looks beamed with genius and intelligence. . . . his eyes were large, dark, and lustrous." "I never saw," said Sir Walter Scott, "such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

There is nothing finer than the writing of Burn, except the writing of Shakespeare. We do not in this allude to it in a poetical sense merely; but, as the writing of a MAN, simple, firm, and true; as the indication of a feeling of boundless generosity and of all comprehending love; as the expression of sincerity, fervid enough to lift the lowest thing to the level of the highest; as a decisive yet most graceful union of tenderness with vehemence, of trembling pity with earnest and forceful passion;—nothing is to be compared with the fragments of the genius of Burns (for the miserable circumstances of his life enabled him to leave fragments only) except the far more widely extending genius of Shakespeare. Burns wrote verses because he could not help it. His heart was too full to suffer him to be silent. This is the great distinction of all his productions. His pulse beats in them still, as actively, as healthfully, and as vigorously, as when he first stepped upon the world, light of foot and high in hope. His eye was as true as his heart, and the graphic power of his writing is consequently not exceeded by any one. His name and influence will endure as long as there is a hill or a stream in Scotland.



BURNS.

TAM O'SHANTER.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,  
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,  
As market-days are wearing late,  
An' folk begin to tak the gate;  
While we sit bousing at the nappy,  
An' getting fou and unco happy,  
We think na on the lang Scots' miles,  
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,  
That lie between us and our hame,  
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,  
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o'Shanter,  
 As he frae Ayr, ae night did canter,  
 (Auld Ayr whom ne'er a town surpasses,  
 For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam ! had'st thou but been sae wise,  
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice !  
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,  
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;  
 That frae November till October,  
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober,  
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,  
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;  
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on,  
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.  
 She prophesy'd, that late or soon,  
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon ;  
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
 By Alloway's old haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,  
 To think how mony counsels sweet,  
 How mony lengthen'd sage advices,  
 The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale : Ae market night,  
 Tam had got planted unco right ;  
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;  
 And at his elbow, souter Johnny,  
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;  
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;  
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter ;  
 And ay the ale was growing better :  
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious ;  
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :  
 The souter tauld his queerest stories ;  
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :  
 'The storm without might rair and rustle,  
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
 E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy ;  
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :  
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ;  
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,  
 A moment white—then melts for ever ;  
 Or like the borealis race,  
 That flit ere you can point their place ;  
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
 Evanishing amid the storm.—  
 Nae man can tether time or tide ;  
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;  
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;  
 And sic a night he taks the road in,  
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;  
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;  
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;  
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd :  
 That night, a child might understand,  
 The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,  
 A better never lifted leg,  
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;  
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet ;  
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;  
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
 Lest bogles catch him unawares ;  
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,  
 Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;  
 And past the birks and meikle stane,  
 Where drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane ;  
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
 Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
 Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—  
 Before him Doon pours all his floods ;  
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;  
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;  
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;  
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;  
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;  
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !  
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !  
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;  
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !—  
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,  
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.  
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,  
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,  
 She ventur'd forward on the light ;  
 And, vow ! Tam saw an unco sight !  
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;  
 Nae cotillion brent new frae France,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
 Put life and mettle in their heels.  
 A winnock-bunker in the east,  
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;  
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
 To gie them music was his charge :  
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,  
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—  
 Coffins stood round like open presses,  
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;  
 And by some devilish cantrip slight,  
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,—  
 By which heroic Tam was able  
 To note upon the haly table,  
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns !  
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns :  
 A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,  
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;  
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted ;  
 Five scimitars wi' murder crusted ;

A garter, which a babe had strangled ;  
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;  
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,  
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :  
 The piper loud and louder blew ;  
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;  
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,  
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
 And coost her duddies to the wark,  
 And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had they been queans  
 A' plump and strapping, in their teens ;  
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen !  
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
 That ance were plush o' guid blue hair,  
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,  
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,  
 Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,  
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,  
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,  
 That night inlisted in the core,  
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore !  
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,  
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
 And kept the country-side in fear),  
 Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn,  
 That while a lassie she had worn,  
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—  
 Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,  
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,

Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),  
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cour ;  
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r ;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,  
(A souple jade she was and strang)  
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,  
And thought his very een enrich'd ;  
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,  
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main :  
Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark ! "  
And in an instant all was dark :  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their byke ;  
As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;  
As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When, " Catch the thief ! " resounds aloud ;  
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'll get thy fairin !  
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin !  
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !  
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane of the brig ;  
There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they dare na cross.  
But ere the key-stane she could make,  
The fient a tail she had to shake !  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;  
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—  
Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
But left behind her ain grey tail :  
The carlin clauht her by the rump,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed :  
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,  
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

## EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,  
 A something to have sent you,  
 Tho' it should serve nae other end  
 Than just a kind memento ;  
 But how the subject-theme may gang,  
 Let time and chance determine ;  
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
 Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,  
 And, Andrew dear, believe me,  
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,  
 And muckle they may grieve ye :  
 For care and trouble set your thought,  
 Ev'n when your end's attained ;  
 And a' your views may come to nought,  
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;  
 The real, harden'd wicked,  
 Wha hae nae check but human law,  
 Are to a few restrick'd :  
 But, och ! mankind are unco weak,  
 An' little to be trust'd ;  
 If self the wavering balance shake,  
 It's rarely right adjust'd !

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,  
 Their fate we should na censure,  
 For still th' important end of life,  
 They equally may answer ;

o o





A man may hae an honest heart,  
Tho' poortith hourly stare him ;  
A man may tak a neebor's part,  
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Ay free, aff han' your story tell,  
When wi' a bosom crony ;  
But still keep something to yoursel  
Ye scarcely tell to ony.  
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can  
Frae critical dissection ;  
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,  
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,  
Luxuriantly indulge it ;  
But never tempt th' illicit rove,  
Tho' naething should divulge it :  
I waive the quantum o' the sin,  
The hazard of concealing ;  
But och ! it hardens a' within,  
And petrifies the feeling !

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,  
Assiduous wait upon her :  
And gather gear by ev'ry wile  
That's justified by honour ;  
Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Nor for a train-attendant ;  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip  
To haud the wretch in order ;  
But where ye feel your honour grip,  
Let that ay be your border ;  
Its slightest touches, instant pause—  
Debar a' side pretences ;  
And resolutely keep its laws,  
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,  
Must sure become the creature ;  
But still the preaching cant forbear,  
And ev'n the rigid feature :

Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,  
 Be complaisance extended ;  
 An Atheist laugh 's a poor exchange  
 For Deity offended !

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,  
 Religion may be blinded ;  
 Or if she gie a random sting,  
 It may be little minded ;  
 But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,  
 A conscience but a canker—  
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n  
 Is sure a noble anchor !

Adieu, dear amiable youth !  
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting !  
 May prudence, fortitude, and truth  
 Erect your brow undaunting !  
 In ploughman phrase, ' God send you speed,'  
 Still daily to grow wiser :  
 And may you better reckon the rede,  
 Than ever did th' adviser !

## JESSY

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear ;  
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;  
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy !

Altho' thou maun never be mine,  
 Altho' even hope is denied ;  
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,  
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy !

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,  
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms :  
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
 For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy !

I guess by the dear angel smile,  
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e;  
 But why urge the tender confession  
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree?—Jessy!

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;  
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;  
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,—ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,  
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;  
 For I maun crush amang the stoure  
     Thy slender stem;  
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
     Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!  
     Wi' speckl'd breast,  
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet  
     The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
 Upon thy early, humble birth;  
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
     Amid the storm,  
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth  
     Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,  
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;  
 But thou beneath the random field  
     O' clod or stane,  
 Adorns the histic stibble-field,  
     Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
    In humble guise ;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
    And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !  
By love's simplicity betray'd,  
    And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid  
    Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !  
Unskilful he to note the card  
    Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
    And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,  
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,  
By human pride or cunning driv'n,  
    To mis'ry's brink,  
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,  
    He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date ;  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,  
    Full on thy bloom,  
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,  
    Shall be thy doom !

JAMES HURDIS was born at Bishopstone, Sussex, in the year 1763. His father, who was a gentleman of small fortune, died when the Poet was a boy, and left the charge of his education to his mother. He was worthy of the care she bestowed upon him; she lived to see him admired and beloved; and to find that when widely honours most crowded on him he was most mindful of her who had laid the groundwork of his distinction. In 1780, he was entered as a commoner of St. Mary Hall, Oxford; and, two years afterwards, was chosen a Demy of St. Mary Magdalen. In 1785, he was ordained, and held the curacy of Burwash, in Sussex. In 1793, he was elected to the Professorship of Poetry; and, in 1797, took the degree of Doctor in Divinity. For some years he resided in the family of the Earl of Chichester, as tutor to his youngest son, who was afterwards Bishop of Bristol. In 1788, Hurdis first appeared before the public: "The Village Curate" obtained for him a reputation which he lived to establish. It was followed by "Adriano; or, the First of June," "The Favourite Village," several miscellaneous poems, and a tragedy, "Sir Thomas More." He died on the 19th December, 1801.

A brief and scanty biography of Hurdis, written by one of his sisters, supplies us with a few dates and facts, which make up the only history of his life. It is to be regretted that either the materials for more ample and interesting details were not to be procured, or that the pen which attempted to record them was insufficient for the task.

He is described as "tall and well-proportioned; his countenance serene and lively; of a fair complexion, with flaxen hair. His disposition was meek, affectionate, benevolent and cheerful; yet occasionally irritable and impatient. With his intimate friends he was affable, polite, and familiar, but in mixed company generally reserved." His life was passed in ease and elegant retirement from the more busy and exciting world; he had leisure to contemplate nature, to acquire a knowledge of her works, and to dedicate his taste as well as his learning to the service of religion.

Although by no means an imitator, Hurdis must be considered as a follower of Cowper, to whom he was personally known, and by whom he was highly esteemed. He is, however, the only one of the numerous writers of the "School," founded by the author of "The Task," whose productions have survived the fashion of the day. The poem which introduced him to the public is the one upon which his reputation must depend. "The Village Curate" is a description of the amusements and occupations of a country pastor throughout the various seasons of the year. It is, in fact, a portrait of himself, in his quiet and happy seclusion as a village curate, enjoying the gentle society of his sisters—the death of one of whom he lamented in a sweet and vigorous elegy—

"Fare to Alcanor bound, and near in blood,  
But nearer in affection!"

taking with them daily walks through the lanes and fields, loving and examining all the wonderful works of nature. The poem is therefore for the most part descriptive, and it abounds in generous and virtuous sentiments; the duty of the village curate always predominates, and every ramble produces some reflections which encourage goodness, and exhibit, to discountenance, vice. Although far inferior in strength and delicacy to the master-spirit, whose disciple he avows himself, passages and even parts will be found in his poem which Cowper might have been proud to own: there is at times the same vigorous outbreak against immorality and injustice—the many use of the weapon, satire, against vice—the same elevation of thought when looking through nature up to nature's God—the same accuracy in painting objects, dignified though familiar—and the same playful fancy setting off seriousness of purpose. If the Task had not been written, perhaps the Village Curate might never have been produced; but if it had preceded the work of the mightier genius, the claims of Hurdis to a chief place among the poets would have been more readily acknowledged.

The "Favourite Village" may be considered as a sequel to the "Village Curate;" and as with sequels generally, though of more even merit and more highly polished it is by no means so vigorous or effective as the earlier production.



## HURDIS.

FROM THE FAVOURITE VILLAGE.

THE sight of Winter's superb ocean left,  
 Me pleases much the bustle of the port ;  
 The toil and clamour of the prosp'rous bark,  
 Safe landing on the wharf with brisk dispatch  
 Her sable cargo from the northern mine :  
 The neater vessel her capacious lap  
 Filling with grain, or (stowage ponderous)  
 The mealy sack of the contiguous mill,  
 Welcome supply to the far-distant camp,  
 Or wind-bound fleet of war ; the slothful barge  
 Slug-like conveying from the sloop her deals,  
 Another from the sloven brig her load  
 Of nauseous grocery, abundant store  
 For ev'ry village on the banks of Ouse.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FROM THE VILLAGE CURATE.

A TRUCE to thought,  
 And come. Alcanor, Julia, Isabel,  
 Eliza come, and let us o'er the fields,  
 Across the down, or through the shelving wood,  
 Wind our uncertain way. Let fancy lead,  
 And be it ours to follow, and admire,  
 As well we may, the graces infinite  
 Of nature. Lay aside the sweet resource  
 Which winter needs, and may at will obtain,  
 Of authors chaste and good, and let us read  
 The living page, whose ev'ry character  
 Delights and gives us wisdom. Not a tree,  
 A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains  
 A folio volume. We may read, and read,  
 And read again, and still find something new,  
 Something to please, and something to instruct,  
 E'en in the noisome weed. See, ere we pass  
 Alcanor's threshold, to the curious eye  
 A little monitor presents her page  
 Of choice instruction, with her snowy bells,  
 The lily of the vale. She nor affects  
 The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun.  
 She to no state or dignity aspires.  
 But silent and alone puts on her suit,  
 And sheds her lasting perfume, but for which  
 We had not known there was a thing so sweet  
 Hid in the gloomy shade. So when the blast  
 Her sister tribes confounds, and to the earth  
 Stoop their high heads that vainly were expos'd,  
 She feels it not, but flourishes anew,  
 Still shelter'd and secure. And so the storm,  
 That makes the high elm couch, and rends the oak,  
 The humble lily spares. A thousand blows,  
 Which shake the lofty monarch on his throne,  
 We lesser folk feel not. Keen are the pains  
 Advancement often brings. To be secure,  
 Be humble; to be happy, be content.

\* \* \* \* \*

Away, we loiter. Without notice pass  
 The sleepy crocus, and the staring daisy,  
 The courtier of the sun. What find we there?

The love-sick cowslip, which her head inclines  
 To hide a bleeding heart. And here's the meek  
 And soft-ey'd primrose. Dandelion this,  
 A college youth who flashes for a day  
 All gold; anon he doffs his gaudy suit,  
 Touch'd by the magic hand of some grave Bishop,  
 And all at once, by commutation strange,  
 Becomes a Reverend Divine. How sleek!  
 How full of grace! and in that globous wig,  
 So nicely trimm'd, unfathomable stores,  
 No doubt, of erudition most profound.  
 Each hair is learned, and his awful phiz,  
 A well-drawn title-page, gives large account  
 Of matters strangely complicate within.  
 Place the two doctors each by each, my friends,  
 Which is the better? say. I blame not you,  
 Ye powder'd periwigs, which hardly hide,  
 With glossy suit and well-fed paunch to boot,  
 The understanding lean and beggarly.  
 But let me tell you, in the pompous globe,  
 Which rounds the dandelion's head, is couch'd  
 Divinity most rare. I never pass  
 But he instructs me with a still discourse,  
 That more persuades than all the vacant noise  
 Of pulpit rhetoric; for vacant 'tis,  
 And vacant must it be, by vacant heads  
 Supported.

Leave we them to mend, and mark  
 The melancholy hyacinth, that weeps  
 All night, and never lifts an eye all day.

How gay this meadow!—like a gamesome boy  
 New cloth'd, his locks fresh comb'd and powder'd, he  
 All health and spirits. Scarce so many stars  
 Shine in the azure canopy of heav'n,  
 As king-cups here are scatter'd, interspers'd  
 With silver daisies.

See, the toiling hind  
 With many a sturdy stroke cuts up at last  
 The tough and sinewy furze. How hard he fought  
 To fell the glory of the barren waste!  
 For what more noble than the vernal furze  
 With golden baskets hung? Approach it not,  
 For ev'ry blossom has a troop of swords  
 Drawn to defend it. 'Tis the treasury



Of Fays and Fairies. Here they nightly meet,  
 Each with a burnish'd king-cup in his hand,  
 And quaff the subtil ether. Here they dance  
 Or to the village chimes, or moody song  
 Of midnight Philomel. The ringlet see  
 Fantastically trod. There Oberon  
 His gallant train leads out, the while his torch  
 The glow-worm lights, and dusky night illumes :  
 And there they foot it featly round and laugh.  
 The sacred spot the superstitious ewe  
 Regards, and bites it not in reverence.  
 Anon the drowsy clock tolls one—the cock  
 His clarion sounds, the dance breaks off, the lights  
 Are quench'd, the music hush'd, they speed away  
 Swifter than thought, and still the break of morn  
 Outrun, and chasing midnight as she flies  
 Pursue her round the globe.

\* \* \* \* \*

But mark with how peculiar grace yon wood,  
 That clothes the weary steep, waves in the breeze  
 Her sea of leaves : thither we turn our steps,  
 And as we pass attend the cheerful sound  
 Of woodland harmony, which ever fills  
 The merry vale between. How sweet the song  
 Day's harbinger performs ! I have not heard  
 Such elegant divisions drawn from art.  
 And what is he that wins our admiration ?  
 A little speck which floats upon the sun-beam.  
 What vast perfection cannot nature crowd  
 Into a puny point ! The nightingale,  
 Her solo anthem sung, and all who heard  
 Content, joins in the chorus of the day.  
 She, gentle heart, thinks it no pain to please,  
 Nor, like the moody songsters of the world,  
 Displays her talent, pleases, takes affront,  
 And locks it up in envy.

\* \* \* \* \*

I love to see the little goldfinch pluck  
 The groundsel's feather'd seed, and twit and twit,  
 And soon in bower of apple blossoms perch'd,  
 Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song.  
 I would not hold him pris'ner for the world.

The chimney-haunting swallow too, my eye  
 And ear well pleases. I delight to see

How suddenly he skims the glassy pool,  
 How quaintly dips, and with a bullet's speed  
 Whisks by. I love to be awake, and hear  
 His morning song twitter'd to dawning day.  
 But most of all it wins my admiration,  
 To view the structure of this little work,  
 A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without.  
 No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,  
 No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,  
 No glue to join ; his little beak was all.  
 And yet how neatly finish'd ! What nice hand,  
 With ev'ry implement and means of art,  
 And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,  
 Could make me such another ? Fondly then  
 We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill  
 Instinctive genius foils.

The bee observe ;

She too an artist is, and laughs at man,  
 Who calls on rules the sightly hexagon  
 With truth to form ; a cunning architect,  
 Who at the roof begins her golden work,  
 And builds without foundation. How she toils,  
 And still from bud to bud, from flow'r to flow'r,  
 Travels the live-long day. Ye idle drones,  
 Who rather pilfer than your bread obtain  
 By honest means like these, behold and learn  
 How good, how fair, how honourable 'tis  
 To live by industry.

\* \* \* \* \*

How peaceable and solemn a retreat  
 This wood affords ! I love to quit the glare  
 Of sultry day for shadows cool as these :  
 The sober twilight of this winding way  
 Lets fall a serious gloom upon the mind,  
 Which checks, but not appals. Such is the haunt  
 Religion loves, a meek and humble maid,  
 Whose tender eye bears not the blaze of day.  
 And here with Meditation hand in hand  
 She walks, and feels her often-wounded heart  
 Renew'd and heal'd. Speak softly. We presume.  
 A whisper is too loud for solitude  
 So mute and still.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE FIRST OF JUNE.

He said, and led her to the cottage door,  
 Dropped the basket, comforted and kiss'd her.  
 Then to the garden bow'r together both,  
 Link'd arm in arm, proceeded. There they sat,  
 And he his melancholy tale rehears'd,  
 And she was all attention. He began,  
 And told her of his youth and boyish days  
 Till manhood came, his aged parents died,  
 And he, a sighing lover, sought a wife.  
 Twice was he wedded, and his former love  
 Bore him a son, the cause of all his woe.  
 He train'd him, as he thought, to deeds of praise;  
 He taught him virtue, and he taught him truth,  
 And sent him early to a public school.  
 Here, as it seem'd, (but he had none to blame,)  
 Virtue forsook him, and habitual vice  
 Grew in her stead. He laugh'd at honesty,  
 Became a sceptic, and could raise a doubt  
 E'en of his father's truth. 'Twas idly done  
 To tell him of another world, for wits  
 Knew better; and the only good on earth  
 Was pleasure; not to follow that was sin.  
 'Sure he that made us, made us to enjoy;  
 And why,' said he, 'should my fond father prate  
 Of virtue and religion? They afford  
 No joys, and would abridge the scanty few  
 Of nature. Nature be my deity,  
 Her let me worship, as herself enjoins.  
 At the full board of plenty.' Thoughtless boy!  
 So to a libertine he grew, a wit,  
 A man of honour; boastful empty names  
 That dignify the villain. Seldom seen,  
 And when at home, under a cautious mask  
 Concealing the lewd soul, his father thought  
 He grew in wisdom as he grew in years.  
 He fondly deem'd he could perceive the growth  
 Of goodness and of learning shooting up,  
 Like the young offspring of the shelter'd hop,  
 Unusual progress in a summer's night.  
 He call'd him home, with great applause dismiss'd  
 By his glad tutors—gave him good advice—

Bless'd him, and bade him prosper. With warm heart  
 He drew his purse-strings, and the utmost doit  
 Pour'd in the youngster's palm. 'Away,' he cries,  
 'Go to the seat of learning, boy. Be good,  
 Be wise, be frugal, for 'tis all I can.'

'I will,' said Toby, as he bang'd the door,  
 And wink'd, and snapp'd his finger, 'Sir, I will.'

So joyful he to Alma Mater went  
 A sturdy fresh-man. See him just arriv'd,  
 Receiv'd, matriculated, and resolv'd  
 To drown his freshness in a pipe of port.  
 'Quick, Mr. Vintner, twenty dozen more;  
 Some claret too. Here 's to our friends at home.  
 There let 'em doze. Be it our nobler aim  
 To live—where stands the bottle!' Then to town  
 Hies the gay spark for futile purposes,  
 And deeds my bashful muse disdains to name.  
 From town to college, till a fresh supply  
 Sends him again from college up to town.  
 The tedious interval the mace and cue,  
 The tennis-court and racket, the slow lounge  
 From street to street, the badger-hunt, the race,  
 The raffle, the excursion, and the dance,  
 Ices and soups, dice, and the bet at whist,  
 Serve well enough to fill.

\* \* \* \* \*

So Toby fares, nor heeds,  
 Till terms are wasted, and the proud degree,  
 Soon purchas'd, comes his learned toils to crown.  
 He swears, and swears he knows not what, nor cares;  
 Becomes a perjur'd graduate, and thinks soon  
 To be a candidate for Orders. Ah!  
 Vain was the hope. Though many a wolf as fell  
 Deceive the shepherd and devour the flock,  
 Thou none shalt injure. On a luckless day,  
 Withdrawn to taste the pleasures of the town,  
 Heated with wine, a vehement dispute  
 With a detested rival shook the roof.  
 He penn'd a challenge, sent it, fought, and fell;  
 And, if there be for such delinquents room  
 In God's eternal mansions, went to heav'n.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD was born in 1766, at Honington, near Bury St. Edmunds, where his father was a tailor, and his mother, who was left a widow during his infancy, laboured to support her family by keeping a village school. Having learned to read, he was placed with his uncle, a farmer. His employment as "a farmer's boy" was too laborious for his naturally delicate frame, and he went to live in London with his elder brother, a shoemaker. He learnt the trade, and continued during several years to work at it as a journeyman in the Metropolis. While residing with his brother in "a light garret fit for a mechanic to work in," he occasionally procured books, and among others the London Magazine, to "the Poet's Corner" of which he "always looked." "One day, having repeated a song which he composed to an old tune," he was persuaded to try whether the editor of a newspaper would print it: the attempt succeeded, and Robert Bloomfield became a poet. In 1790, he married, but "like most poor men, he got a wife first, and had to get household stuff afterwards." He hired a room at 14, Bell-alley, Coleman-street, and laboured to mend shoes and compose the *Farmer's Boy*—"celebrating the little events of his boyhood;" "nine-tenths of it," according to his own most interesting account, "were put together while he sat at work." His desire to see it published led to applications to booksellers, and consequent rebuffs:—by one he was told he was not to expect an opinion from a stranger—by another, that poetry was out of his line, and by another, that it would not do for publication. He was, however, ardent in his hope "to send his mother a PRINTED COPY:"—the patronage of Capel Loft prepared it for the press, with notes, and some account of the author. The journeyman shoemaker—who had long lived "in sickness and trouble"—at once became an object of universal attraction. The sunshine of his life, however, lasted but a very little while; the curse of patronage was upon him; a few dinners at the tables of the great, and a few grudging guineas from their purses, led him to imagine that care and sorrow were to be thenceforward banished from the Poet's home. The wonder excited by a shoemaker writing verses soon subsided, and the name of Robert Bloomfield was added to the long list of unhappy men who have been lured to ruin by the Muse. The natural consequences followed:—poverty, despondency, disease and death. In 1823, he died; and there had been just grounds for apprehending that if his life had been prolonged the mind would have perished before the body.

Yet the character of Bloomfield is almost without spot or blemish. Celebrity did not make him arrogant, nor did want lead him into meanness. When reputation failed to procure him bread, he returned to his trade; and might have found the awl more profitable than the lyre, if his health, always precarious, had not sunk during the trial. His brother describes his person:—"He is of a slender make, of about five feet four inches high, very dark complexion." He finishes the picture by a powerful touch:—"I never knew his fellow for mildness of temper and goodness of disposition."—Those who read the poetry of Robert Bloomfield will be satisfied of the accuracy of the portrait.

"Uneducated poets" have been less rare since "the *Farmer's Boy*" was ushered into the world; some whose destiny was not more fortunate than that of Bloomfield, have possessed genius far higher than his; but he was by no means of a common order, and little deserved the neglect and indifference which followed his brief popularity. One of the keys to his success, perhaps, is the fact that he never attempted any thing to which his simple and natural mind was unequal. He wrote only of what he had seen or felt:—and as his opportunities were limited, so are his subjects. In the treatment of topics familiar to persons of his class—the humble labourers in our fields or alleys—he is, we think, even now unequalled. Peasants and mechanics have in our day written more vigorous and more correct verse;—the meadows of Northamptonshire, and the factories of Sheffield, have heard finer and bolder strains from those who live by toil among them;—one of the mightiest minds of the age produced his poems while working at the anvil, and still, apart from patronage, pursues his worldly calling. But the themes of his selection are not of a lowly character; or if he walks through green lanes and looks upon the reaper or the ploughman, it is with loftier thoughts and feelings than those which led the gentle Bloomfield to seek fame among the poets.



BLOOMFIELD.

FROM THE FARMER'S BOY.

HERE, 'midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,  
Nature herself invites the reapers forth;  
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,  
And gives that ardour which in every breast  
From infancy to age alike appears,  
When the first sheaf its plummy top uprears.  
No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows—  
Children of want, for you the bounty flows!  
And every cottage from the plenteous store  
Receives a burden nightly at its door.

Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along :  
 Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong,  
 Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,  
 Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries ;  
 Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,  
 But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.  
 Come, Health ! come, Jollity ! light footed, come ;  
 Here hold your revels, and make this your home :  
 Each heart awaits and hails you as its own ;  
 Each moisten'd brow, that scorns to wear a frown  
 Th' unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants stray'd ;  
 E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid  
 Hies to the field, the general toil to share.  
 Meanwhile the Farmer quits his elbow-chair,  
 His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,  
 And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees  
 His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,  
 The ready group attendant on his word,  
 To turn the swarth, the quiv'ring load to rear,  
 Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.  
 Summer's light garb itself now cumb'rous grown,  
 Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down ;  
 Where oft the mastiff sculks with half-shut eye,  
 And rouses at the stranger passing by ;  
 Whilst unrestrain'd the social converse flows,  
 And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,  
 And rival wits with more than rustic grace  
 Confess the presence of a pretty face.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, ere sweet Summer bids its long adieu,  
 And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew,  
 The bustling day and jovial night must come,  
 The long-accustomed feast of Harvest-home.  
 No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,  
 Can give the philosophic mind delight ;  
 No triumph please, while rage and death destroy ;  
 Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.  
 And where the joy, if rightly understood,  
 Like cheerful praise for universal good ?  
 The soul nor check nor doubtful anguish knows,  
 But free and pure the grateful current flows.  
 Behold the sound oak table's massy frame  
 Bestride the kitchen floor ! the careful dame  
 And gen'rous host invite their friends around,

For all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground,  
 Are guests by right of custom :—old and young ;  
 And many a neighbouring yeoman join the throng,  
 With artizans that lent their dext'rous aid,  
 When o'er each field the flaming sunbeams play'd.

Yet Plenty reigns, and from her boundless hoard,  
 Though not one jelly trembles on the board,  
 Supplies the feast with all that sense can crave ;  
 With all that made our great forefathers brave,  
 Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavours tried,  
 And cooks had Nature's judgment set aside.  
 With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic lore,  
 The mansion echoes when the banquet's o'er ;  
 A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound,  
 As quick the frothing horn performs its round ;  
 Care's mortal foe ; that sprightly joys imparts  
 To cheer the frame and elevate their hearts.  
 Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's produce lies  
 In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter rise,  
 And crackling music, with the frequent song,  
 Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.

Here once a year Distinction low'rs its crest,  
 The master, servant, and the merry guest,  
 Are equal all ; and round the happy ring  
 The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,  
 And, warn'd with gratitude, he quits his place,  
 With sun-burnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,  
 Refills the jug his honour'd host to tend,  
 To serve at once the master and the friend ;  
 Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,  
 His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.

Such were the days—of days long past I sing,  
 When pride gave place to mirth without a sting ;  
 Ere tyrant customs strength sufficient bore  
 To violate the feelings of the poor ;  
 To leave them distanc'd in the mad'ning race,  
 Where'er refinement shows its hated face :  
 Nor causeless hatred ;—'tis the peasant's curse,  
 That hourly makes his wretched station worse ;  
 Destroys life's intercourse ; the social plan  
 That rank to rank cements, as man to man :  
 Wealth flows around him, Fashion lordly reigns,  
 Yet poverty is his, and mental pains.

\* \* \* \* \*



E'en Giles, for all his cares and watchings past,  
 And all his contests with the wintry blast,  
 Claims a full share of that sweet praise bestow'd  
 By gazing neighbours, when along the road,  
 Or village green, his curly-coated throng  
 Suspends the chorus of the spinner's song ;  
 When admiration's unaffected grace  
 Lisps from the tongue, and beams in ev'ry face :  
 Delightful moments !—sunshine, health, and joy,  
 Play round, and cheer the elevated boy !  
 " Another spring !" his heart exulting cries ;  
 " Another year ! with promis'd blessings rise ! "

## THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR-GLASS.

COME, friend, I'll turn thee up again :  
 Companion of the lonely hour !  
 Spring thirty times hath fed with rain  
 And cloth'd with leaves my humble bower,  
     Since thou hast stood  
     In frame of wood,  
 On chest or window by my side :  
 At every birth still thou wert near,  
 Still spoke thine admonitions clear—  
     And, when my husband died.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand  
 And seen the growing mountain rise,  
 And often found life's hopes to stand  
 On props as weak in Wisdom's eyes :  
     Its conic crown  
     Still sliding down,  
 Again heap'd up, then down again ;  
 The sand above more hollow grew,  
 Like days and years still filt'ring through,  
     And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin and sometimes sing  
 (For now and then my heart will glow)  
 Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing :  
 By thee the noontide hour I know :  
     Though silent thou,  
     Still shalt thou flow,

And jog along thy destin'd way :  
 But when I glean the sultry fields,  
 When earth her yellow harvest yields,  
     Thou get'st a holiday.

Steady as truth, on either end  
 Thy daily task performing well,  
 Thou'rt Meditation's constant friend,  
 And strik'st the heart without a bell :  
     Come, lovely May !  
     Thy lengthen'd day  
 Shall gild once more my native plain ;  
 Curl inward here, sweet Woodbine flower ;--  
 Companion of the lonely hour,  
     I'll turn thee up again.

## ROSY HANNAH.

A SPRING, o'erhung with many a flower,  
 The grey sand dancing in its bed,  
 Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bower,  
     Sent forth its waters near my head :  
 A rosy lass approach'd my view ;  
     I caught her blue eye's modest beam :  
 The stranger nodded " how d'ye do ! "  
     And leap'd across the infant stream.

The water heedless pass'd away :  
     With me her glowing image stay'd :  
 I strove, from that auspicious day,  
     To meet and bless the lovely maid.  
 I met her where beneath our feet  
     Through downy moss the wild thyme grew ;  
 Nor moss elastic, flow'rs though sweet,  
     Match'd Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,  
     And shaded verdure skirts the plain ;  
 And when the pale moon rising gave  
     New glories to her clouded train.  
 From her sweet cot upon the moor  
     Our plighted vows to heaven are flown ;  
 Truth made me welcome at her door,  
     And rosy Hannah is my own.

## LUCY.

THY favourite bird is soaring still :  
My Lucy, haste thee o'er the dale ;  
The stream's let loose, and from the mill,  
All silent comes the balmy gale ;  
Yet, so lightly on its way,  
Seems to whisper, " Holiday."

The pathway flowers that bending meet,  
And give the meads their yellow hue,  
The may-bush and the meadow-sweet  
Reserve their fragrance all for you.  
Why then, Lucy, why delay ?  
Let us share the Holiday.

Since there thy smiles, my charming maid,  
Are with unfeigned rapture seen,  
To beauty be the homage paid ;  
Come, claim the triumph of the Green.  
Here's my hand, come, come away ;  
Share the merry Holiday.

A promise too my Lucy made,  
(And shall my heart its claim resign ?)  
That ere May-flowers again should fade,  
Her heart and hand should both be mine.  
Hark'ye, Lucy, this is May ;  
Love shall crown our Holiday.

## WOODLAND HALLO.

IN our cottage, that peeps from the skirts of the wood,  
I am mistress, no mother have I ;  
Yet blithe are my days, for my father is good,  
And kind is my lover hard by ;  
They both work together beneath the green shade,  
Both woodmen, my father and Joe ;  
Where I've listen'd whole hours to the echo that made  
So much of a laugh or—Hallo.

From my basket at noon they expect their supply,  
 And with joy from my threshold I spring;  
 For the woodlands I love, and the oaks waving high,  
 And echo that sings as I sing.  
 Though deep shades delight me, yet love is my food,  
 As I call the dear name of my Joe;  
 His musical shout is the pride of the wood,  
 And my heart leaps to hear the—Hallo.

Simple flowers of the grove, little birds live at ease,  
 I wish not to wander from you;  
 I'll still dwell beneath the deep roar of your trees,  
 For I know that my Joe will be true.  
 The trill of the robin, the coo of the dove,  
 Are charms that I'll never forego;  
 But resting through life on the bosom of love,  
 Will remember the Woodland Hallo.

## LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

WELCOME silence! welcome peace!  
 O most welcome, holy shade!  
 Thus I prove, as years increase,  
 My heart and soul for quiet made.  
 Thus I fix my firm belief  
 While rapture's gushing tears descend,  
 That every flower and every leaf  
 Is moral Truth's unerring friend.

I would not for a world of gold  
 That Nature's lovely face should tire;  
 Fountain of blessings yet untold;  
 Pure source of intellectual fire!  
 Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,  
 Unquickened midst the world's rude strife,  
 Shall sweet retirement render strong,  
 And morning silence bring to life.

Then tell me not that I shall grow  
Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy ;  
From Nature and her changes flow  
An everlasting tide of joy.  
I grant that summer heats will burn,  
That keen will come the frosty night ;  
But both shall please : and each in turn  
Yield reason's most supreme delight.

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel  
To rural gods, or prostrate fall ;  
Did I not see, did I not feel,  
That one GREAT SPIRIT governs all.  
O Heaven permit that I may lie  
Where o'er my corse green branches wave ;  
And those who from life's tumult fly  
With kindred feelings press my grave.



# THE FOLLOWING ARE THE ILLUSTRATIONS

TO

## THE BOOK OF GEMS,

FOR 1836.

SUBJECTS.	ARTISTS.	ENGRAVERS.
1. POETRY AND PAINTING . . .	E. T. Parris . . . . .	F. W. Topham.
2. THE WORSHIP OF THE LYRE . . .	J. Wood . . . . .	W. Chevallier.
3. CHAUCER IN THE ARBOUR . . .	W. Mulready, R.A. . . . .	W. Finden.
4. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT . . .	J. Martin . . . . .	E. Finden.
5. THE LADY JANE BEAUFORT. . .	J. R. Herbert . . . . .	L. Stocks.
6. LA BELLE PUCCELL . . . . .	J. Inskip . . . . .	C. Rolls.
7. CUPIDS MOURNING OVER A BROKEN LUTE . . . . .	} J. Hayter . . . . .	W. Greatbach.
8. WINDSOR CASTLE BY MOON- LIGHT. . . . .		
9. THE DEMON OF WAR . . .	J. M. Wright . . . . .	C. Marr.
10. FANCY AND DESIRE . . .	R. Westmacott, R.A. . . . .	J. Thomson.
11. THE WRECK . . . . .	J. Wilson . . . . .	W. Miller.
12. THE SUMMER FLOWER . . .	H. Howard, R.A. . . . .	L. Stocks.
13. THE CAVE OF DESPAIR . . .	C. L. Eastlake, R.A. . . . .	W. Greatbach.
14. CUPID AND PSYCHE . . .	W. Etty, R.A. . . . .	W. H. Simmons.
15. THE COMBAT . . . . .	A. Cooper, R.A. . . . .	R. Parr.
16. PLEASURE'S BANQUET . . .	S. Hart . . . . .	W. Greatbach.
17. THE JOY OF CHILDHOOD . . .	Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A. . . . .	W. Finden.
18. ROMANS INSTRUCTING THE ANCIENT BRITONS . . . . .	} H. P. Briggs, R.A. . . . .	T. Wrangmore.
19. SHAKSPEARE IN HIS ROOM AT STRATFORD . . . . .		
20. ETON COLLEGE . . . . .	J. Stark . . . . .	W. J. Cooke.
21. THE MOTHER . . . . .	E. H. Baily, R.A. . . . .	J. Thomson.
22. THE STORM . . . . .	S. Prout . . . . .	W. Miller.

SUBJECTS.	ARTISTS.	ENGRAVERS.
23. PSYCHE . . . . .	Sir W. Beechey, R.A. . . .	W. Greatbach.
24. THE FAIRIES' DANCE . . .	E. T. Parris . . . . .	F. Bacon.
25. THE SHEPHERD'S HOME . .	W. Collins, R.A. . . . .	W. H. Simmons.
26. THE AGONY . . . . .	G. Jones, R.A. . . . .	W. Finden.
27. RUINS OF THE NILE . . .	A. W. Callcott, R.A. . . .	E. Finden.
28. THE SLEEPING BEAUTY . .	W. Meadows . . . . .	S. Sangster.
29. THE WIDOW . . . . .	C. Hancock . . . . .	G. Paterson.
30. THE FISHER BOYS . . . .	J. Thompson, R.A. . . . .	E. Finden.
31. THE PLEASURE-TIRED . . .	G. Cattermole . . . . .	J. Wrangmore.
32. RUINS IN GREECE . . . .	C. Stanfield, R.A. . . . .	E. Finden.
33. THE INFANT'S PRAYER . .	T. Uwins, A.R.A. . . . .	E. Finden.
34. THE FUNERAL . . . . .	D. Wilkie, R.A. . . . .	W. Finden.
35. THE CHAPLET OF FLOWERS.	G. Patten . . . . .	E. Finden.
36. THE HAPPY AGE . . . . .	Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A. . .	W. Greatbach.
37. ECHO AND NARCISSUS . . .	G. Arnold, A.R.A. . . . .	A. Freebairn.
38. L'ALLEGRO AND IL PEN- ROSO . . . . .	} D. M'Clise . . . . .	W. Chevalier.
39. CUPID'S ASSAULT . . . . .		
40. THE LOVE LETTER . . . .	H. Liverseege . . . . .	J. Stephenson.
41. THE PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN	Penry Williams . . . . .	C. Rolla.
42. THE THAMES AT MORTLAKE	J. M. W. Turner, R.A. . .	W. J. Cooke.
43. THE FUNERAL OF COWLEY .	E. W. Cooke . . . . .	W. J. Cooke.
44. CHARLES THE FIRST TAKING LEAVE OF HIS FAMILY . . .	} F. P. Stephanoff . . . . .	J. Rolla.
45. A CHILD AMID FLOWERS . .		
46. THE DISCONSOLATE . . . .	G. S. Newton, R.A. . . . .	E. Finden.
47. THE MUSE INSTRUCTING YOUTH . . . . .	} W. Wyon, A.R.A. . . . .	J. Thomson.
48. THE SEA-SIDE GROUP . . .		
49. THE BIRTH OF VENUS . . .	T. Stothard, R.A. . . . .	W. Greatbach.
50. THE INFANT BACCHUS . . .	Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A. . .	L. Stocks.
51. THE COQUET . . . . .	F. Stone . . . . .	R. Hart.
52. HAWKING . . . . .	R. B. Davis . . . . .	W. Greatbach.
53. WREATH OF FLOWERS . . .	Miss Byrne . . . . .	F. W. Topham.







John Pomfret.

Jonat: Swift.

J. Addison Isaac Watts,

John Philips Tho Larnell

E young, Tho Ticken

Allen Ramsay A. Pope.

J. Gay. W. Somerville.

Matthew Green

R: Savage.

Robert Blair. James Thomson

D. Mallet. John Dyer

Will Hamilton F. Brooke

Lyttelton Sami Whapue

John Armstrong

Bygones!

W. Shenstone. Gray.





William Collins. T. Smollett.

Wkenside Charles Cross.

W Mason. T Warton

Oliver Goldsmith John Cunningham.

William Falconer.

Scott

Charles Churchill.

Wm Cowper. E Darwin

Robert Lloyd.

James Beattie.

J. Langhorne. William Hayley

Will<sup>m</sup> Jones —

Logan. Anne Barnard.

Thomas Chatterton

Robert Burns

Murdis. Robert Bloomfield.















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